

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS

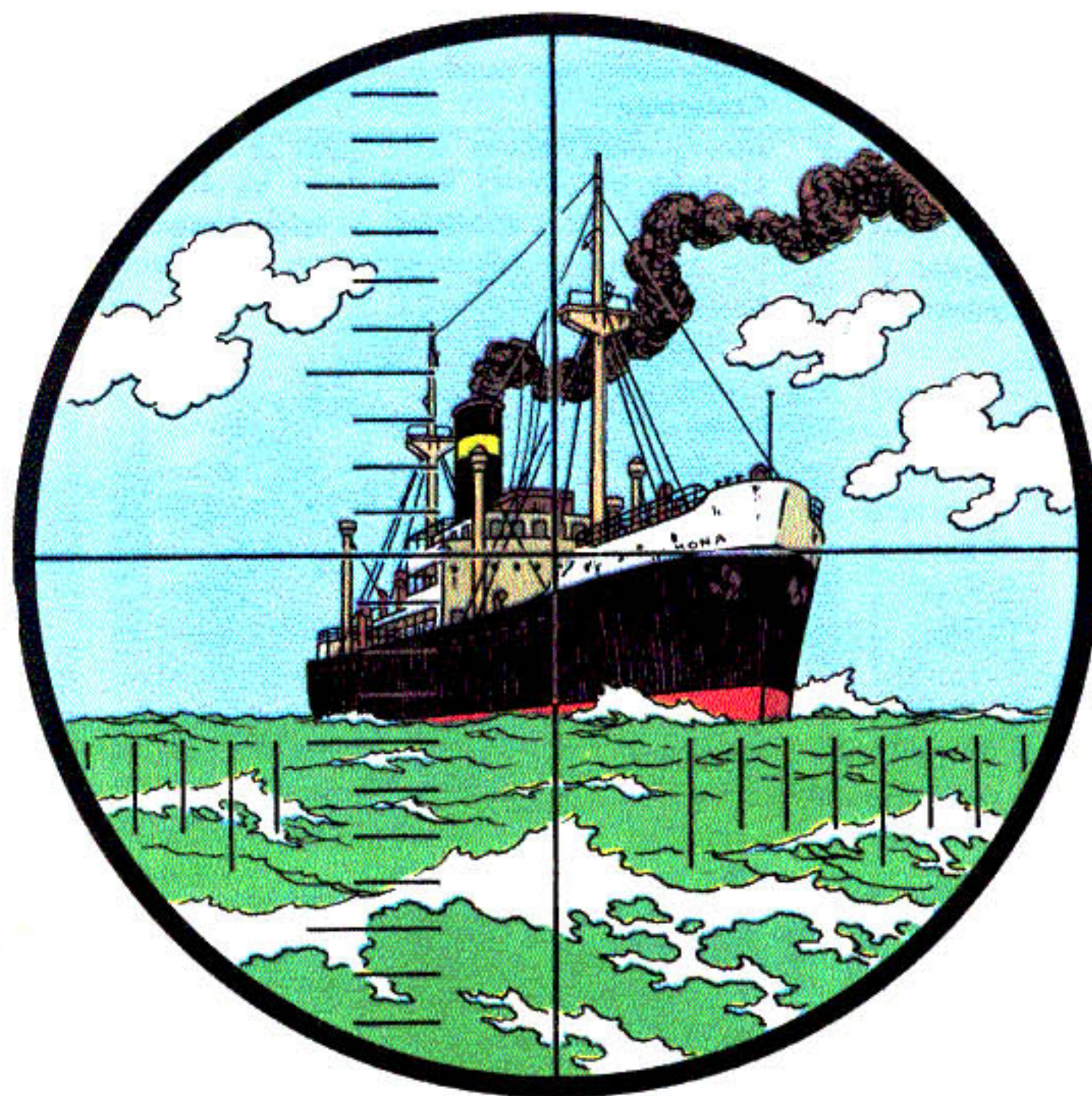


MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes...so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

He looks like Alcazar; don't you think so?



...but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years...he starts thinking about him...the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?

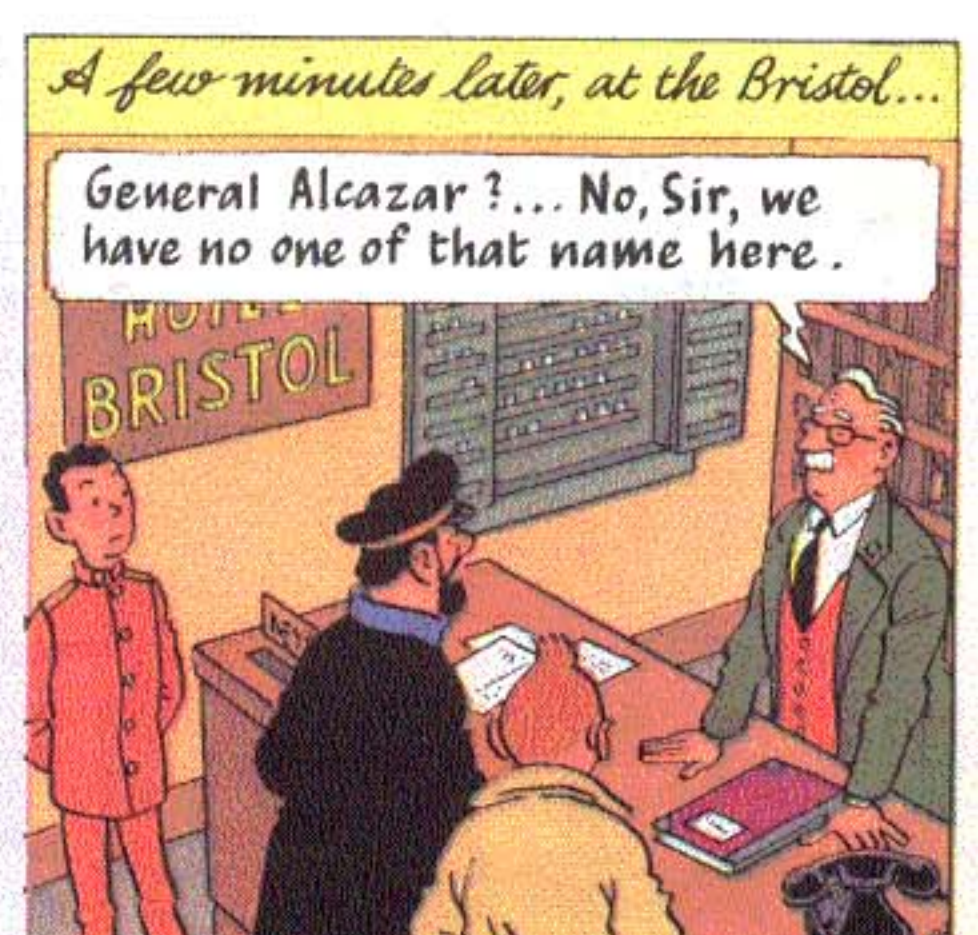
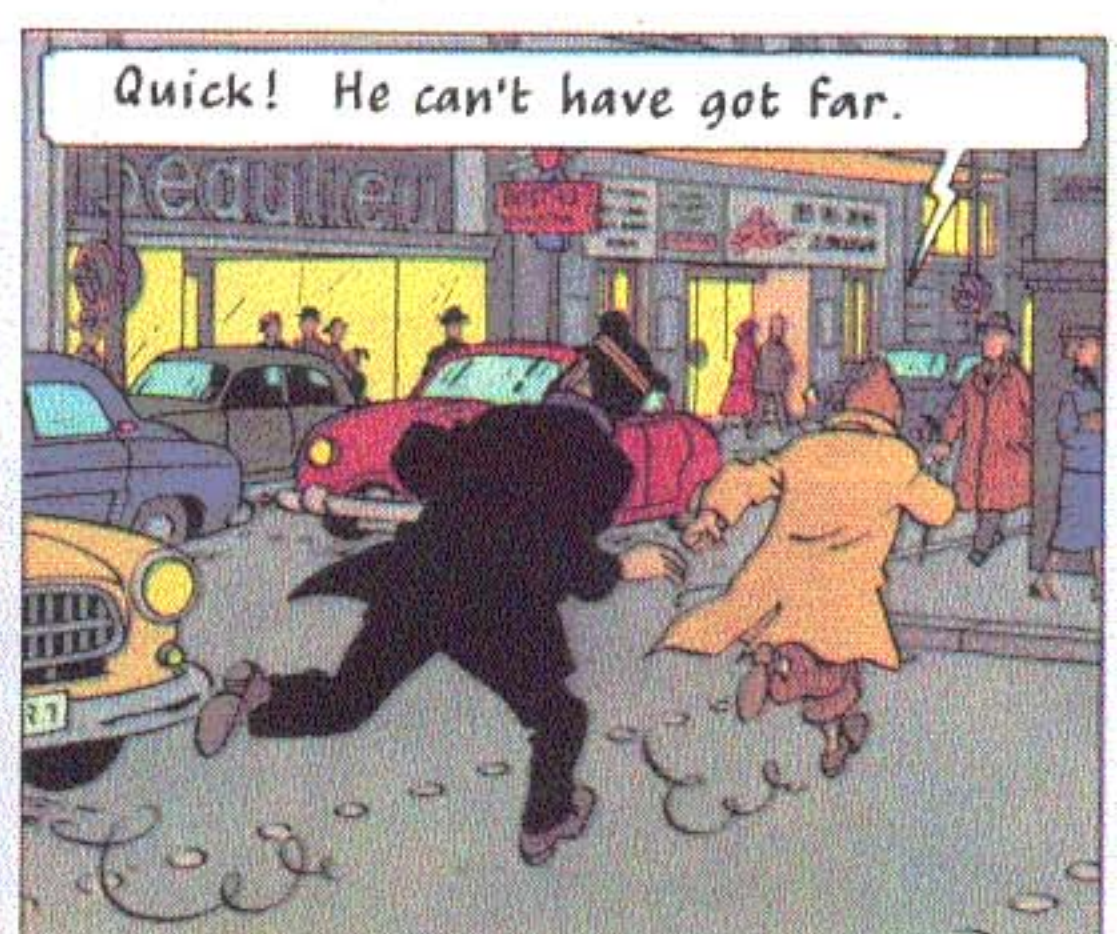
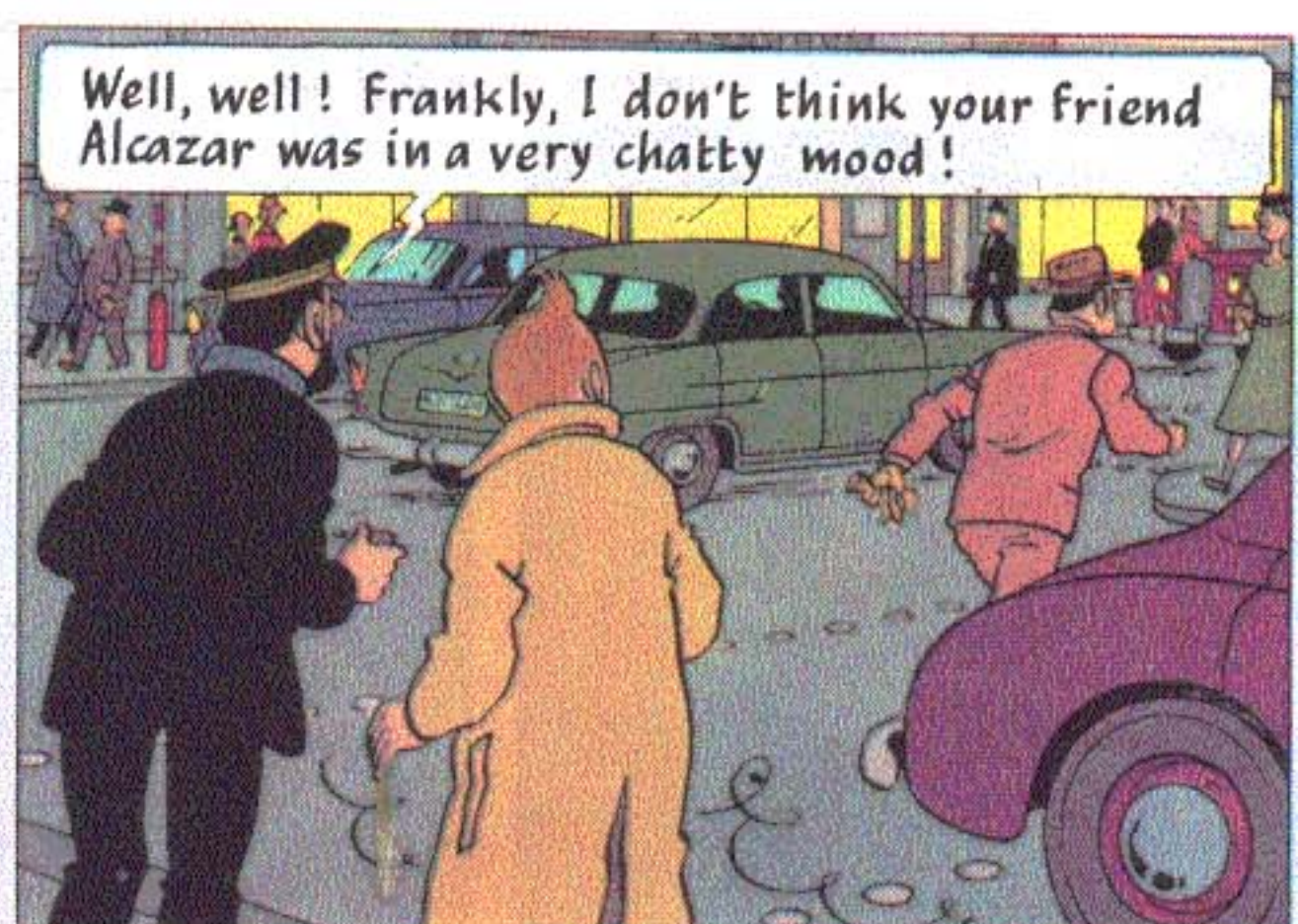
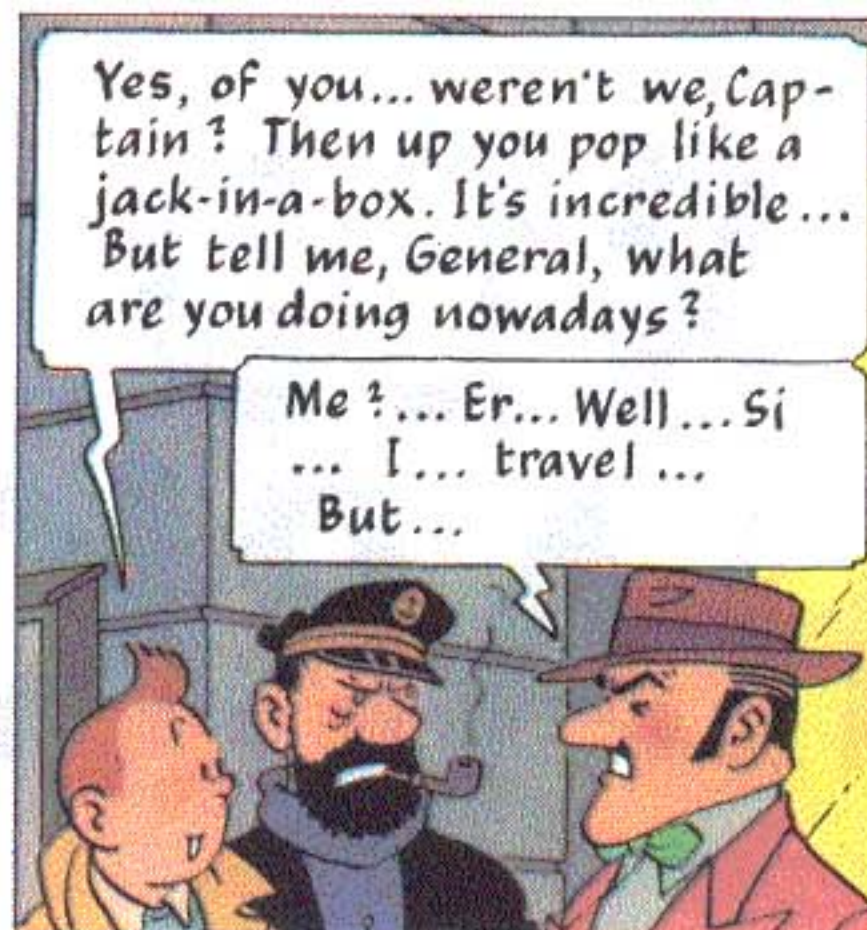


Look here, you misguided missile, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCAZAR!

Caramba!





Ramon Zarate?...
No, sir. A Spanish
gentleman?

South American.
Quite well-built. A
long chin... small
moustache... Wait, I'll
try to draw him for
you.

There... That's about it...

No, sir. I'm terribly sorry,
but I don't know the
gentleman.

Oh? That's odd. Well, thank you.

Now what can we do to return that idiot's wallet to him?

That's what I'm wondering.

I say, why shouldn't the wallet itself give us a clue towards finding the general. Come on; we'll go in here.

Bring us...er... let's
see... let's see...

Two glasses of
ginger beer.

Now then, let's see what's inside here.

Pound notes, French and Belgian money, a hotel bill, a four-leaf clover, a lottery ticket from San Theodoros... in fact, nothing to give us a lead.

... And in this envelope, photos of aircraft... Odd, isn't it, Captain?

Ah, a letter!... This time I think we're on to something. Look, Captain.

Friday

Dear Sir,

Please telephone
PIC 8524 between 10.
and 12.0 p.m.
Ask for Mr. Debrett.

Regards,
J.D.M.C.

But the general's address isn't here.

I know, but I'll ring up the number given in the letter.

Hello, is that PIC 8524?
May I speak to Mr.
Debrett?... Who am I?
... A friend of General
Alcazar, and I...
Hello?... HELLO ?? ...

Can you hear me? ...
What?... You don't know
the name Alcazar?...
What about Ramon
Zarate?... Nor that?...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debreth! I
don't know your Gen-
eral Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story ...
Goodbye!

There's polite-
ness for you!...

Very odd ... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.

A little later ...

How strange. The
front door's open...

WOOAAAH!..WOOAAAH!..

Good heavens! My
poor Snowy! Who's done
this to you?!

I'll get to the bottom
of it!

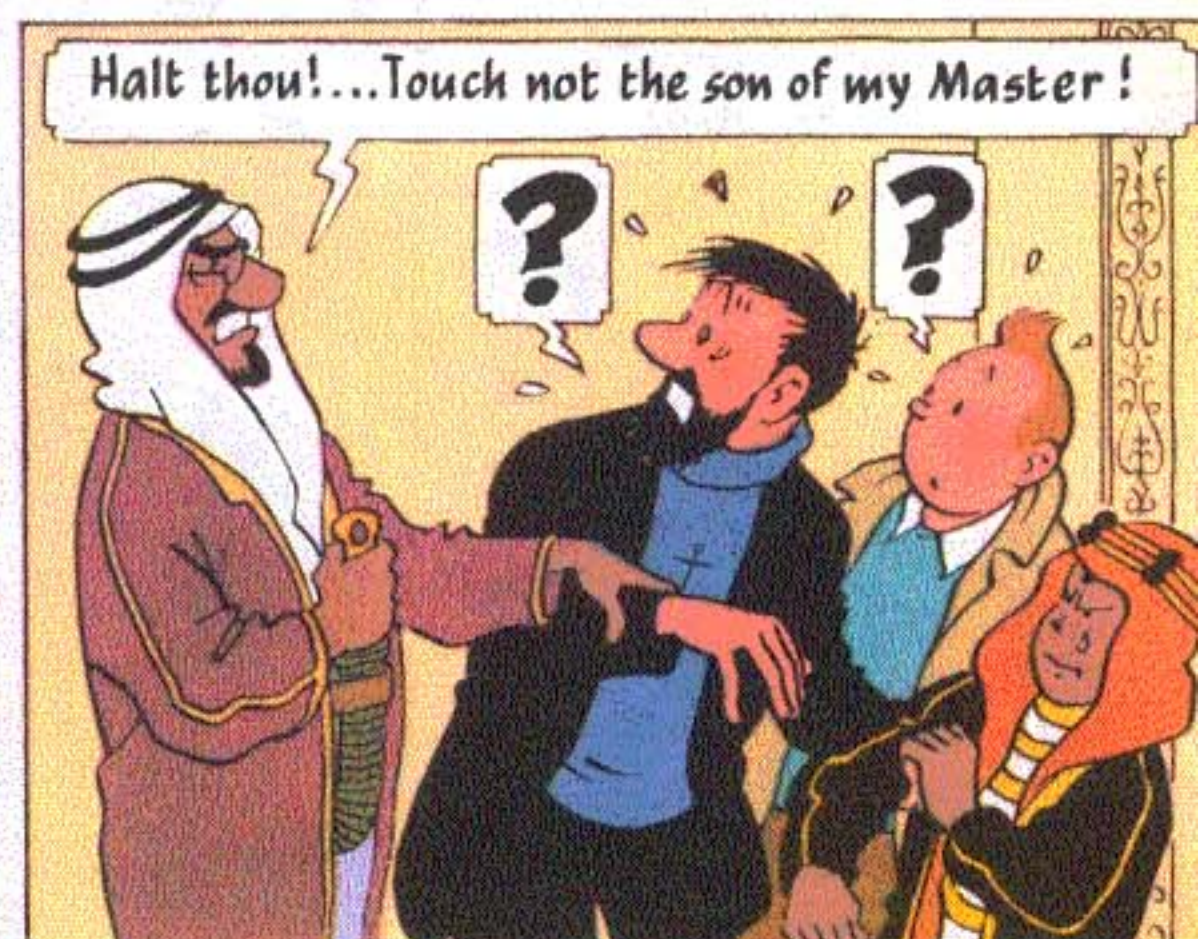
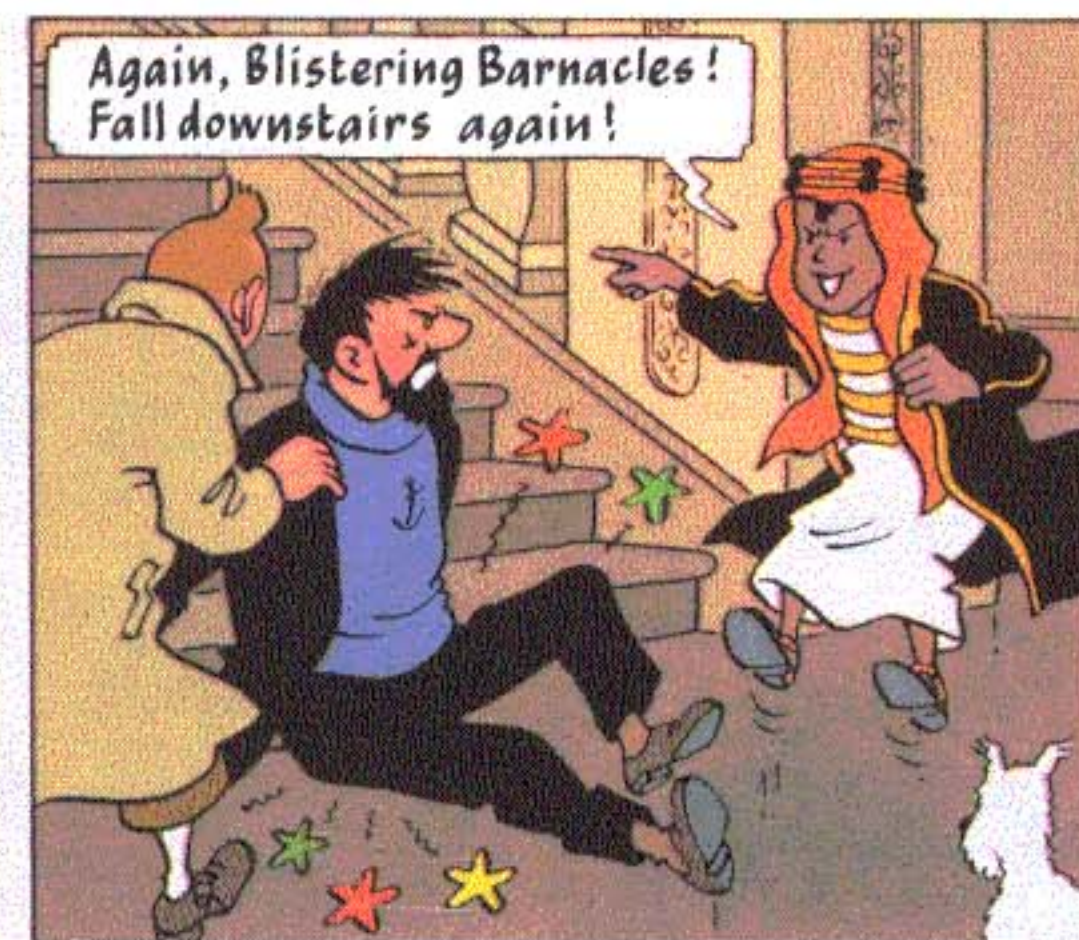
Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?

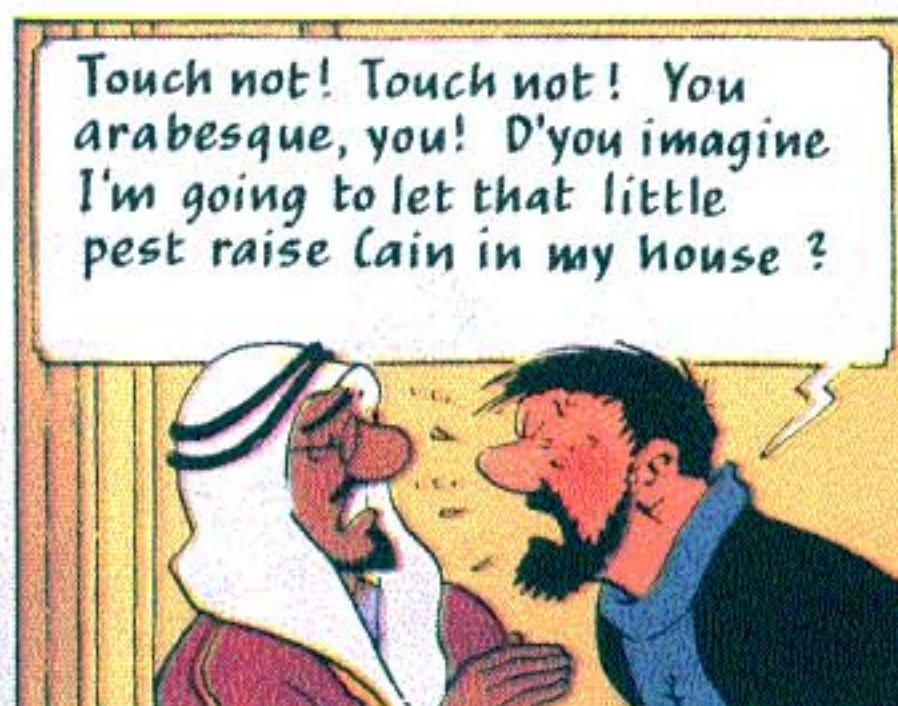
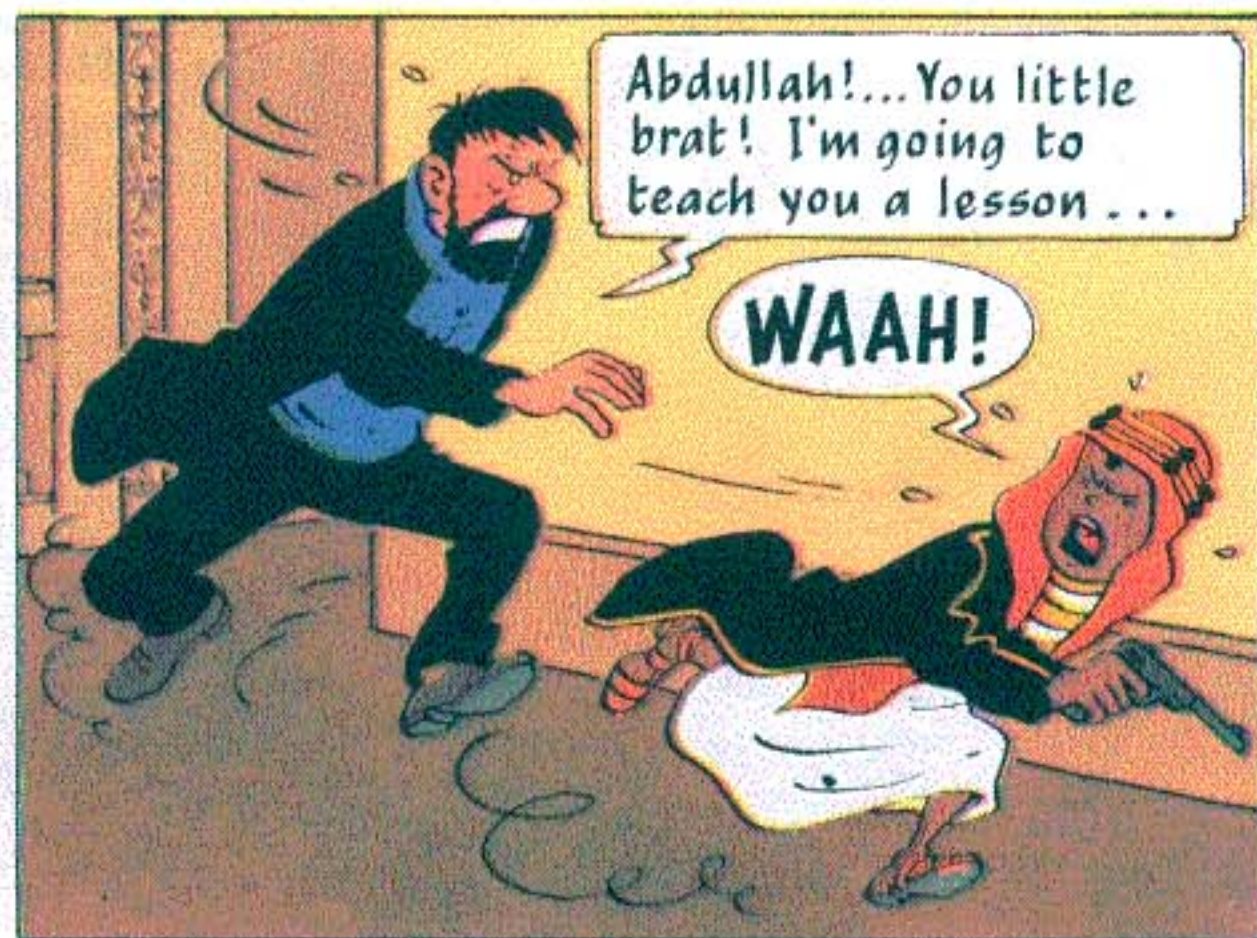
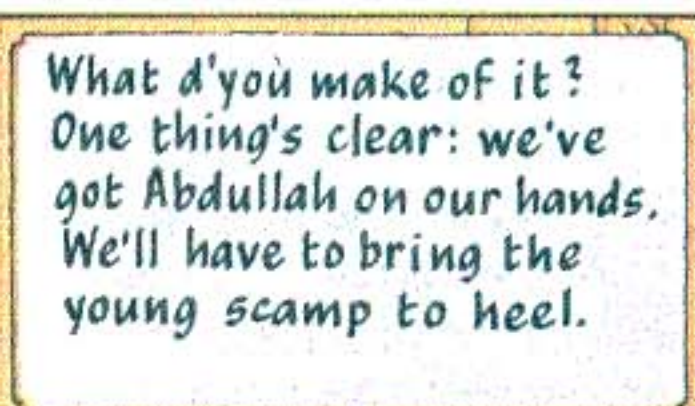
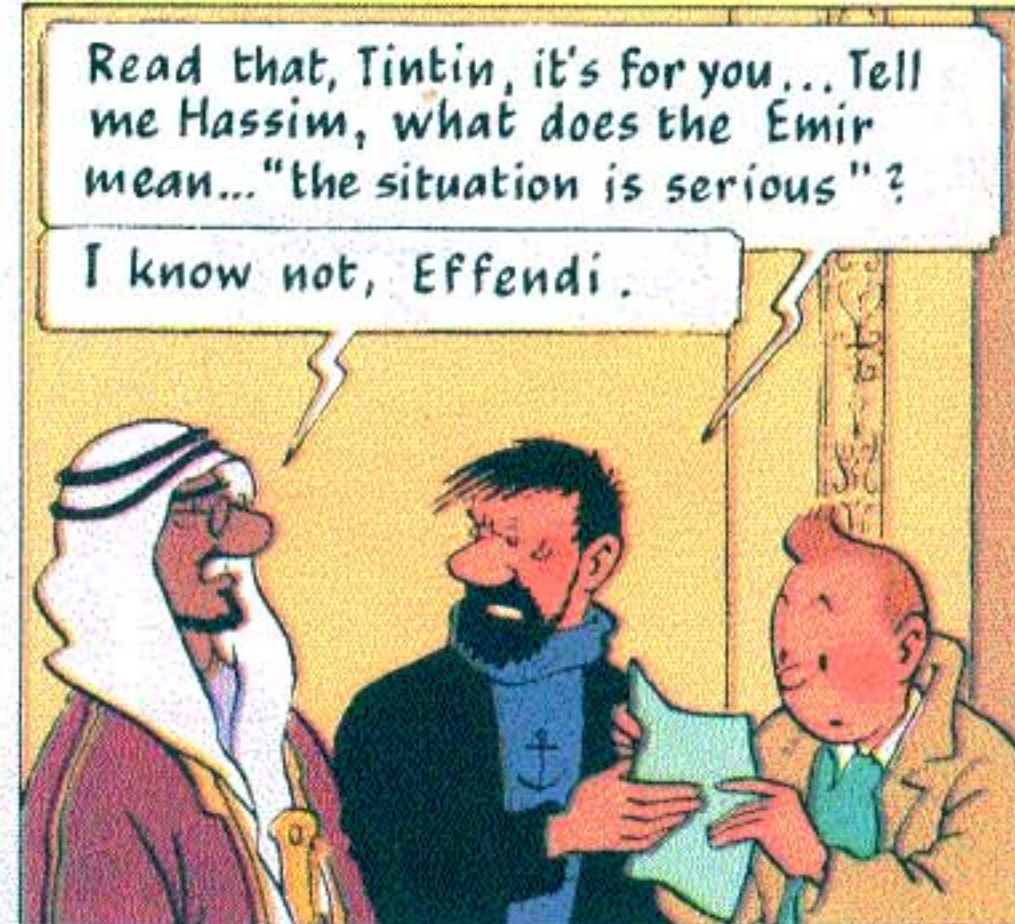
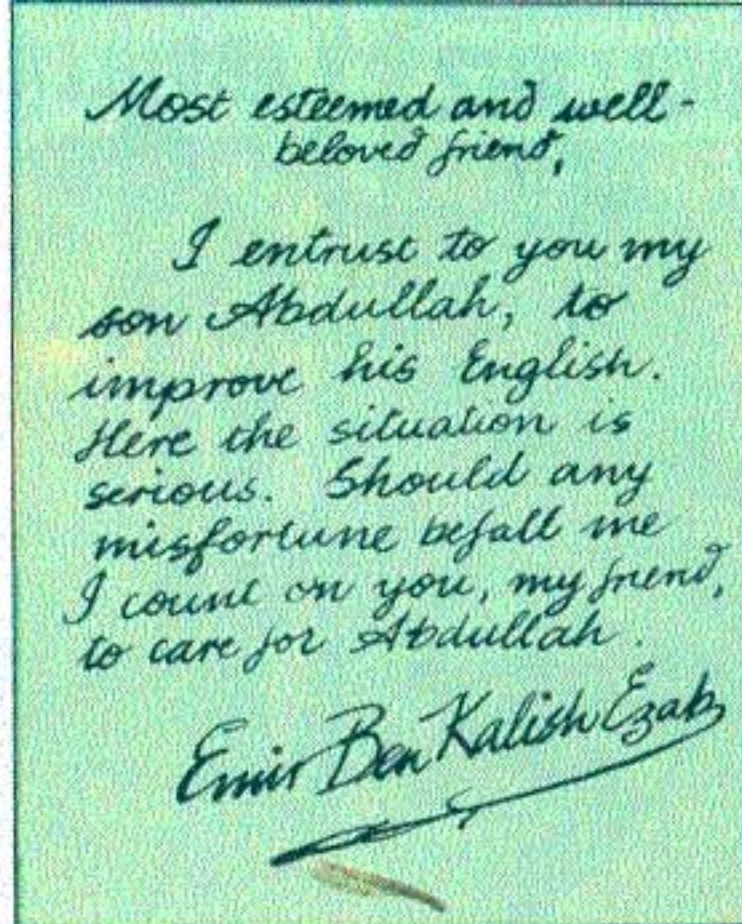
Billions of blue blistering bar-
nacles! Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gherkin who did that?...
Nestor!... Nestor!

HAAAAH!..

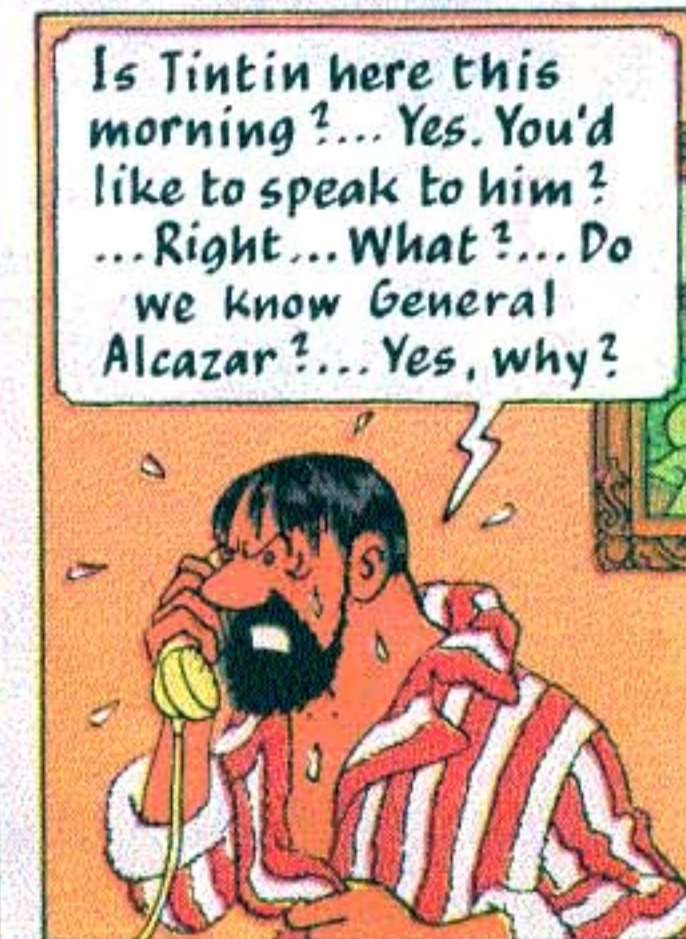
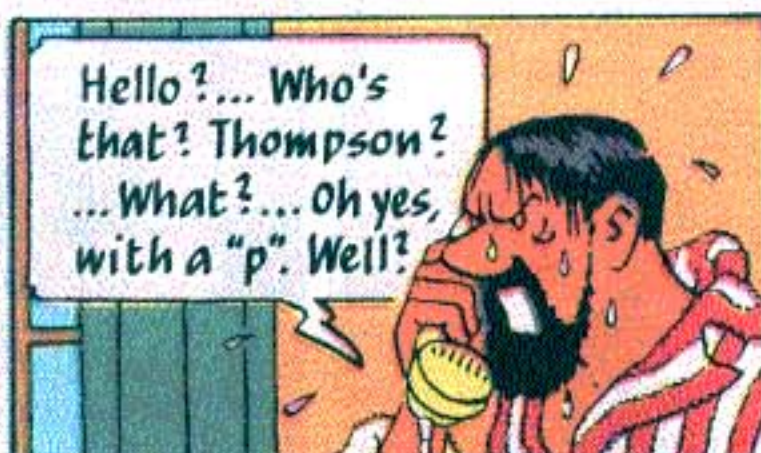
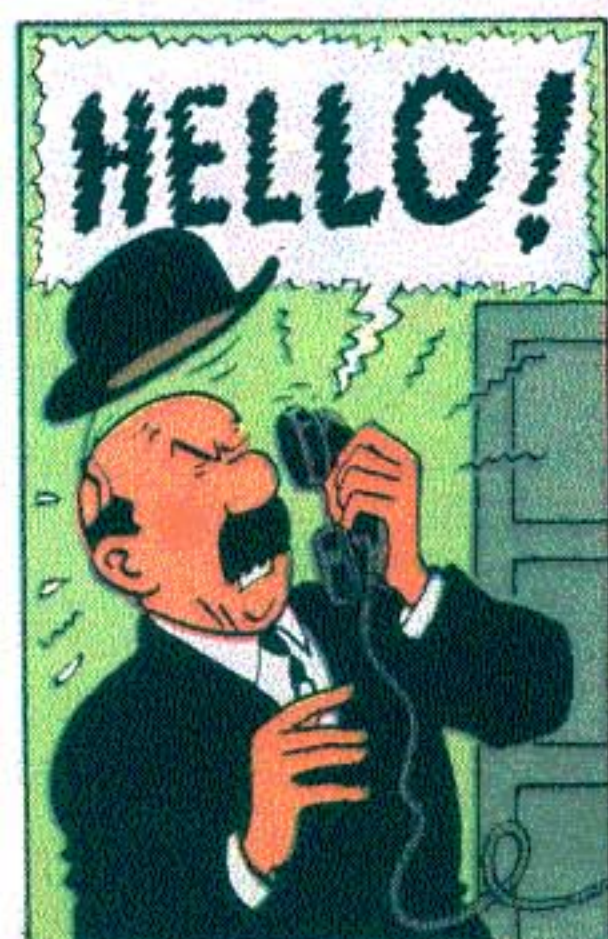
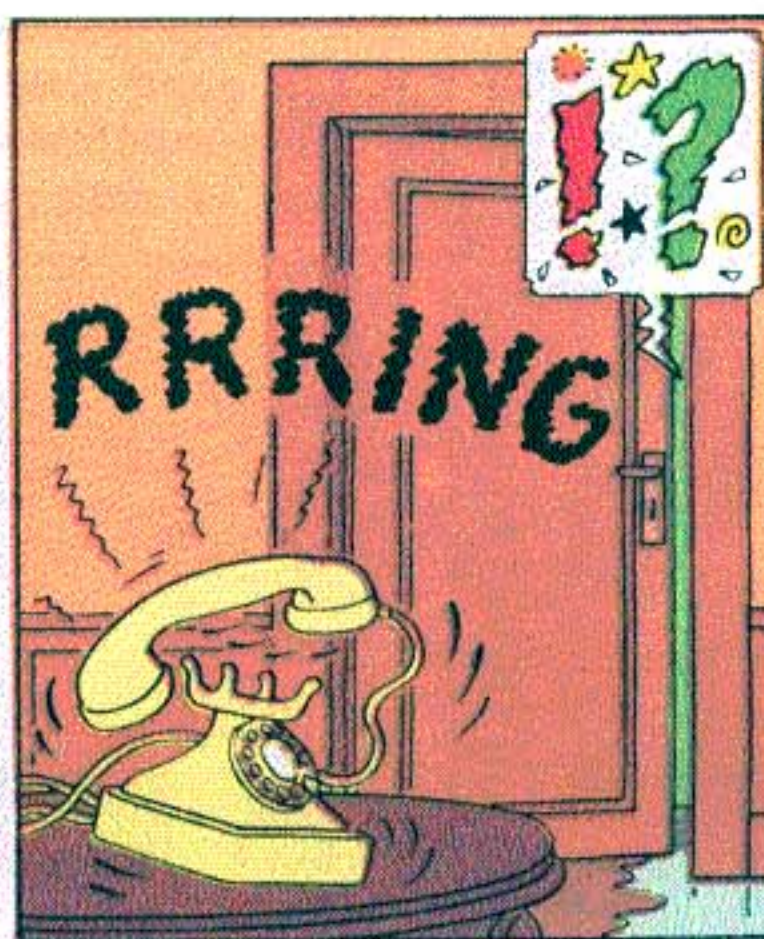
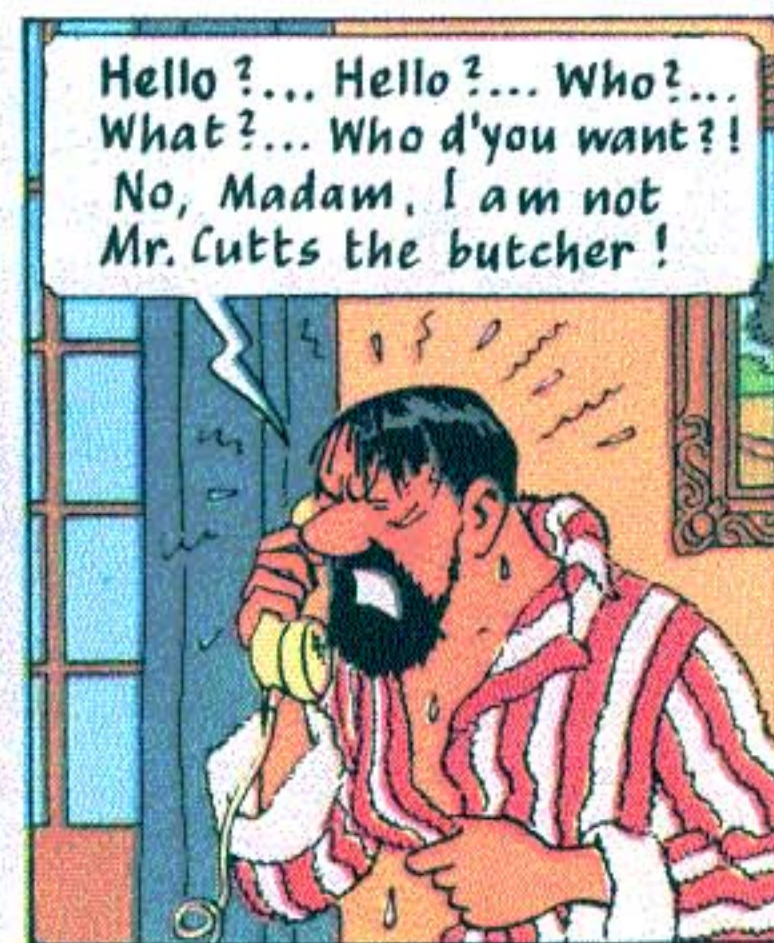
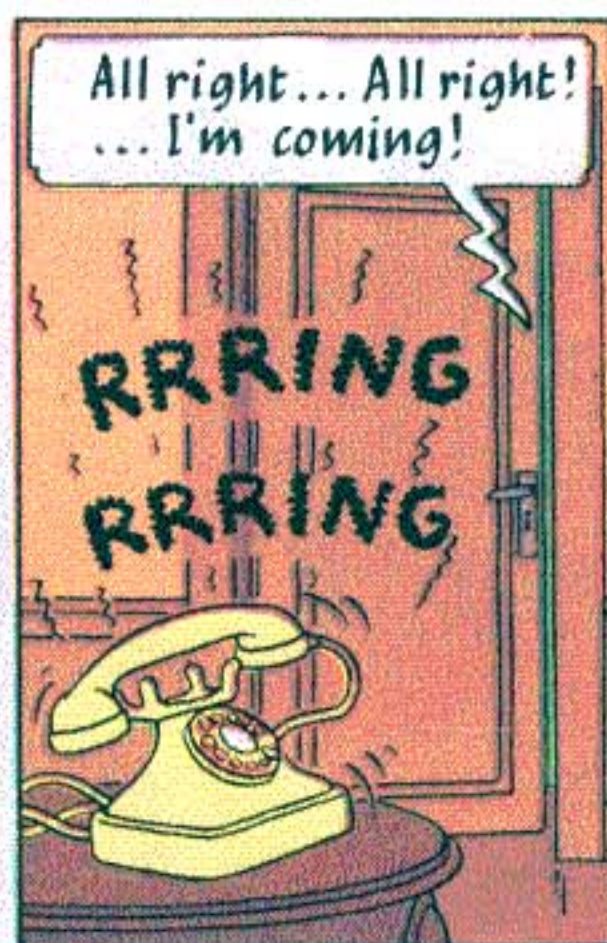
RRHOAH!..

Th... th... th...
there behind you!





The next morning...

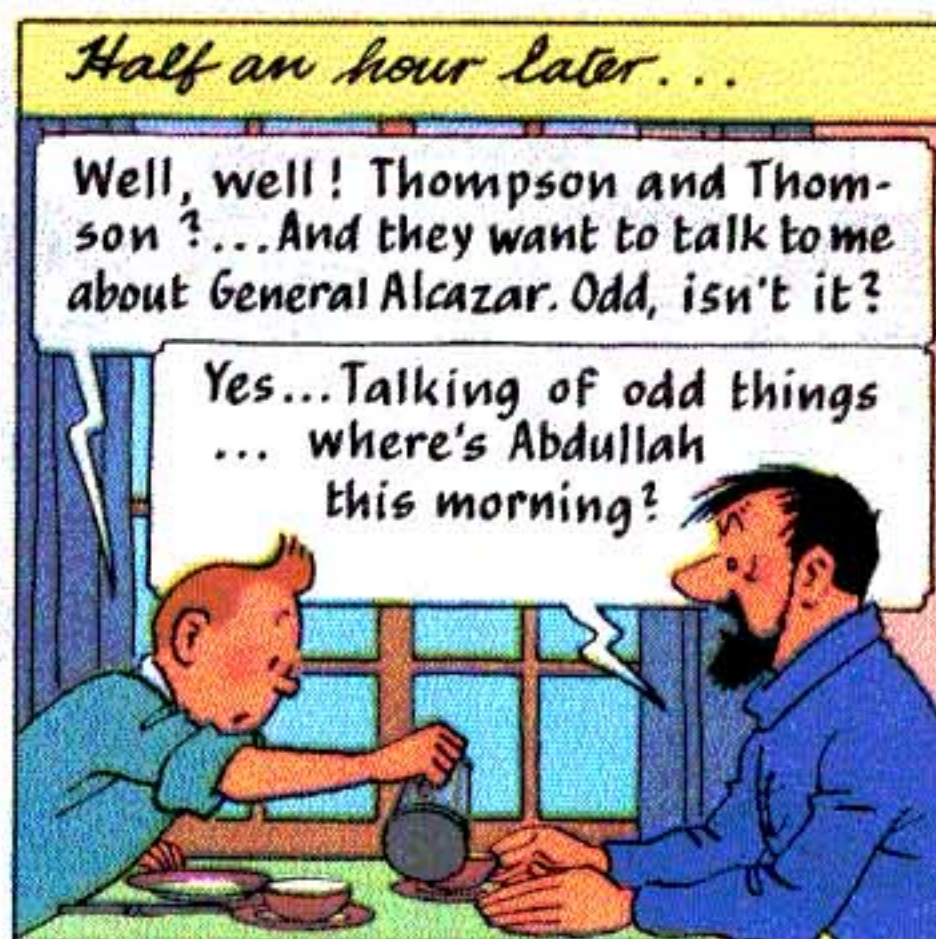




You'll explain that to Tintin later? Good... What? ... No, no trouble at all...



Ringing up when I'm in the bath! I ask you!



Half an hour later...

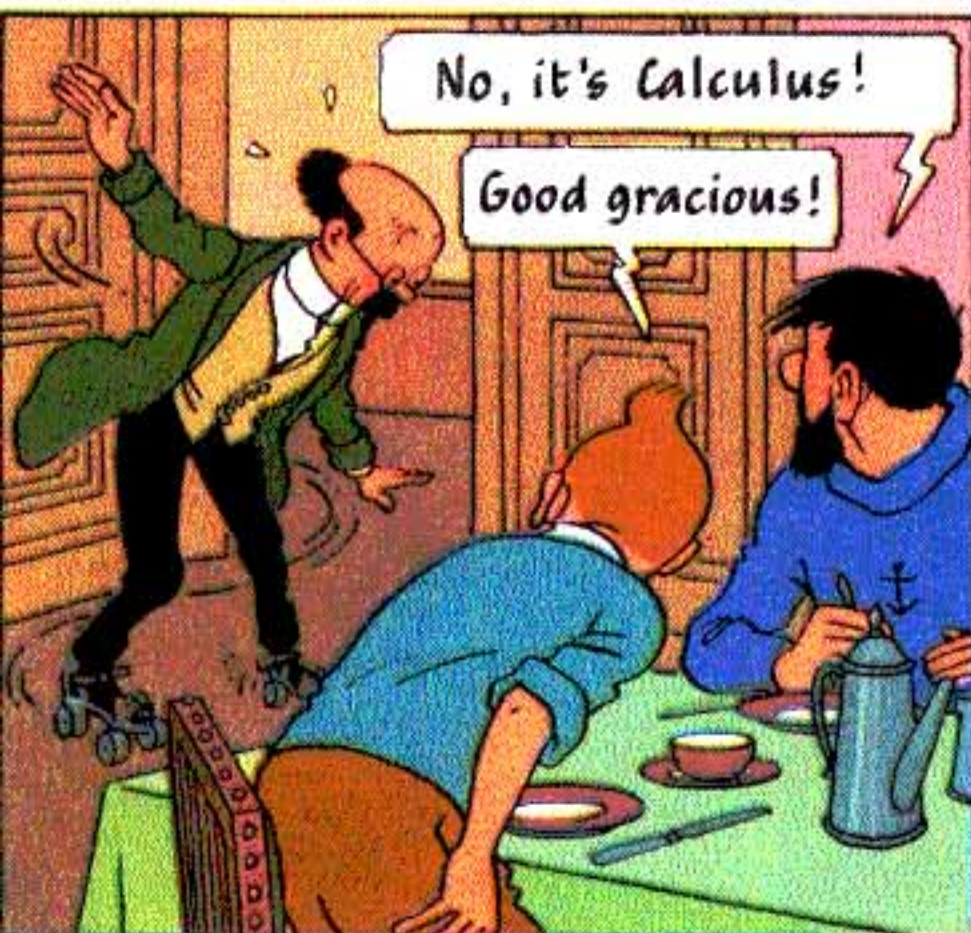
Well, well! Thompson and Thomson?... And they want to talk to me about General Alcazar. Odd, isn't it?

Yes... Talking of odd things ... where's Abdullah this morning?



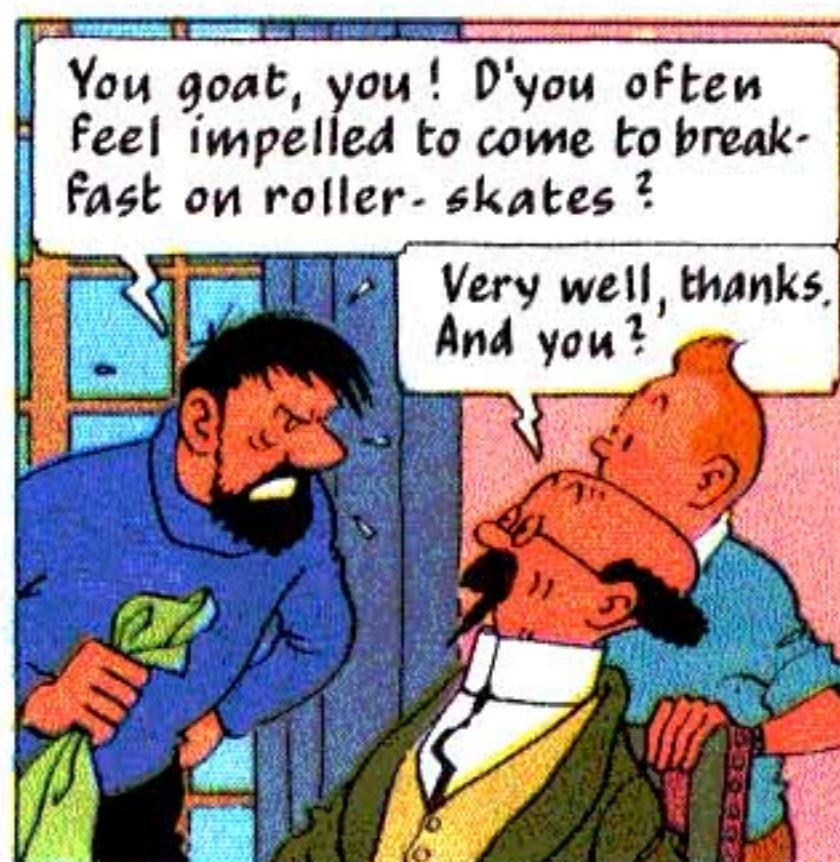
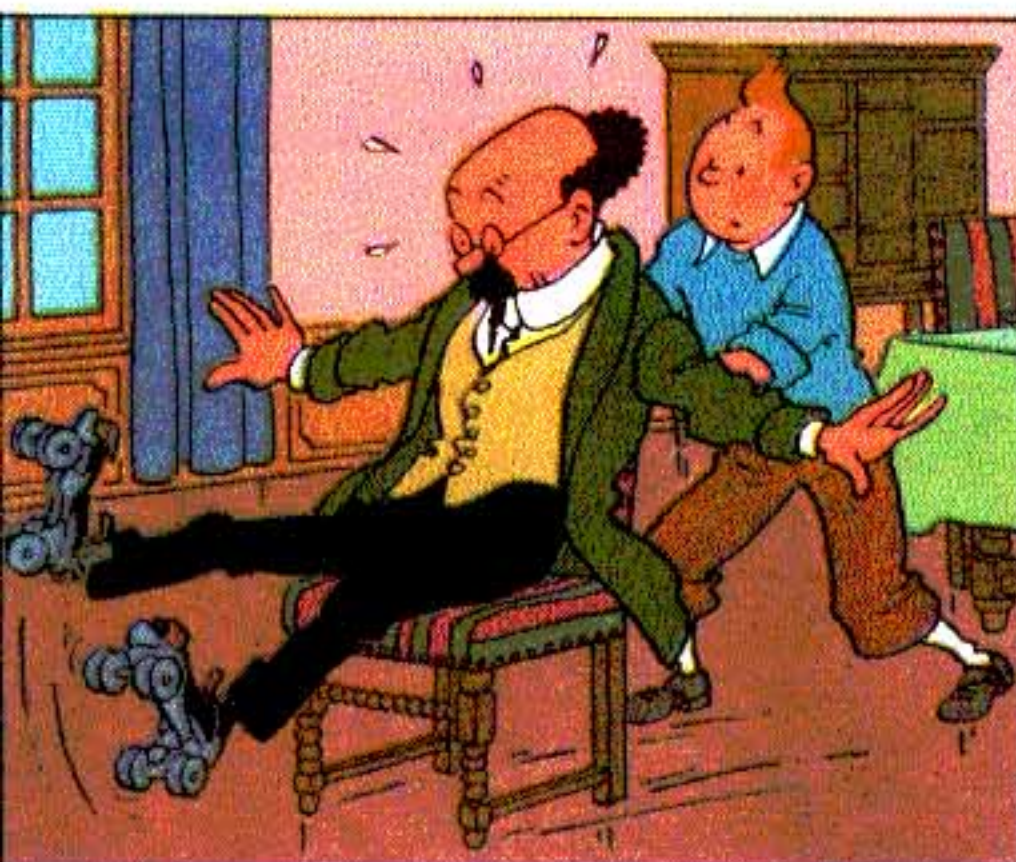
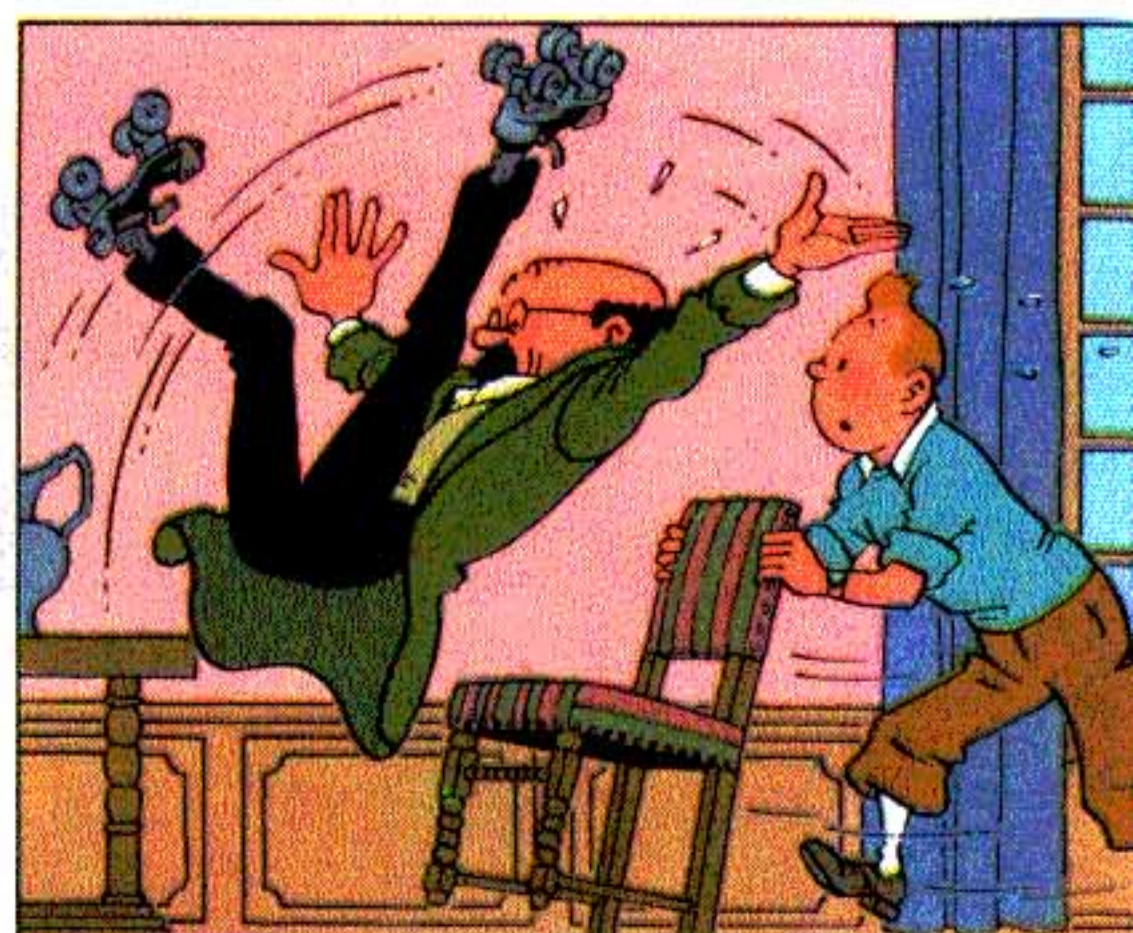
KHRRR KHRRR

Blistering barnacles, here he comes!



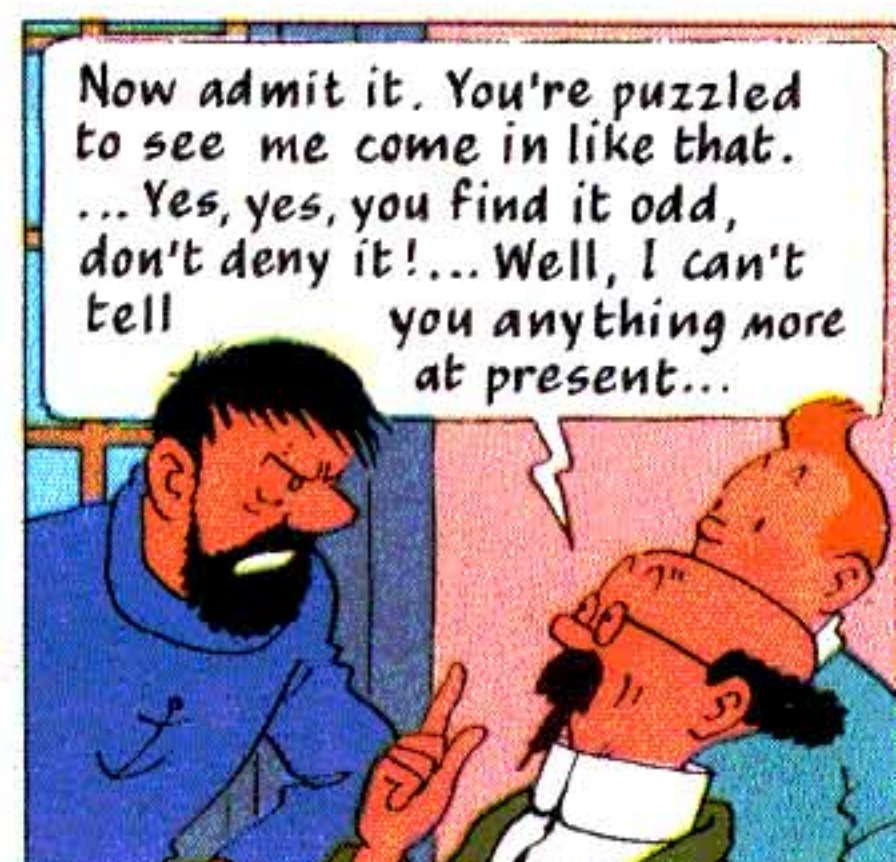
No, it's Calculus!

Good gracious!



You goat, you! D'you often feel impelled to come to breakfast on roller-skates?

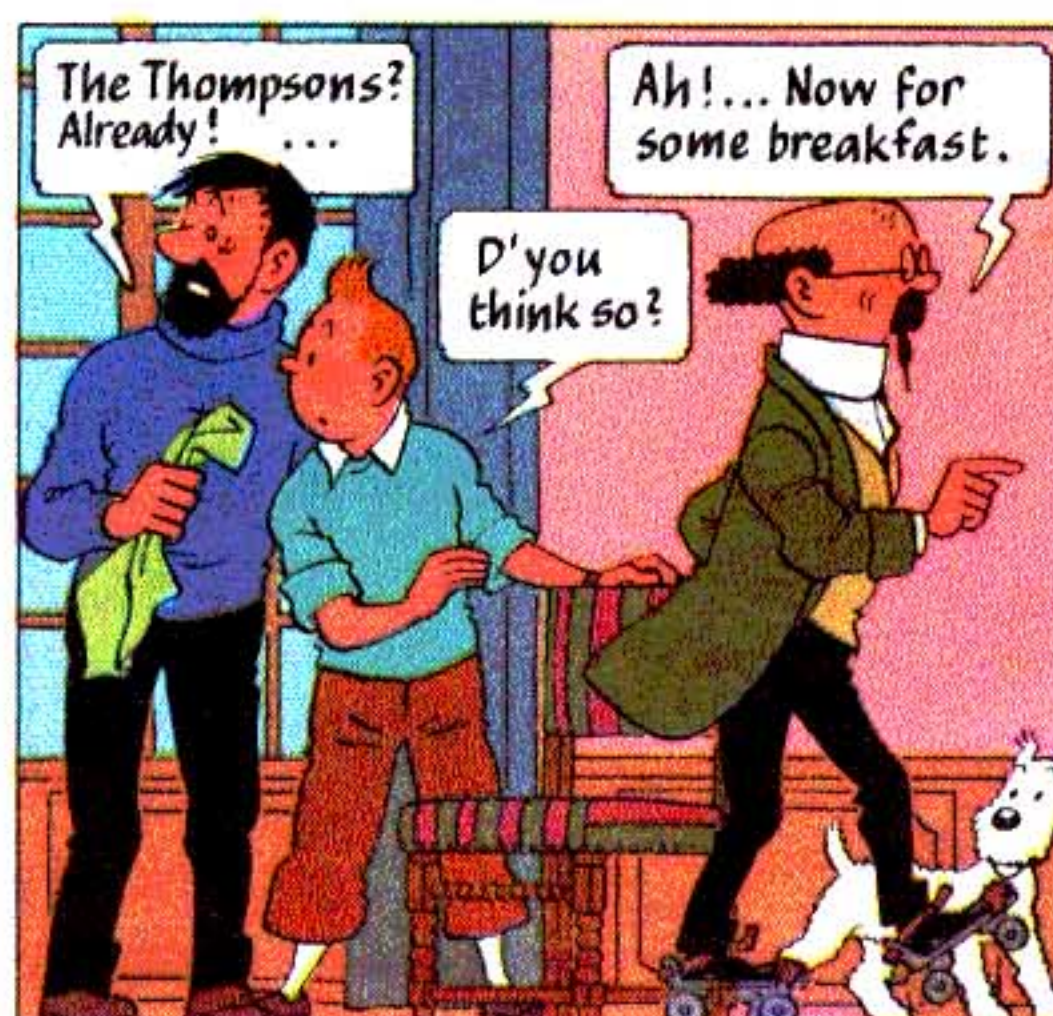
Very well, thanks. And you?



Now admit it. You're puzzled to see me come in like that. ... Yes, yes, you find it odd, don't deny it! ... Well, I can't tell you anything more at present...



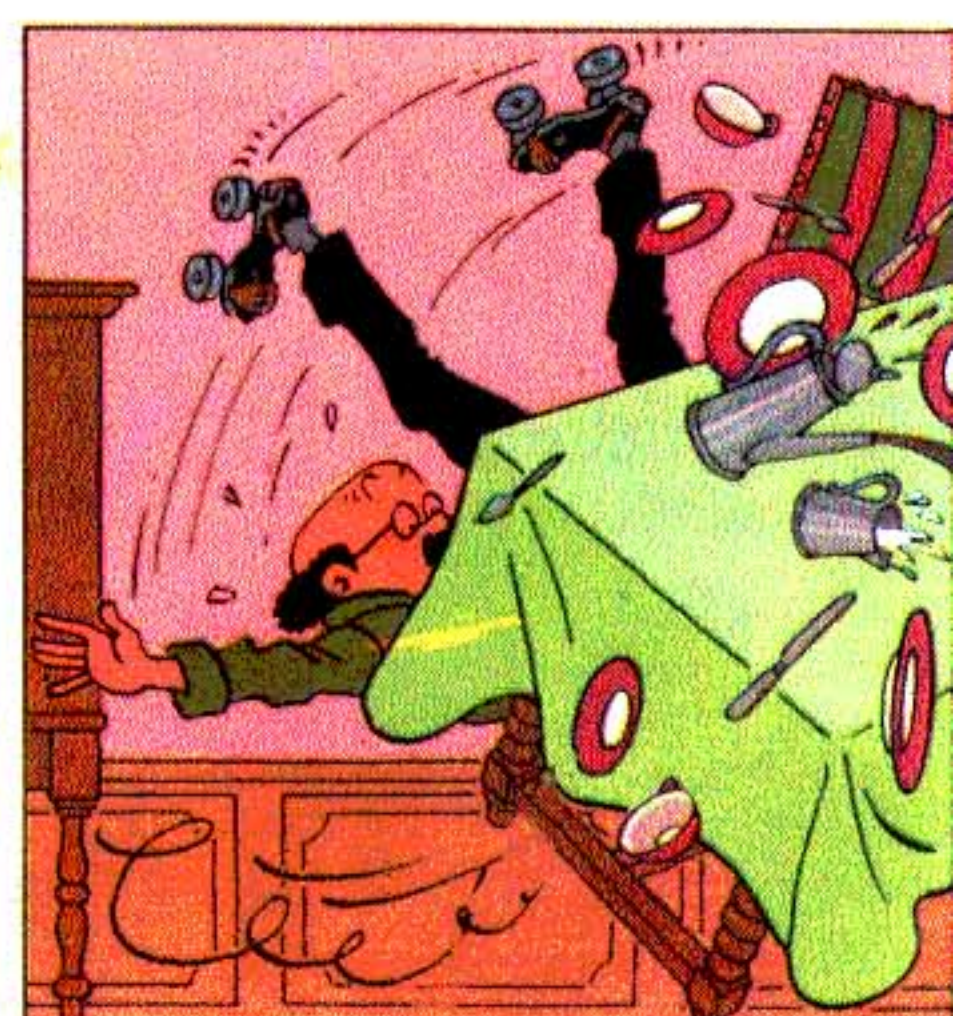
... but quite soon you'll see my reason for it.

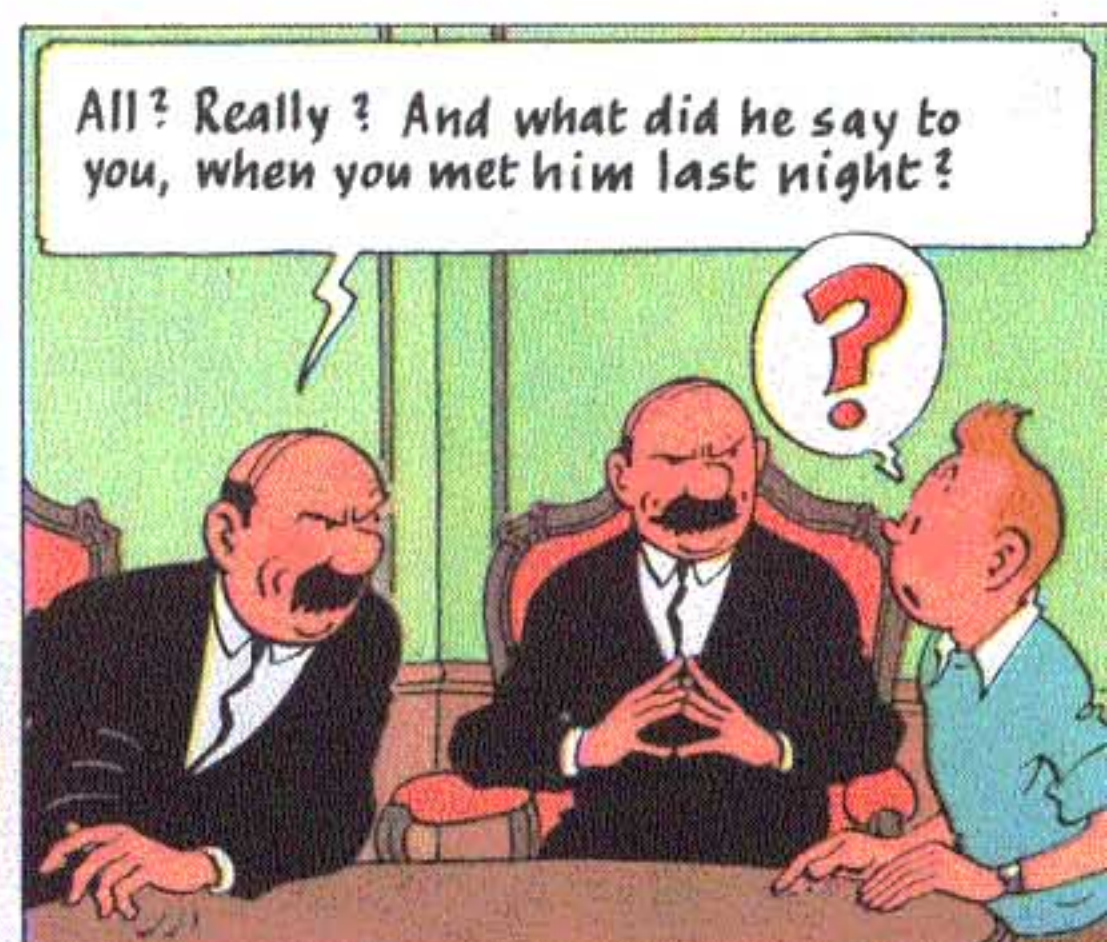
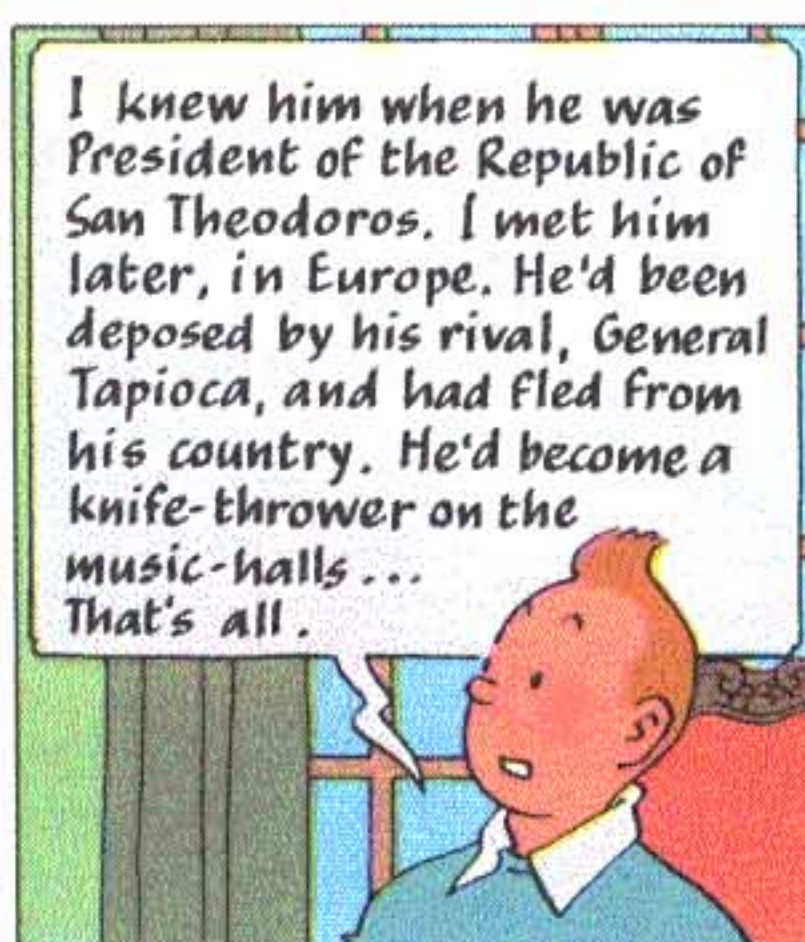
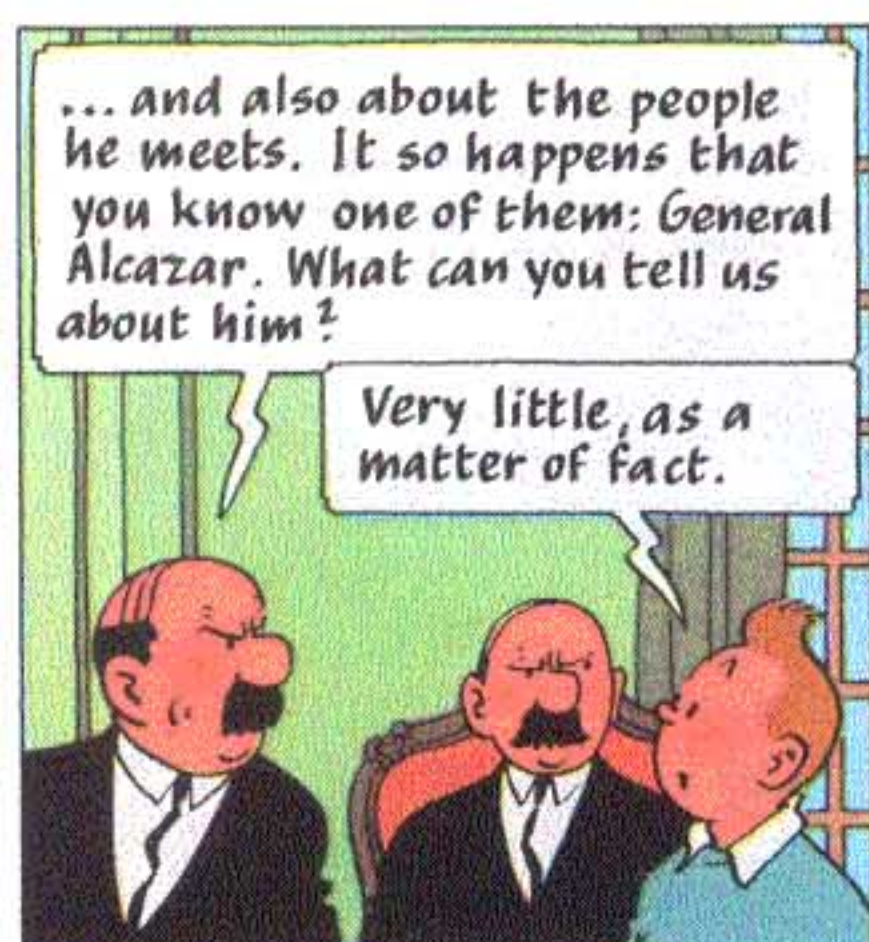
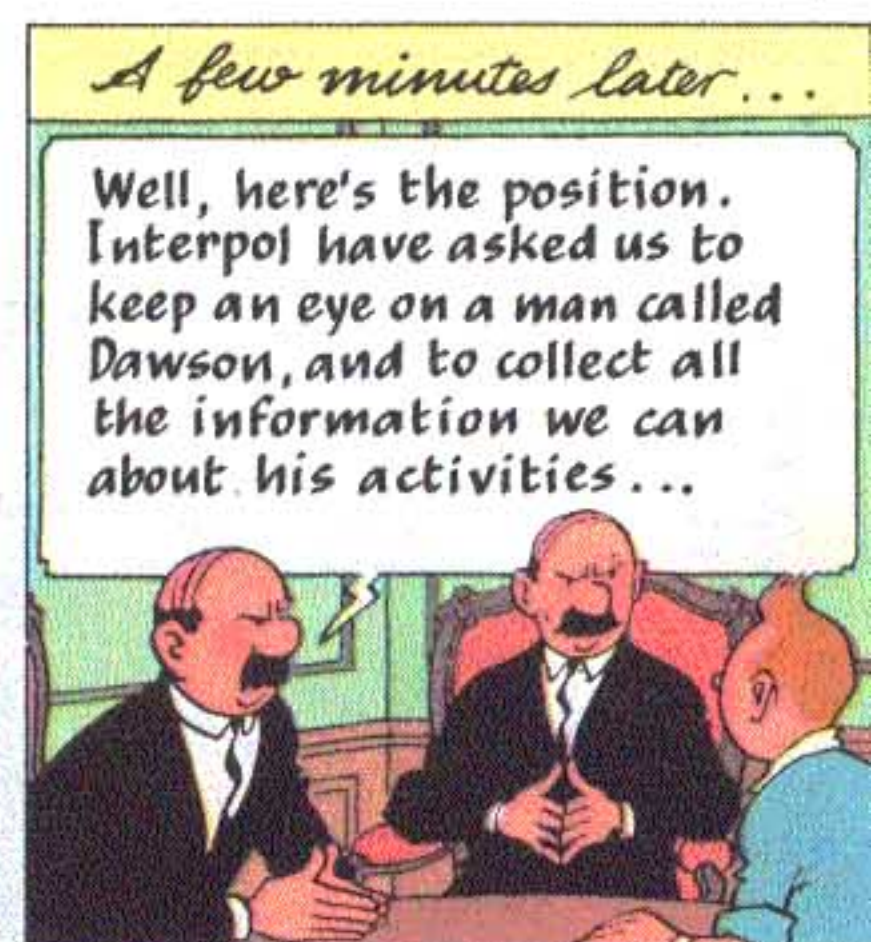
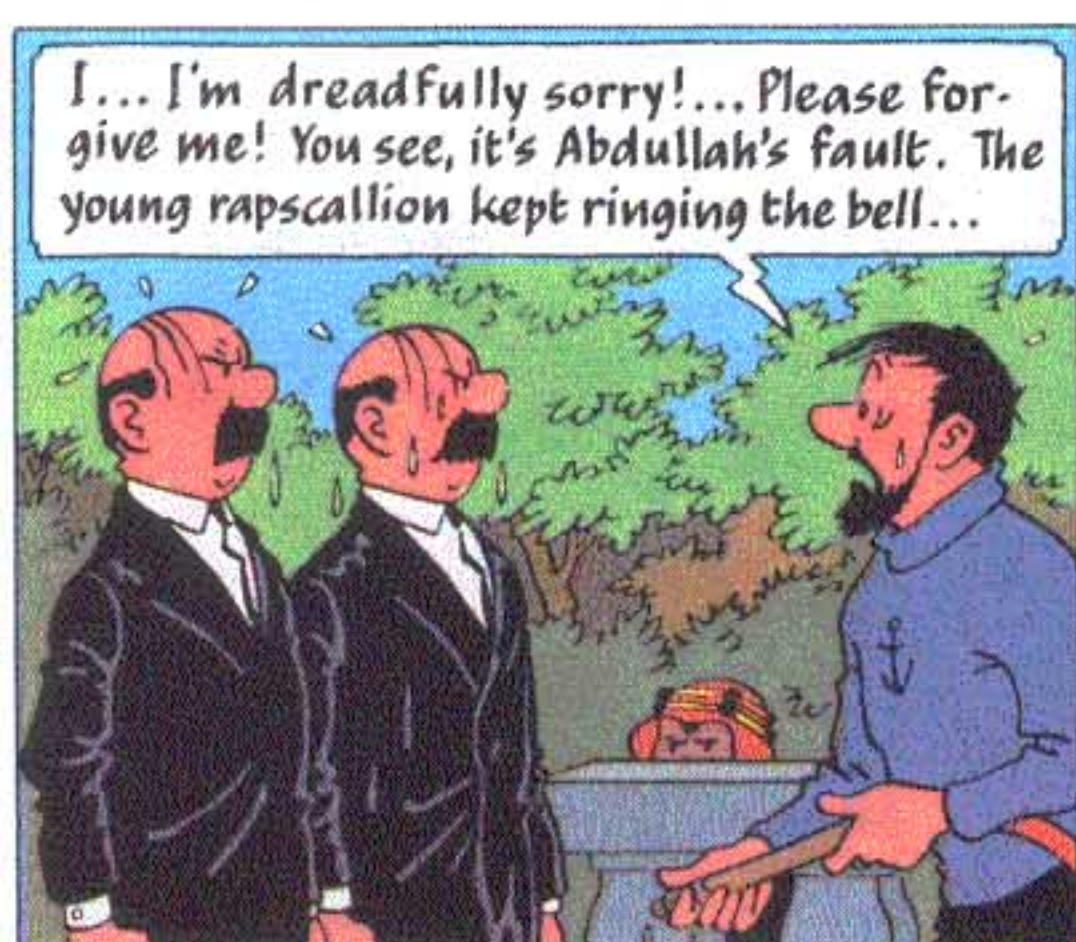
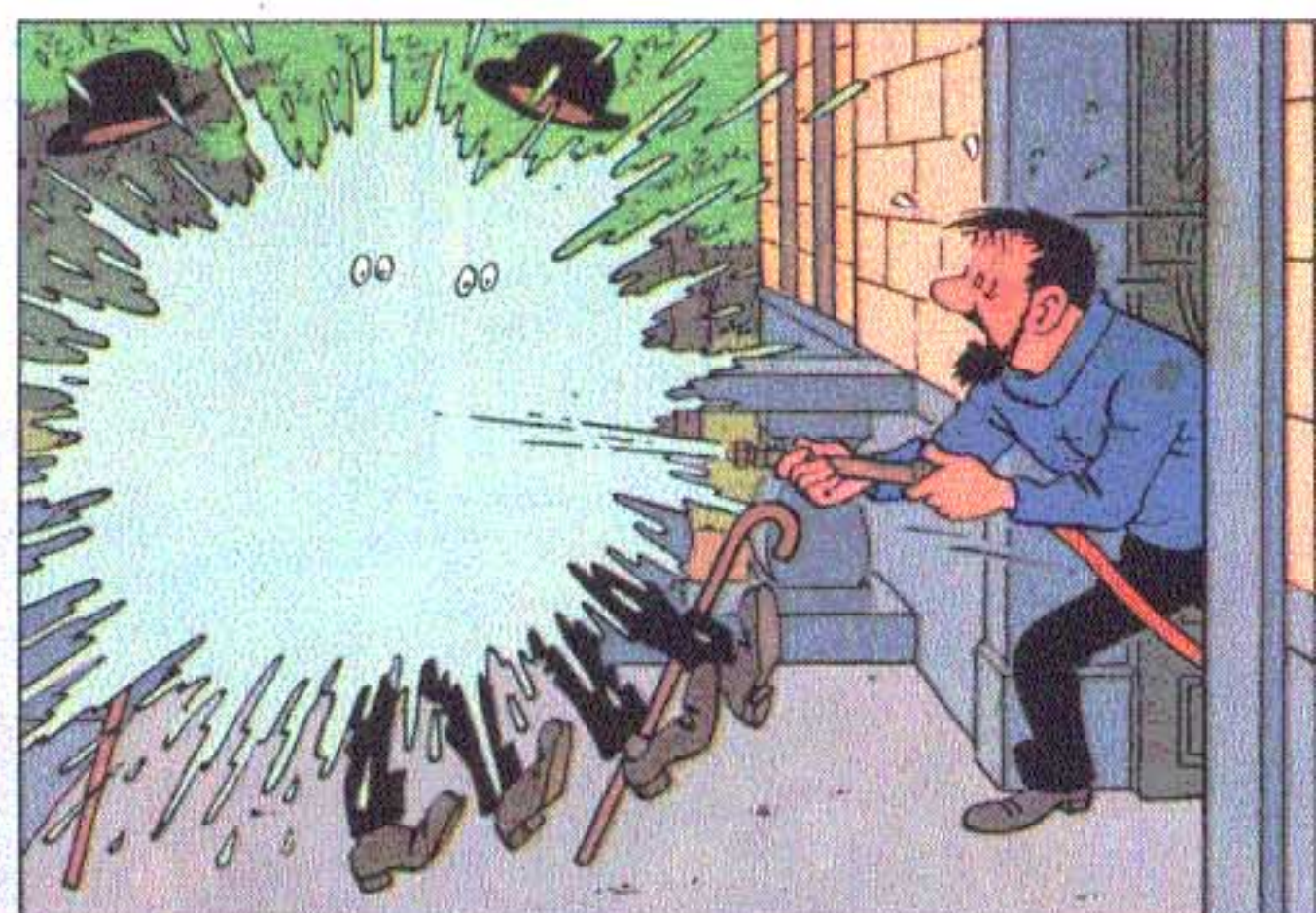
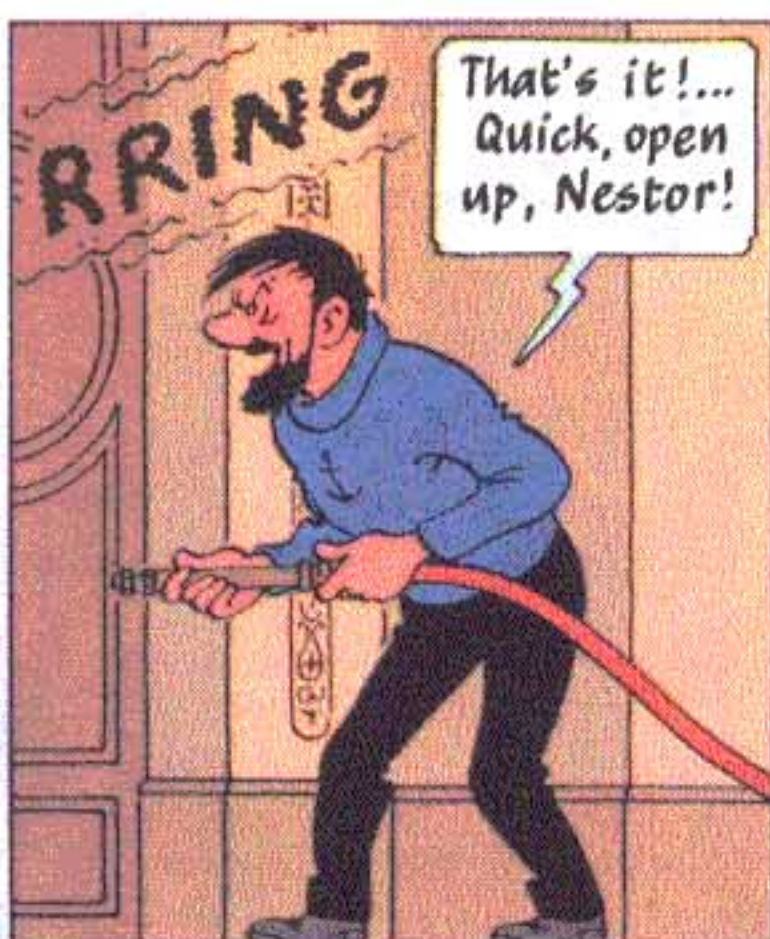


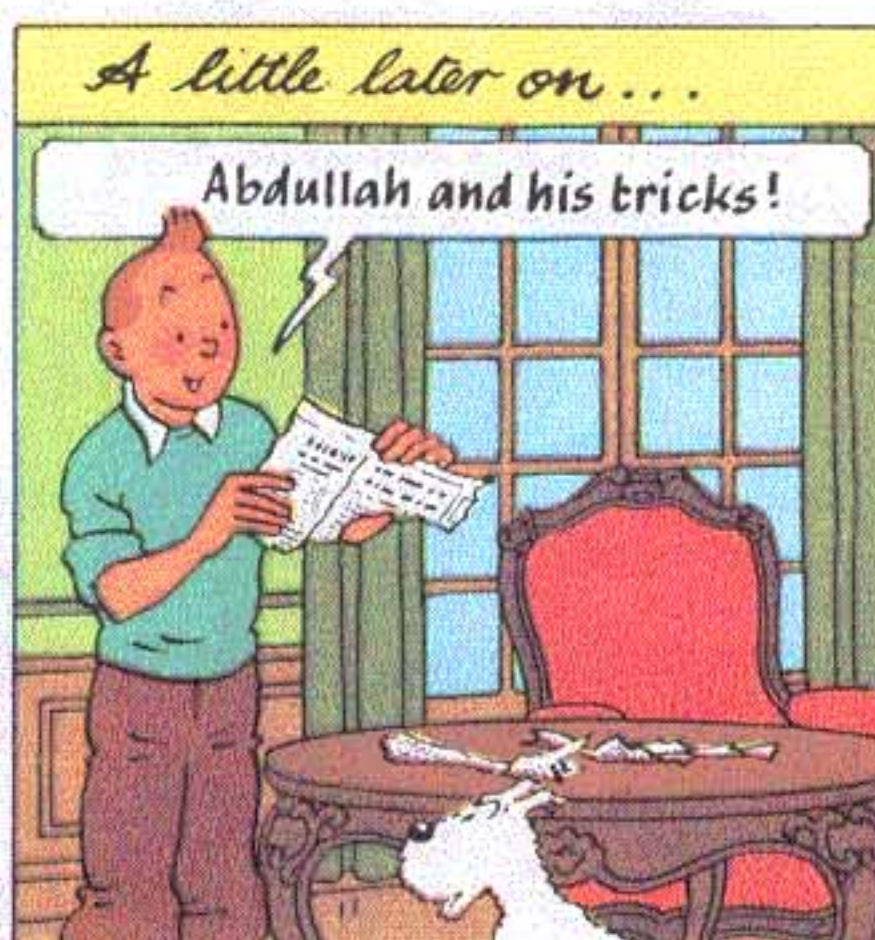
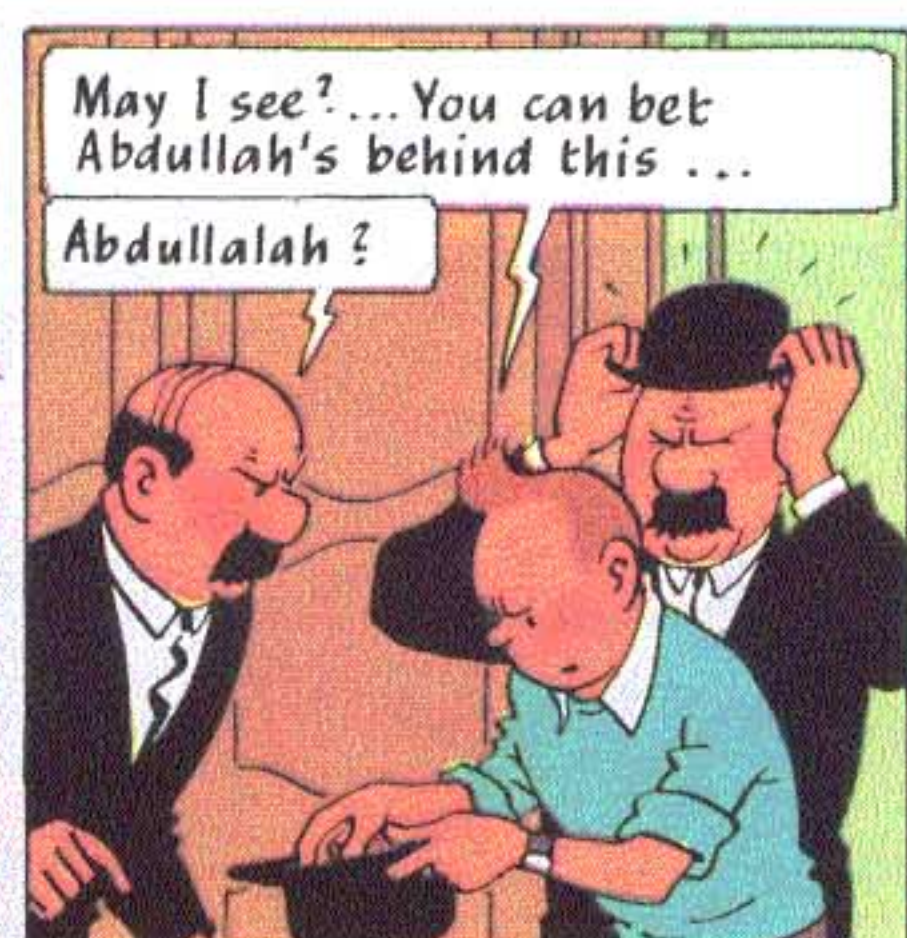
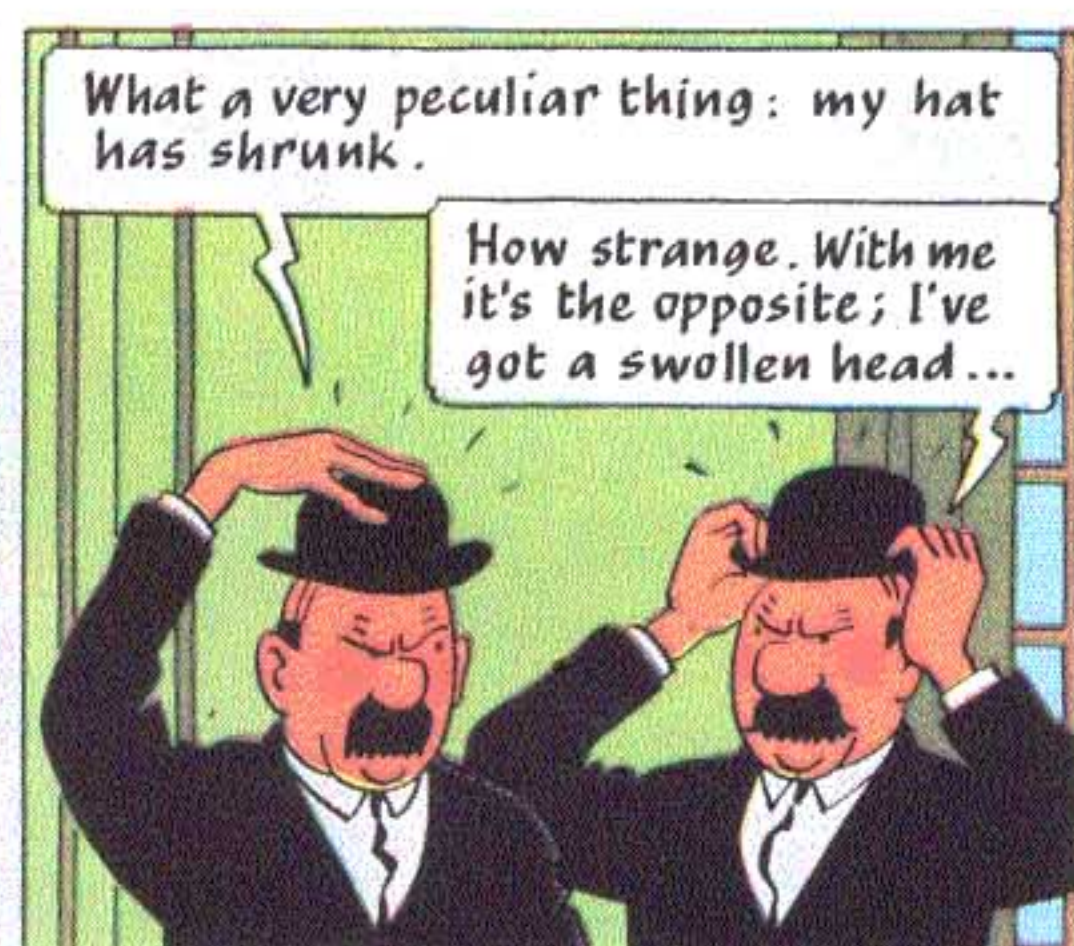
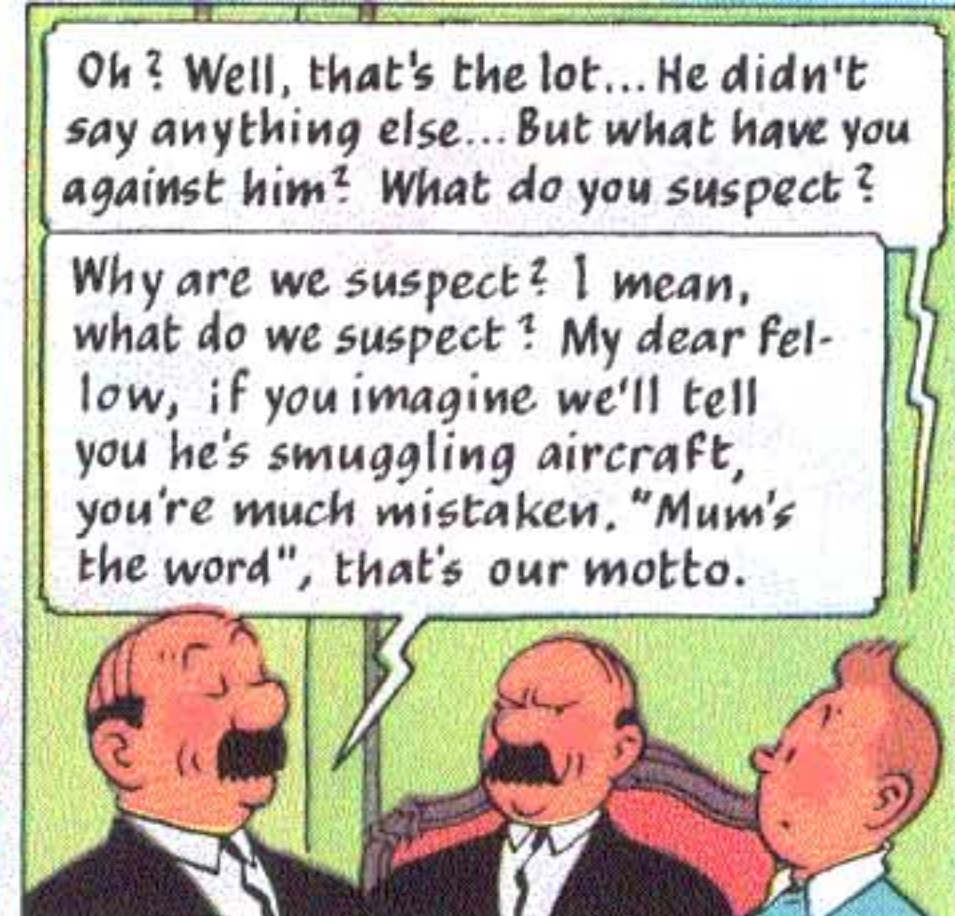
The Thompsons? Already! ...

Ah!... Now for some breakfast.

D'you think so?



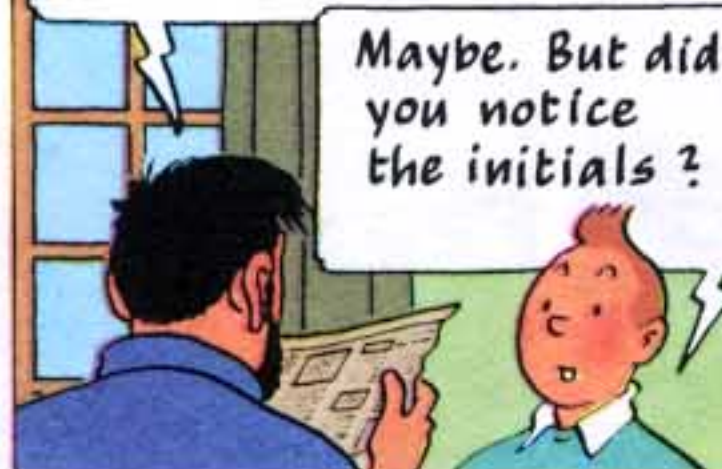




Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



Extraordinary!... Why don't they add: "on easy terms"! You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!



Maybe. But did you notice the initials?

J.D.M.C.... J.D.M.C.... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on that letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Thomson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Later, at the Hotel Excelsior...

General Alcazar? Yes, he's here, sir. I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...

Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I've met him before. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy; I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain; you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlinspike.

O.K.



An hour later...

There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, taxi!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?



Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.

This is it, driver. Stop!

Oh! A watchman!

How can I get in without being seen? ... Perhaps ... Yes, I know ...

We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...

Aircraft! So we were right!

Careful! Footsteps!

'Morning guv'. Seen the "Reporter" today?... No?. Well, read that...

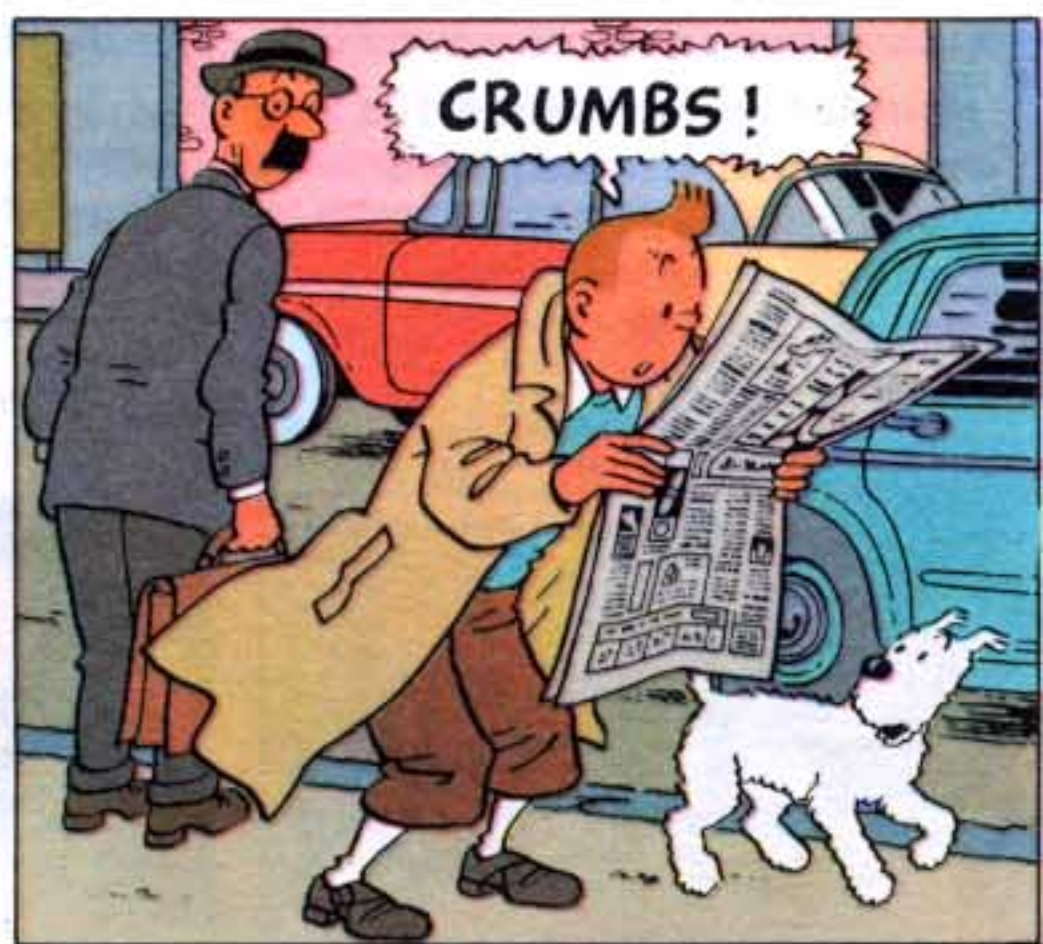
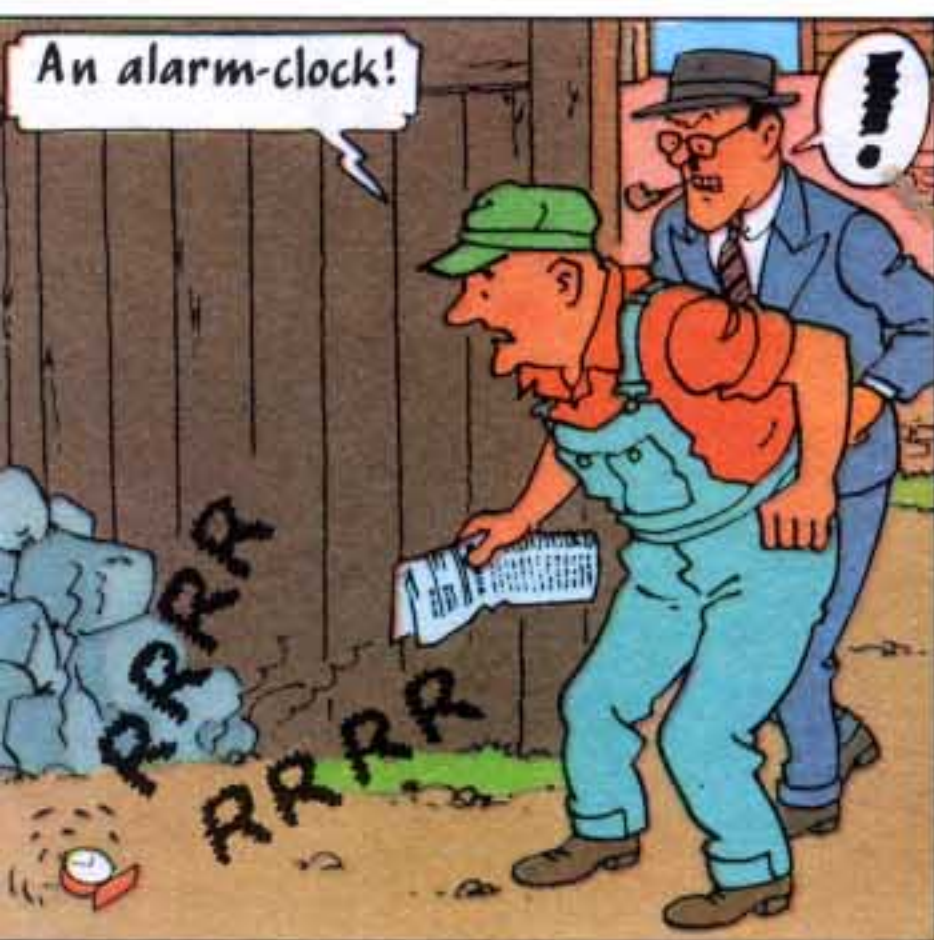
Aha! Bravo!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

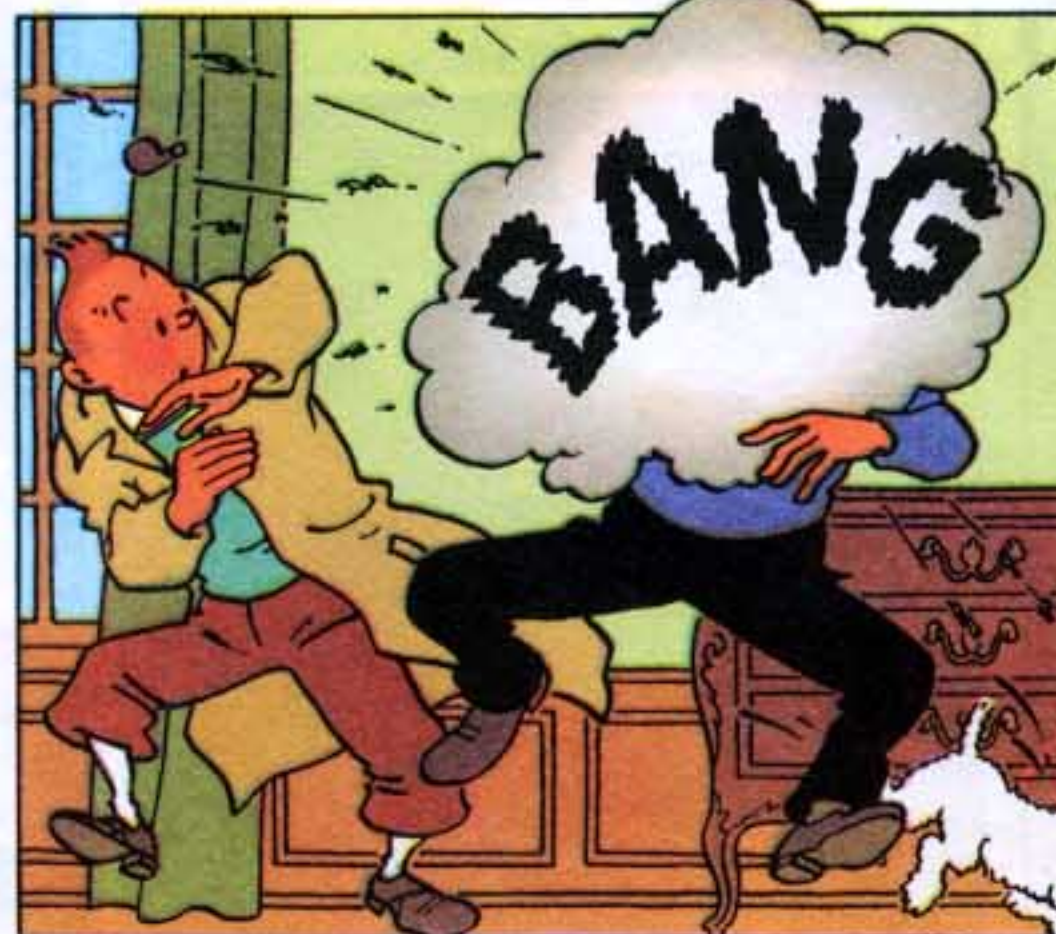
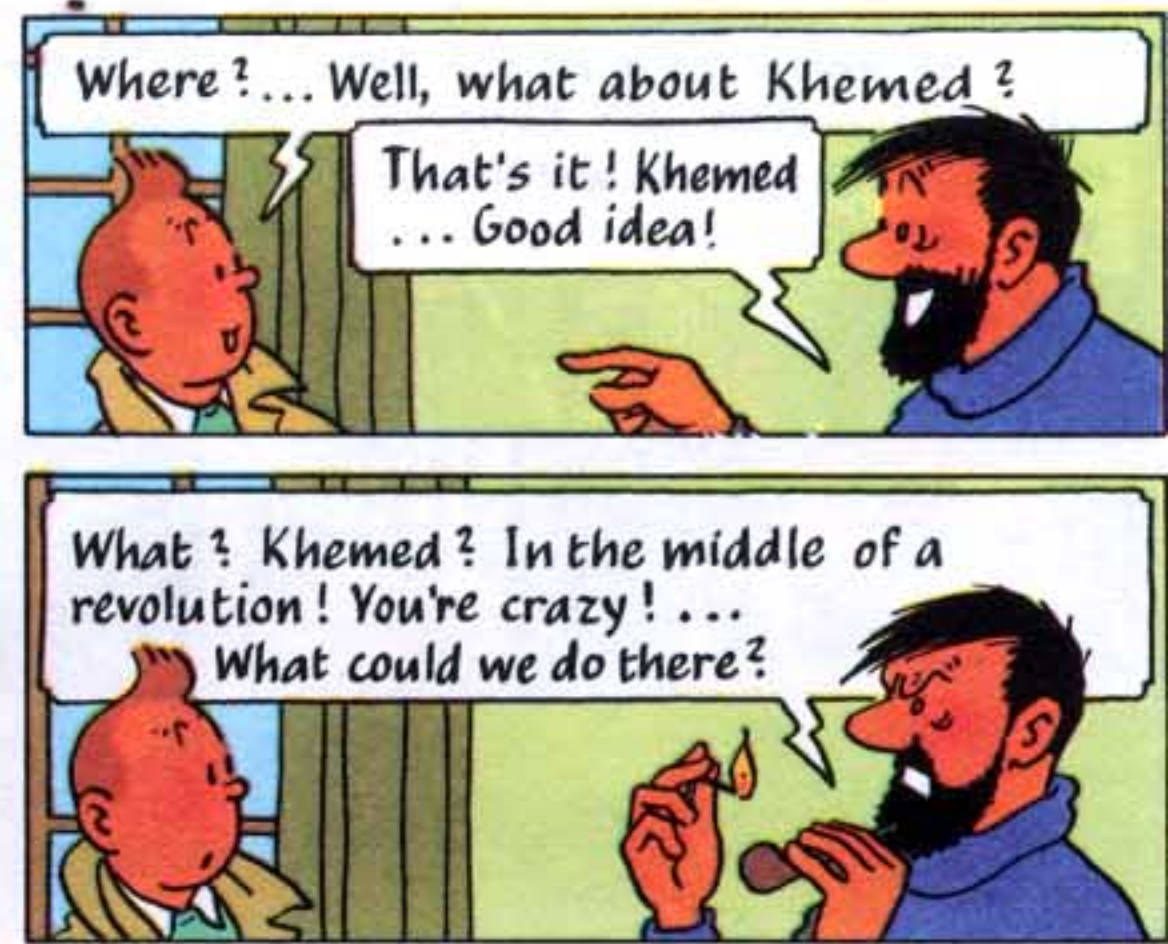
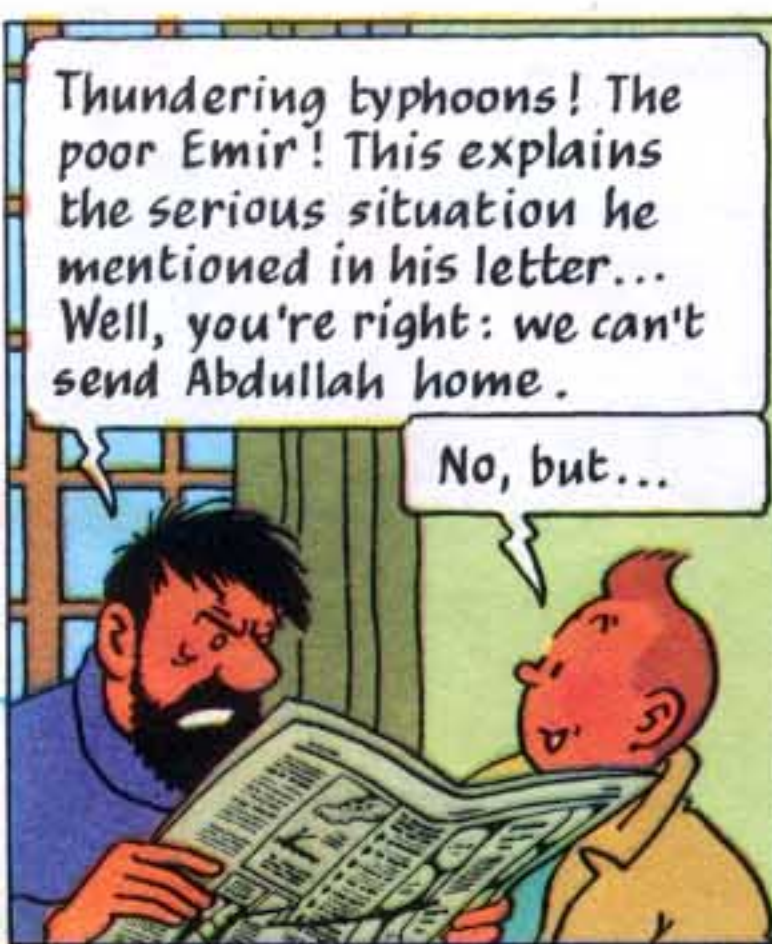
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?

You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...







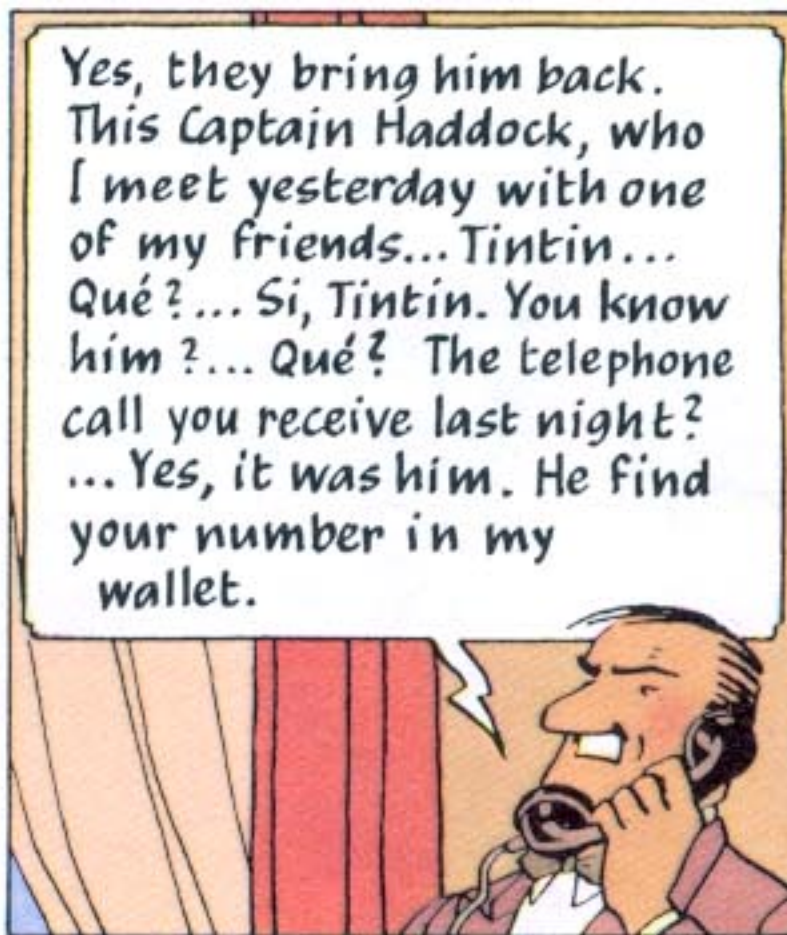
A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING



Hello?... Who's that?...
Oh, it's you, General...
What?... Oh, your wallet...
... You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back.
This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin...
Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?
... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him.
...

The airport at Wadesdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...

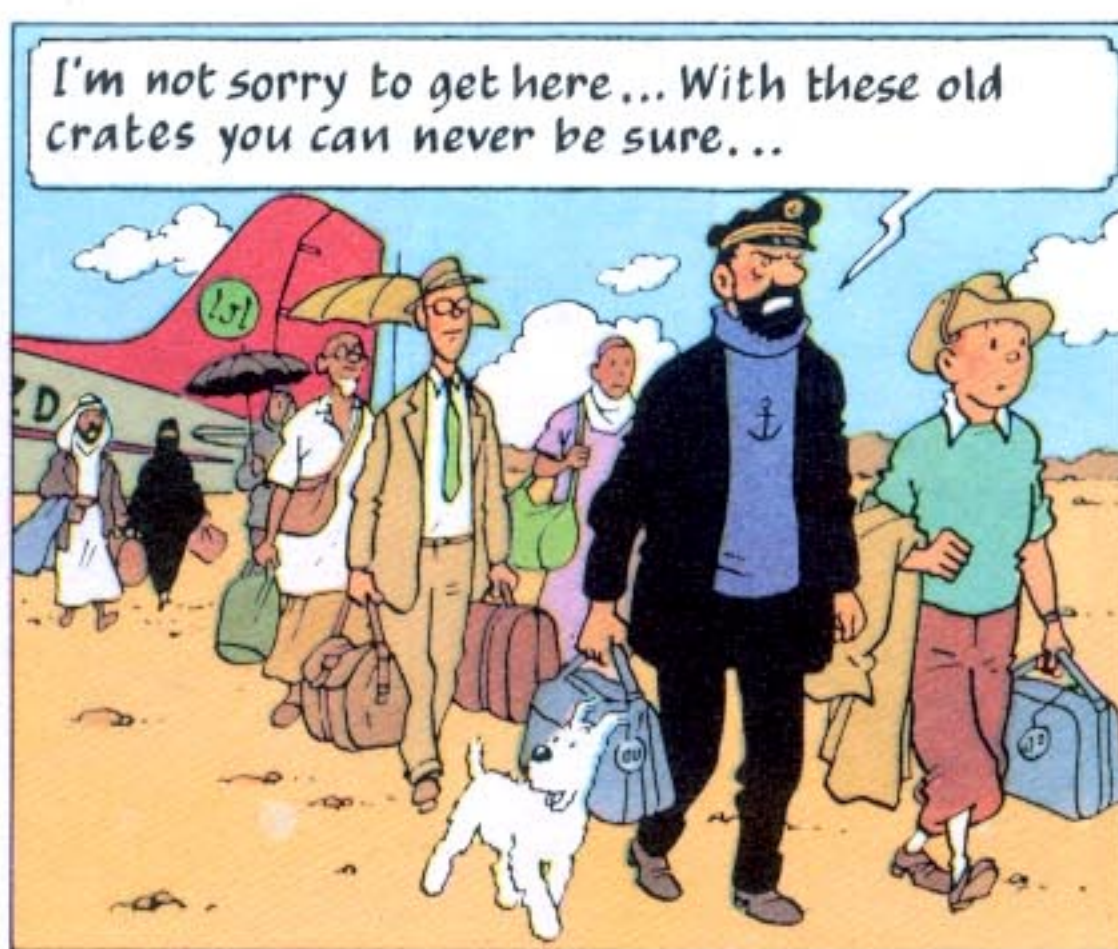
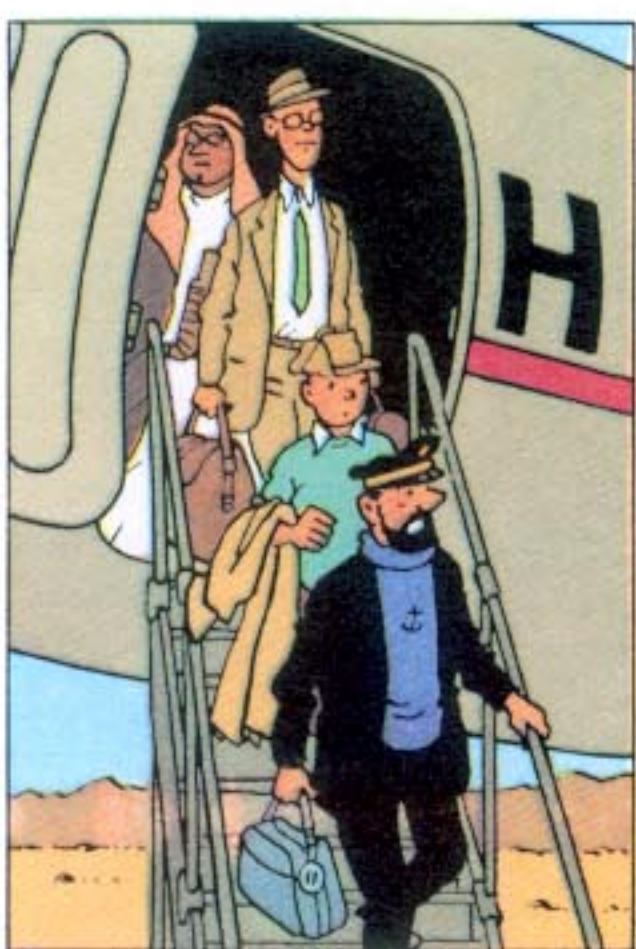


Here comes the plane from Beirut.

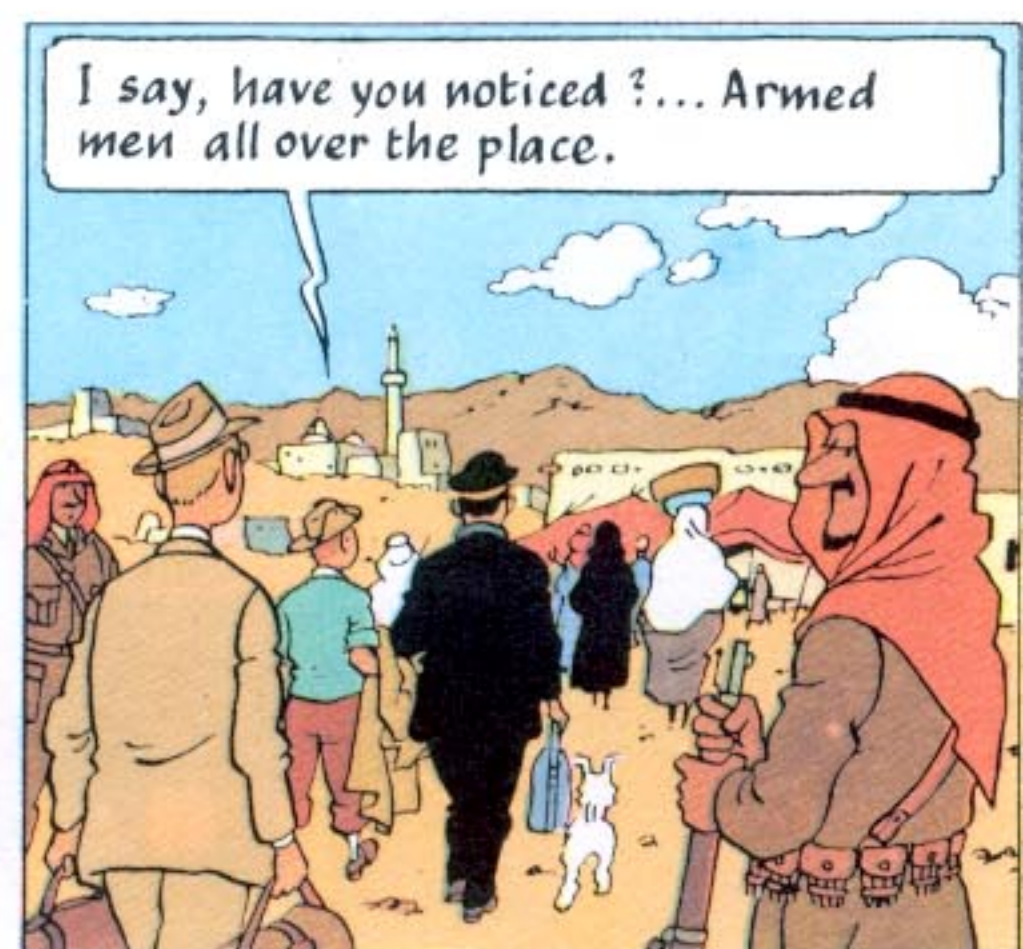


You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment.

WADESDAH AIRPORT



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old crates you can never be sure...



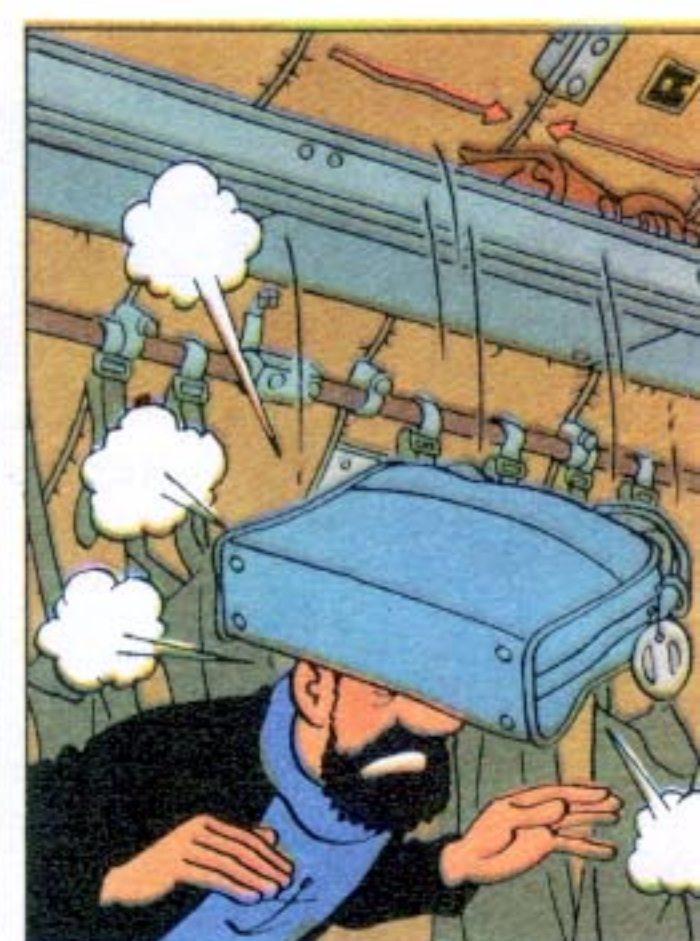
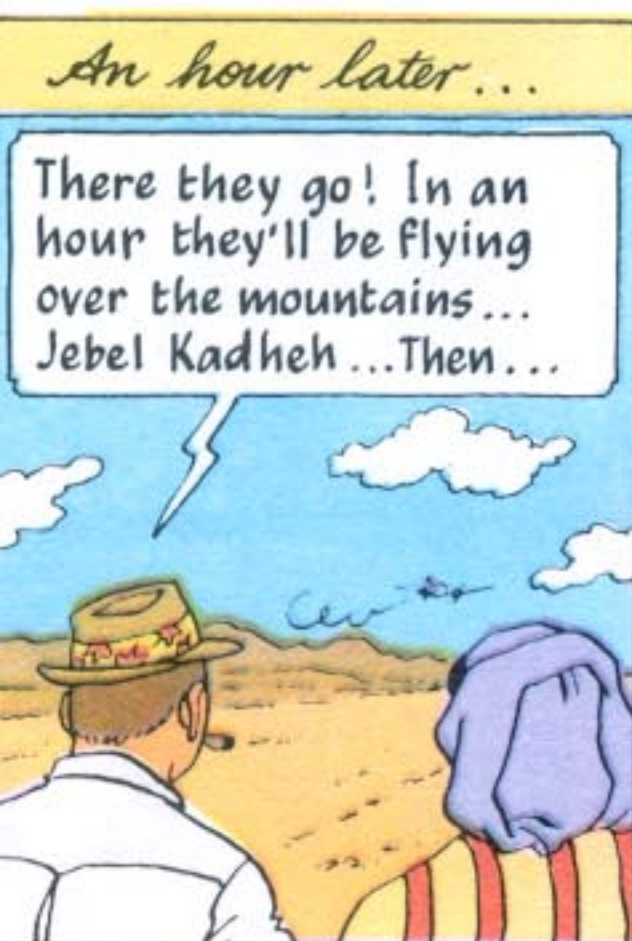
I say, have you noticed?... Armed men all over the place.

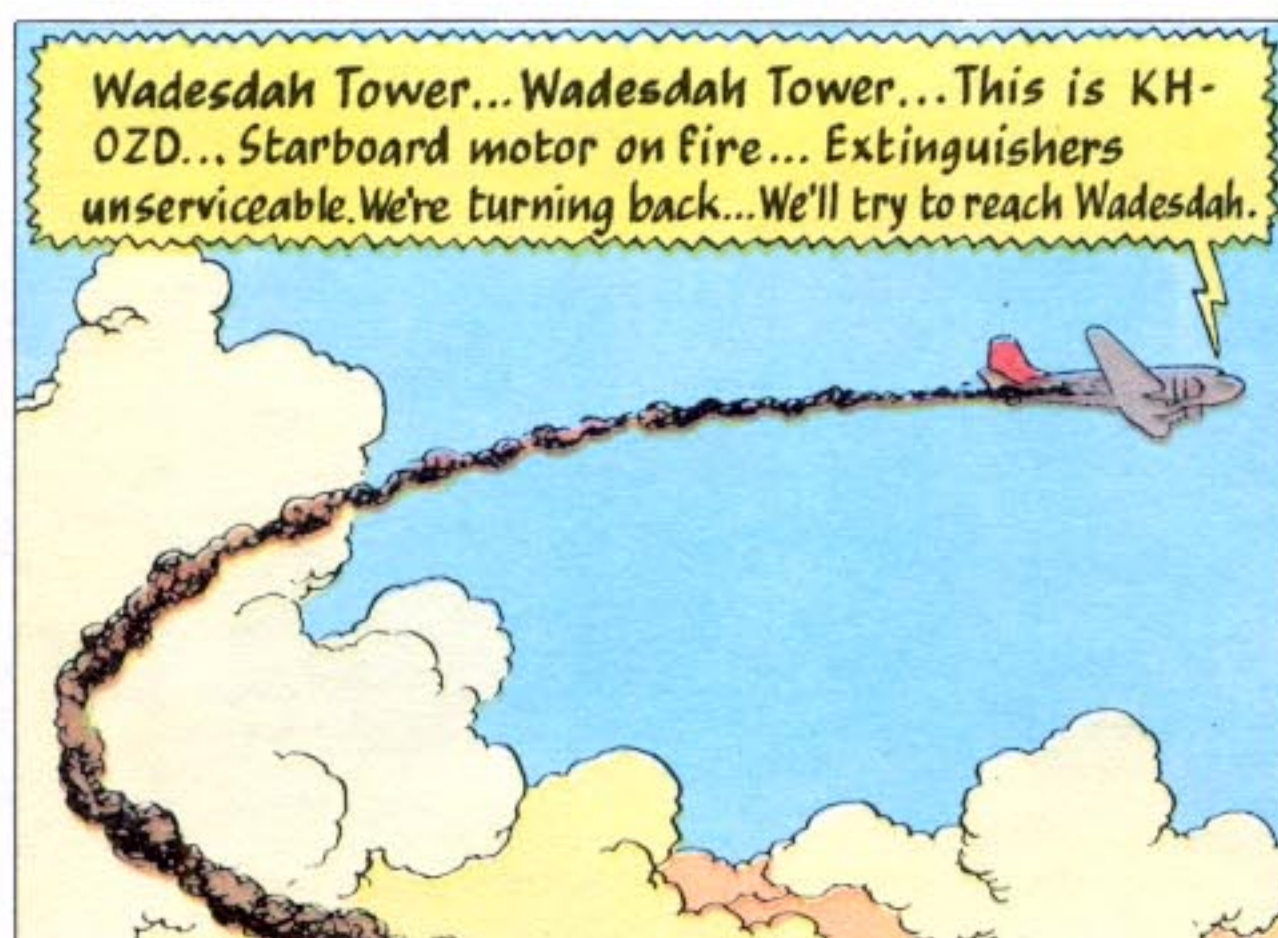
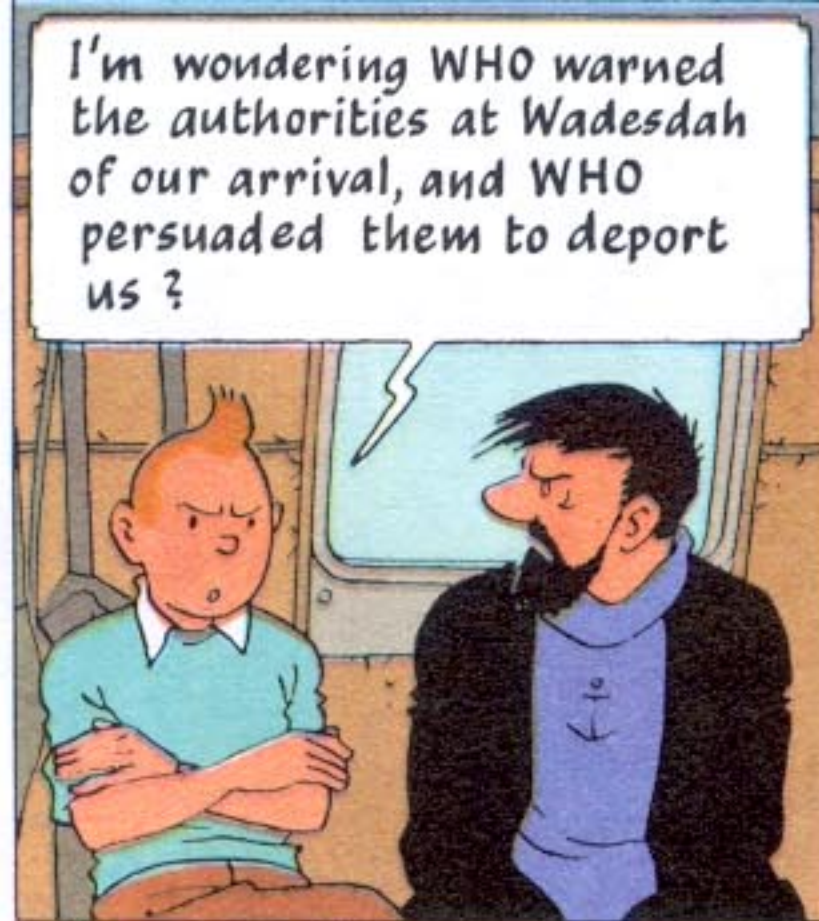


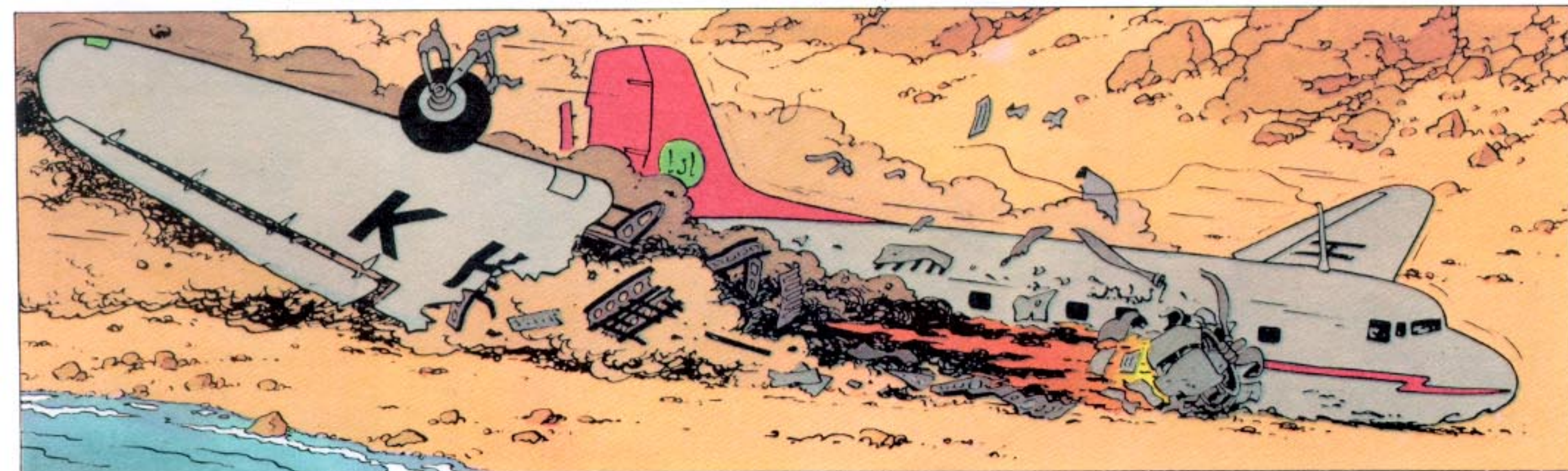
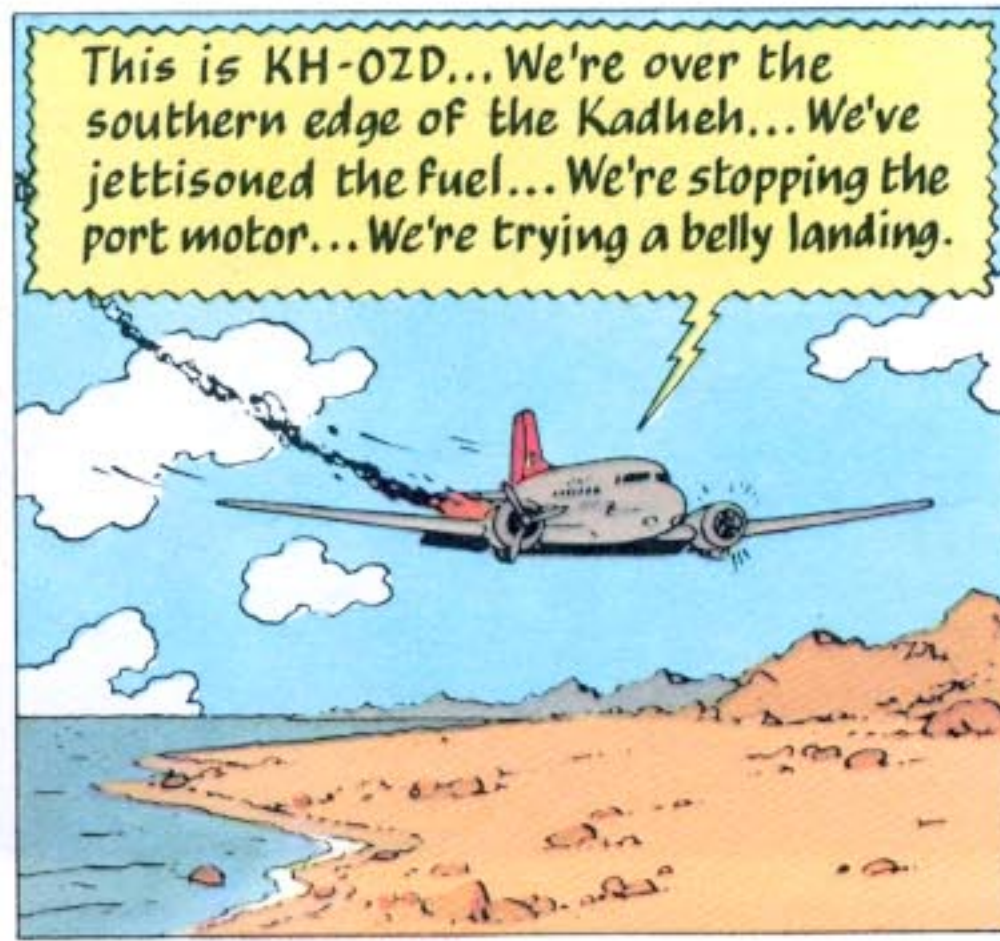
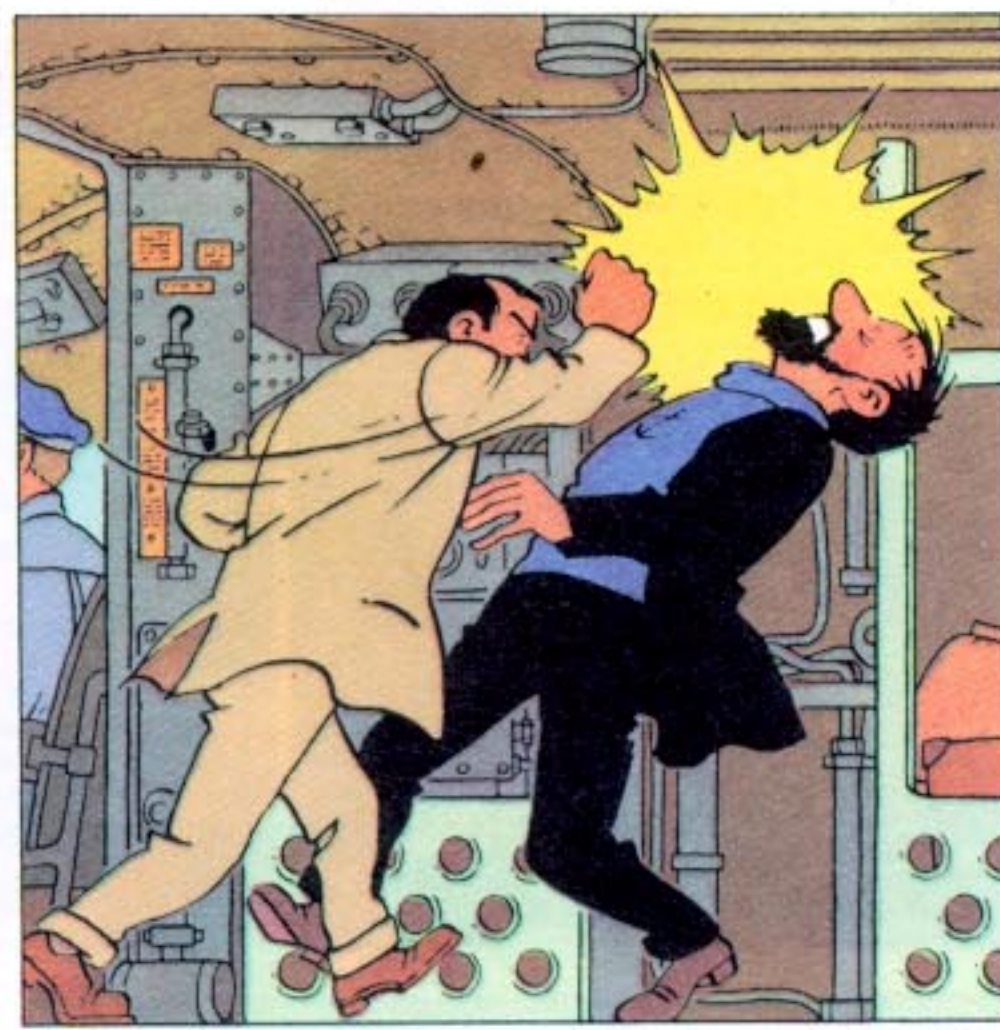
Passports, please gentlemen.

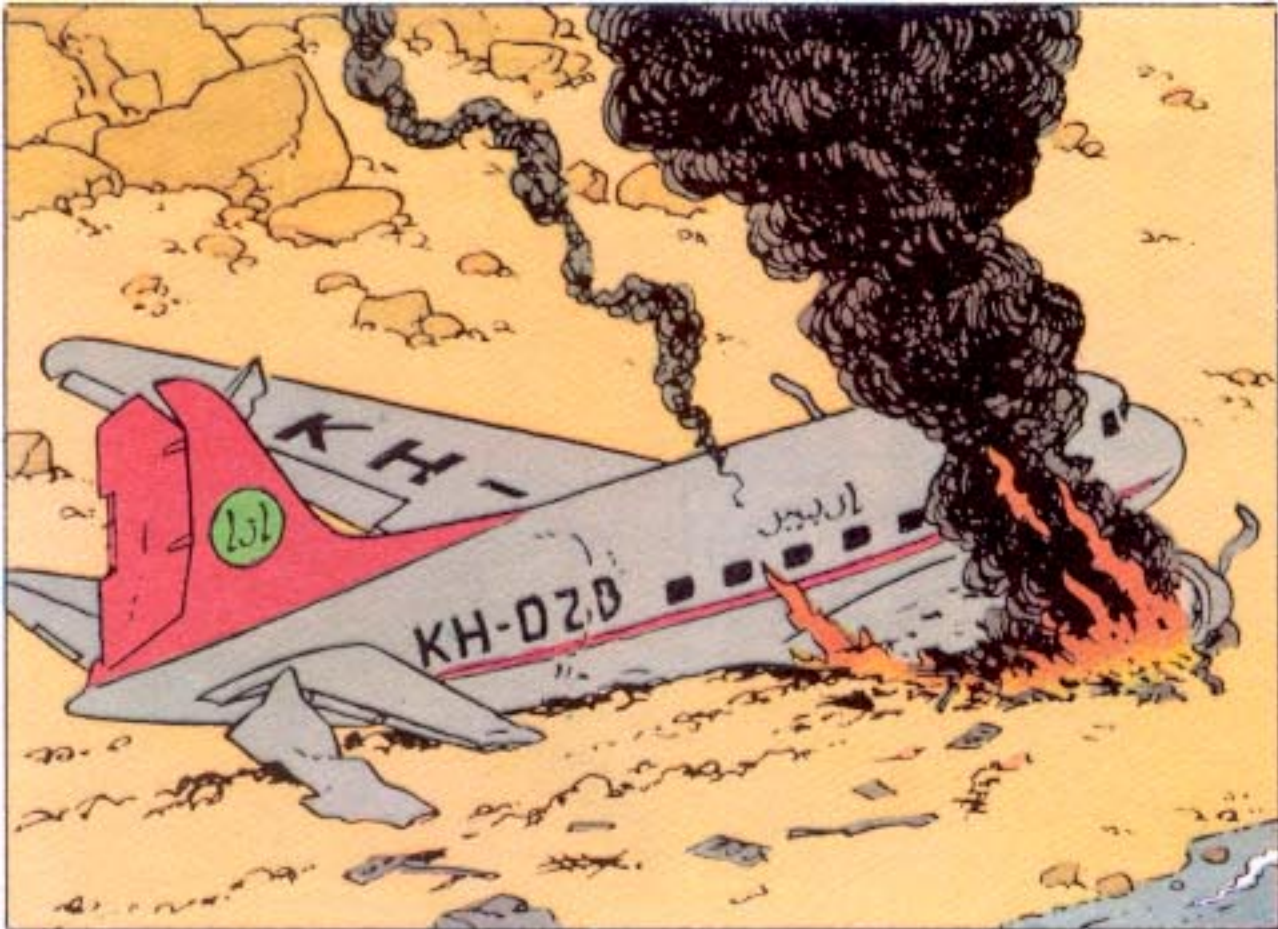


I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.





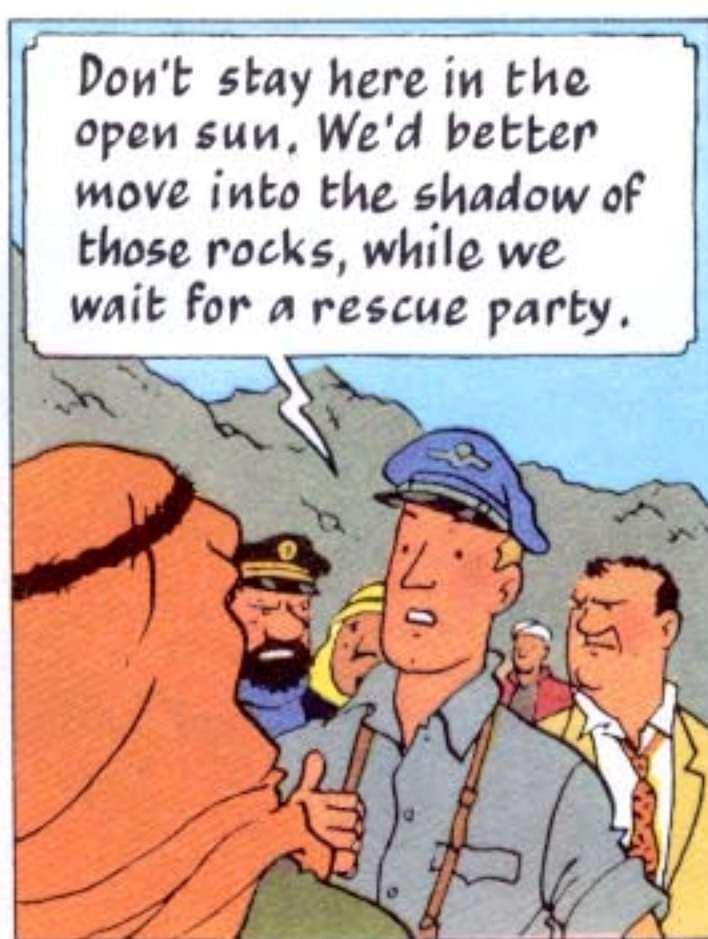




Allah be praised!...
We are safe!



Whew! that's it!
The fire is out.



Don't stay here in the
open sun. We'd better
move into the shadow of
those rocks, while we
wait for a rescue party.

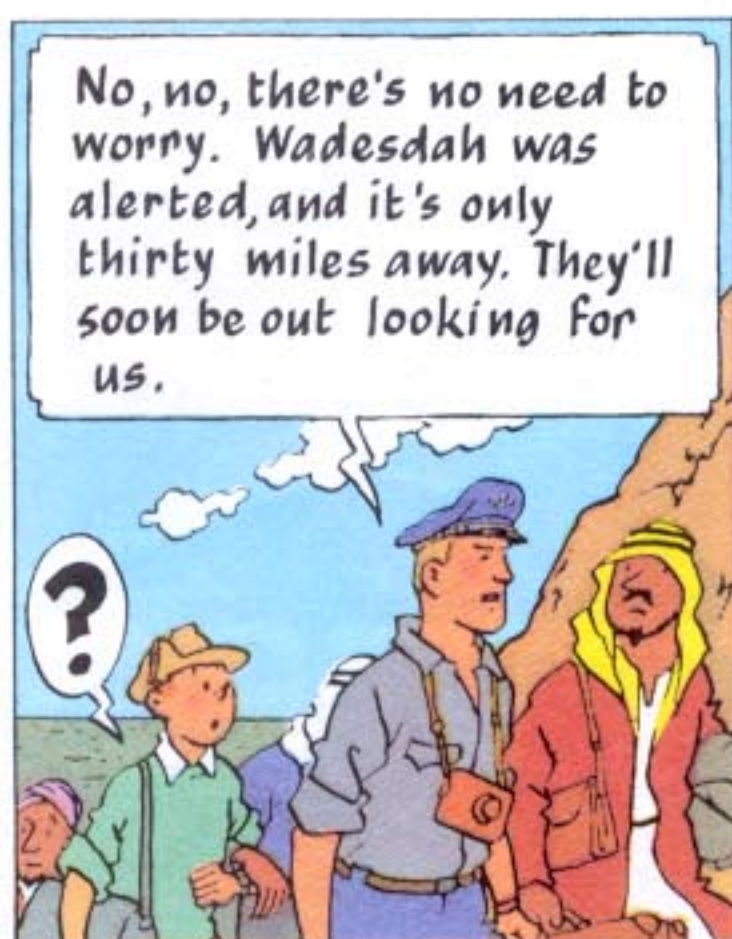


Come out of there,
Snowy! At once!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Wooah!
Wooah!



No, no, there's no need to
worry. Wadesdah was
alerted, and it's only
thirty miles away. They'll
soon be out looking for
us.

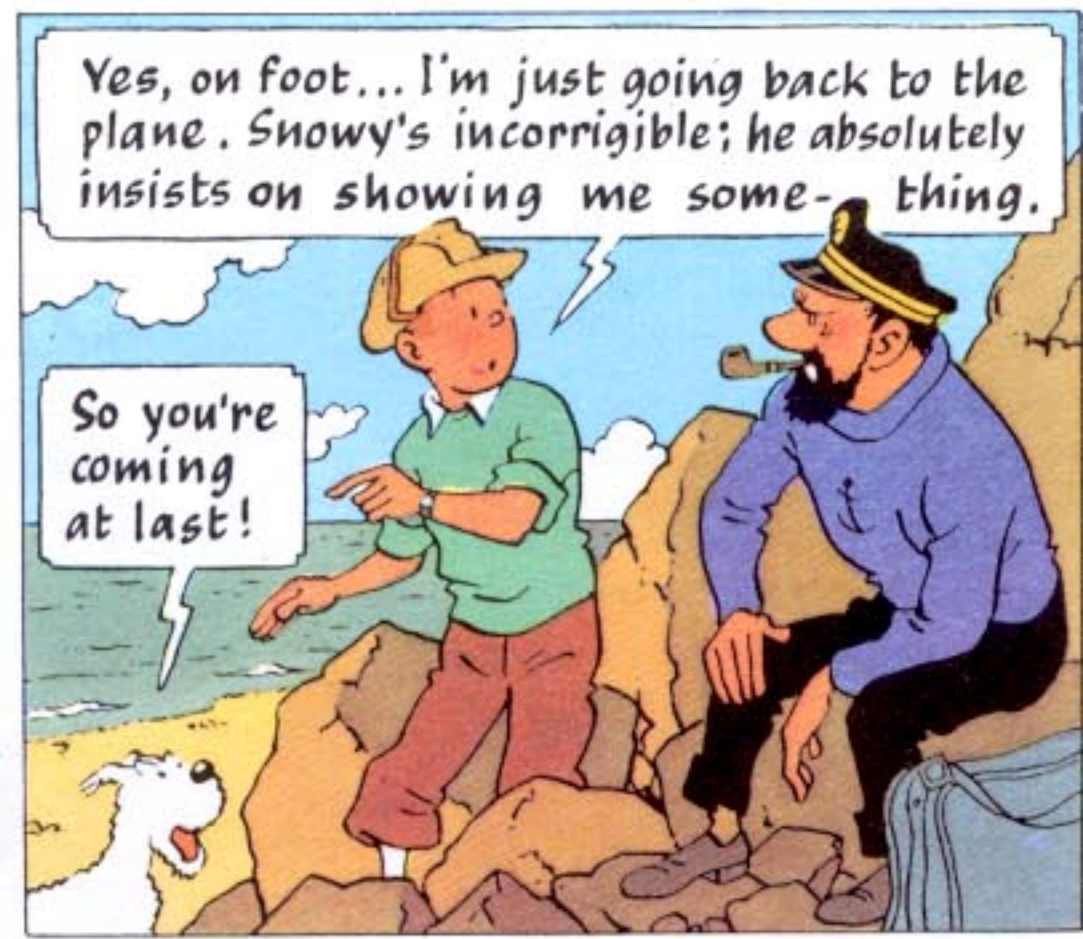


A few minutes later...

I say, Captain, if we stay here
they'll take us back to Wadesdah,
and we'll be expelled once again...
Wait a minute, Snowy... It seems
to be about thirty miles to the
city. Suppose we make
ourselves scarce...

On foot?

Wooah!
Wooah!



Yes, on foot... I'm just going back to the
plane. Snowy's incorrigible; he absolutely
insists on showing me some- thing.

So you're
coming
at last!



All right, Snowy... I'm coming with you.

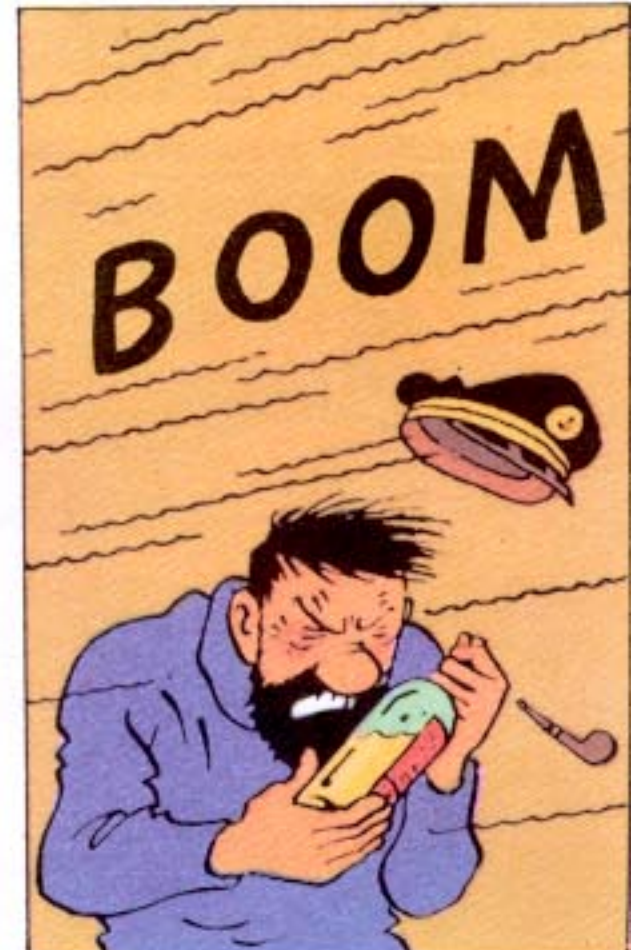
Thirty miles!
a mere
trifle!



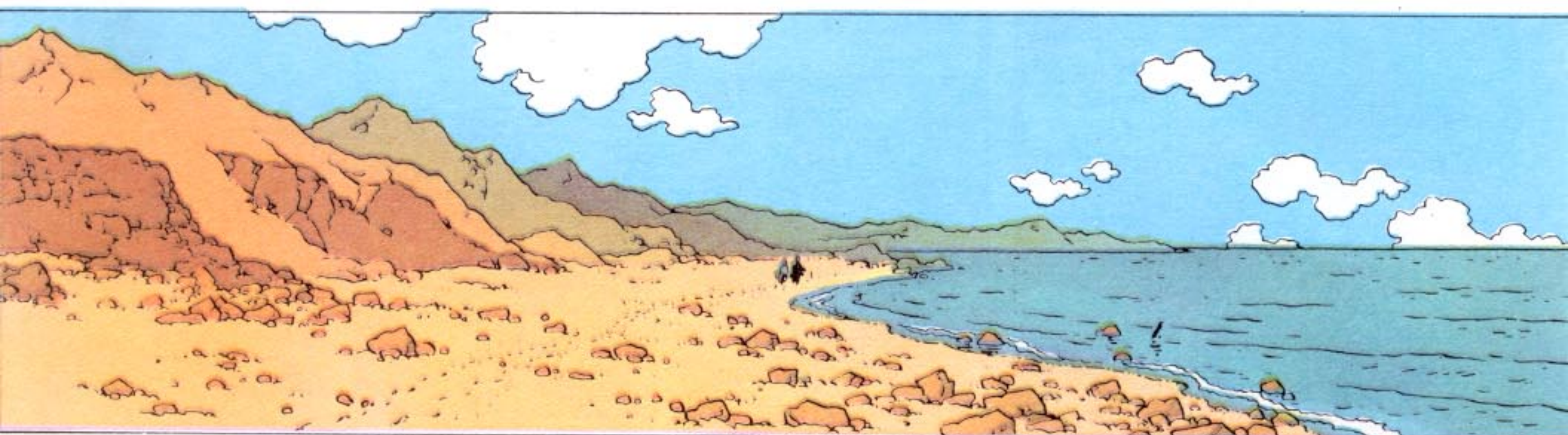
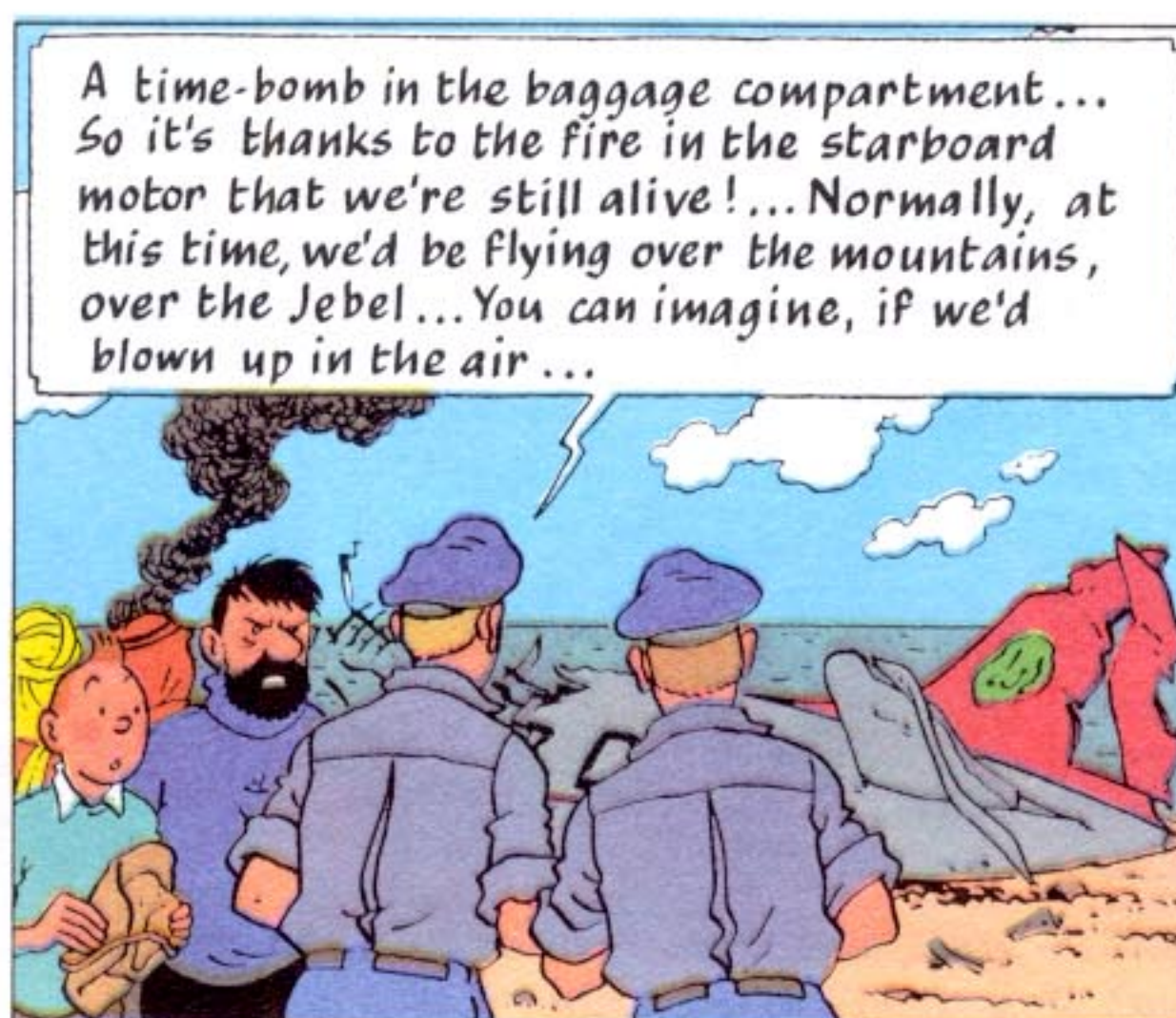
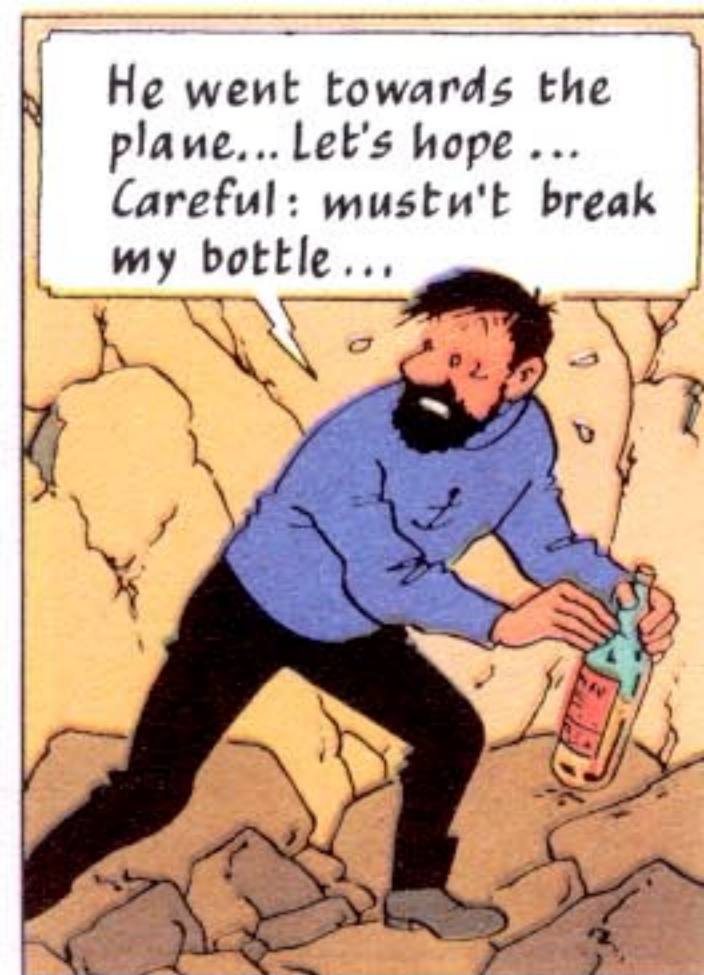
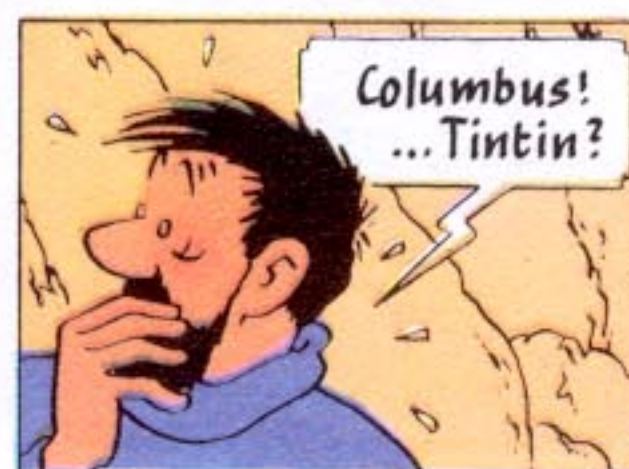
Thirty miles... And
I've still got... Let's
see... I've still
got...

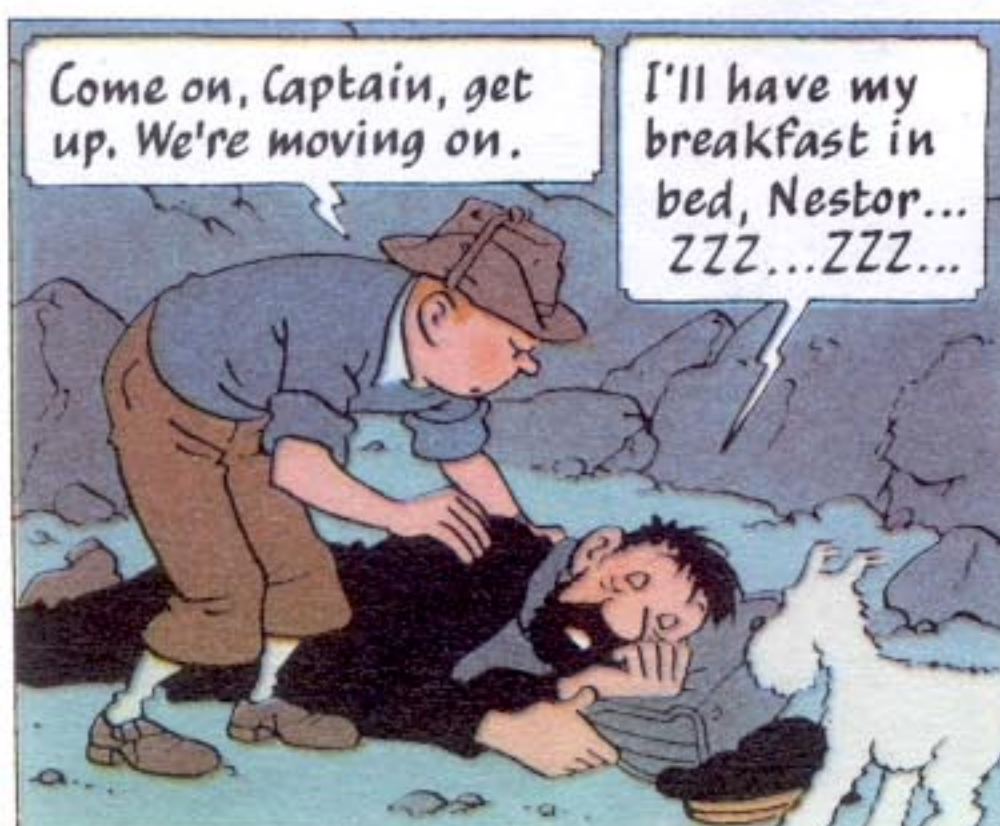
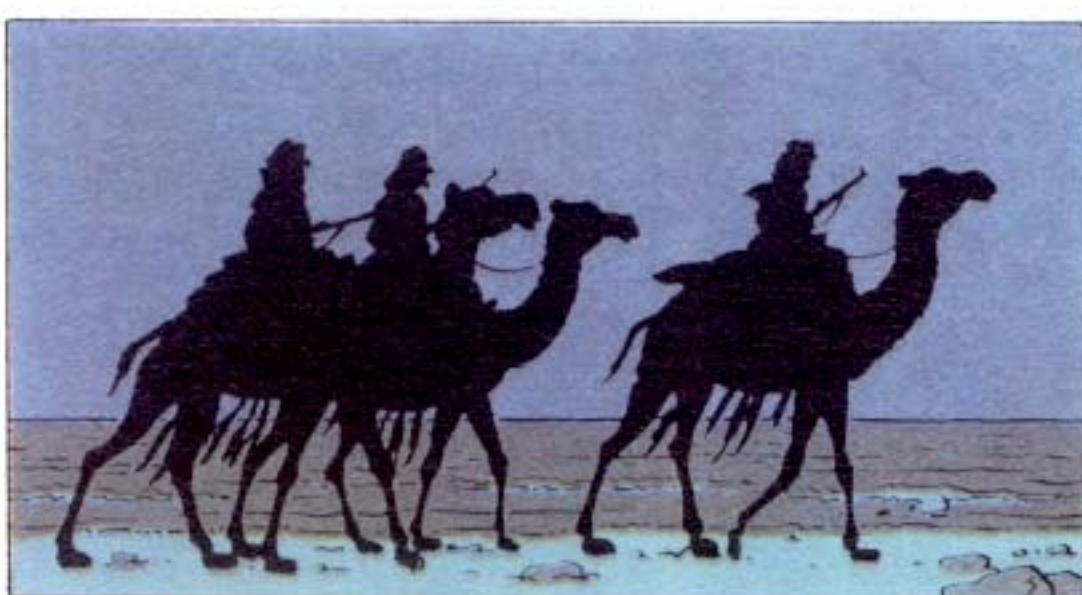
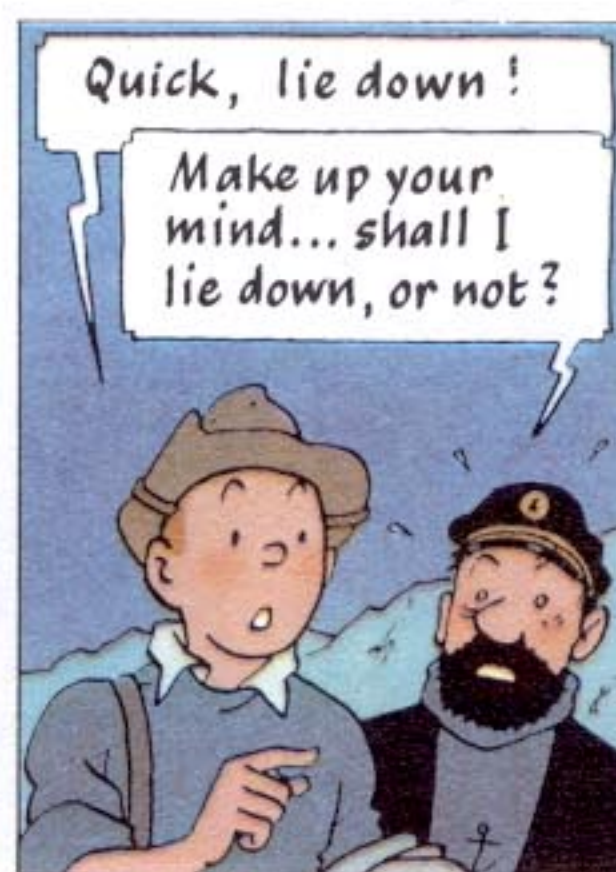


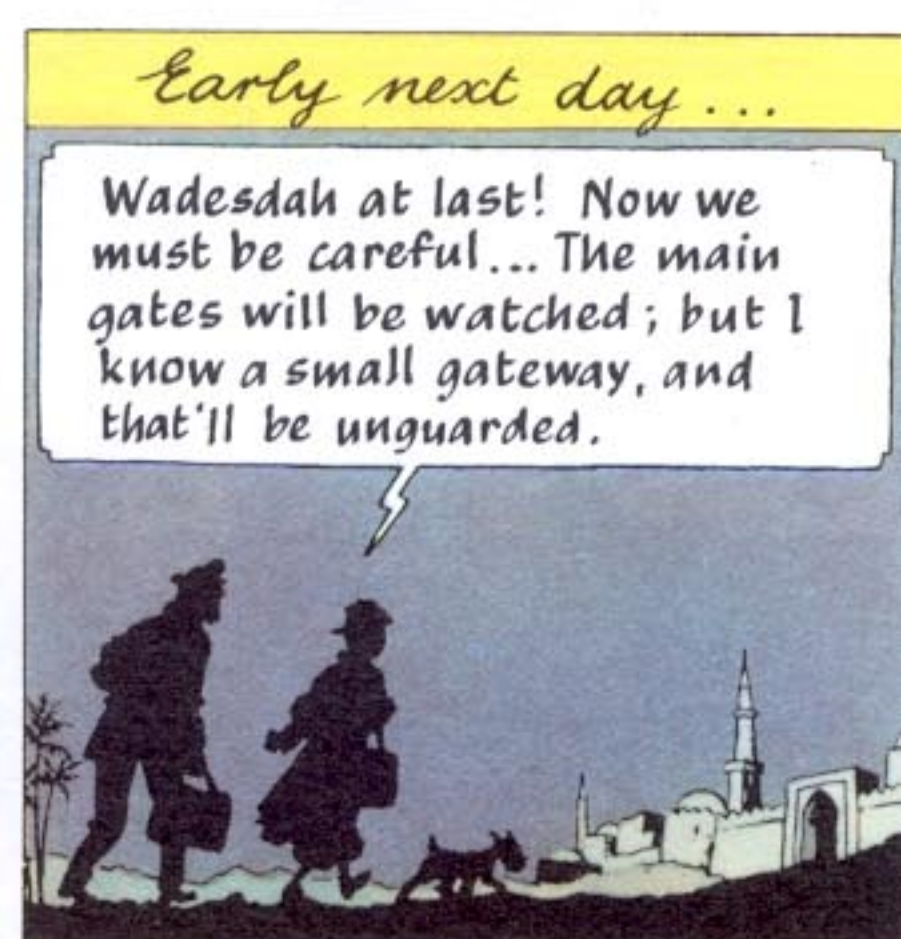
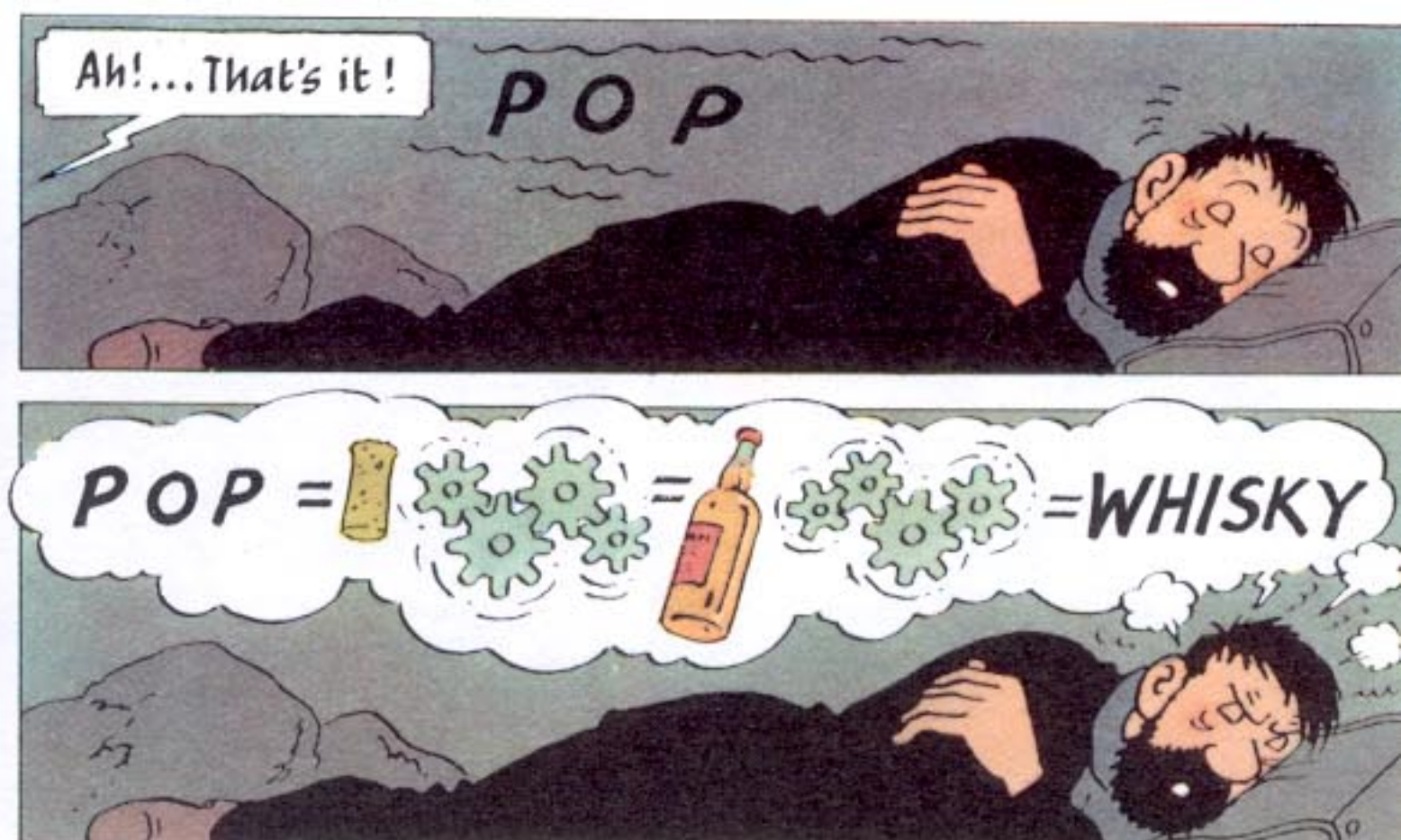
... half a bottle
of whisky... that's
240 miles to the
gallon... not too
good, but still...



BOOM









Patrol ...
Who's that?...

What do you mean:
who's that? I'm
asking you! ...
What's the idea,
waking people
up at this hour?



We can't help it if
you're a light
sleeper!

A light sleeper!
...What a nerve!
After all the row
you've been making!



Well, never mind! ...
Next time we'll walk
on our hands, to save
waking the most
noble Dom Oliveira!

I ... oh, go to the
devil!



Just listen to that! There's one
we haven't woken up, anyway!
... What a din! ... Ha! ha! ha! ha!

He! he! he!

Ho! ho! ho!



Whew! They've
gone! That
gave me a fright!
Come on, Cap-
tain, stop snor-
ing for goodness
sake!

بیتش عن
تنتین
حدک

REWARD
TINTIN
HADDOCK



By the beard of your
Prophet, will you go away
and let me sleep!

Open the door,
Senhor Oliveira! It's
Tintin! Please open up!



Again!!!



Tintin... You here! ... Come
in quickly ... quickly!



What are you doing here?
Don't you know there's a
price on your head?

I know... I've just
seen the poster.

Goodnight,
everybody.



It's incredible! ... Fantastic!
... I can't believe it! ...
But first of all: I'm sure
you must be hungry? ...

Rather...

ZZZ
ZZZ



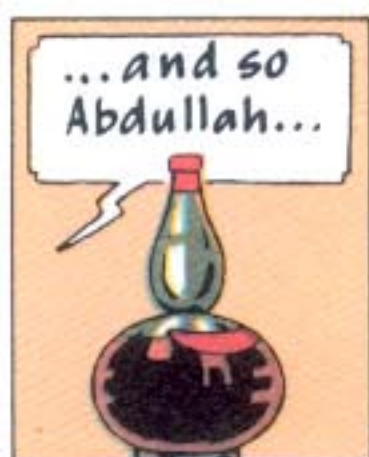
Thirsty, too?

Er... a drop of
your wine
would save
our lives.



Now then, tell me what
you're doing in
Khemed.

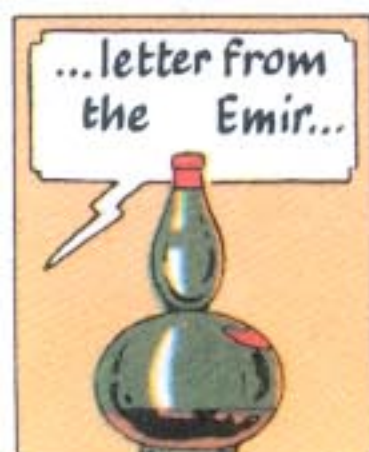
It's like this...



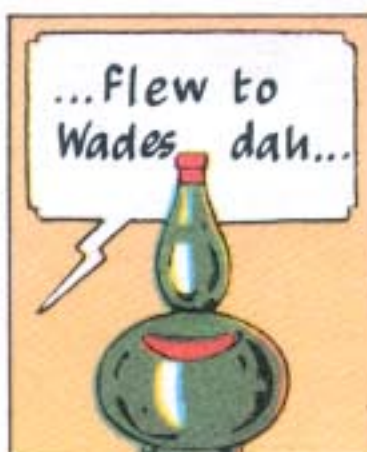
...and so
Abdullah...



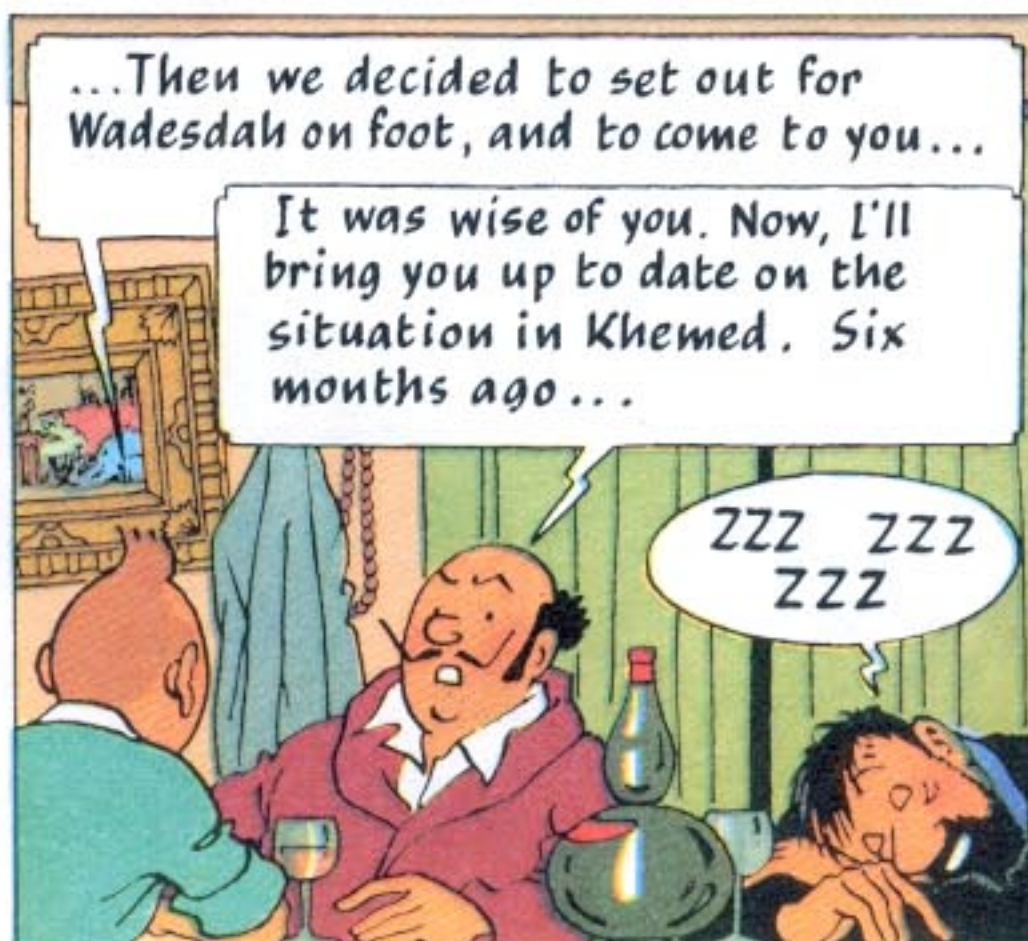
...aircraft
for sale...



...letter from
the Emir...



...Flew to
Wades dah...



...Then we decided to set out for
Wadesdah on foot, and to come to you...

It was wise of you. Now, I'll
bring you up to date on the
situation in Khemed. Six
months ago...

ZZZ ZZZ
ZZZ



ACTION STATIONS!



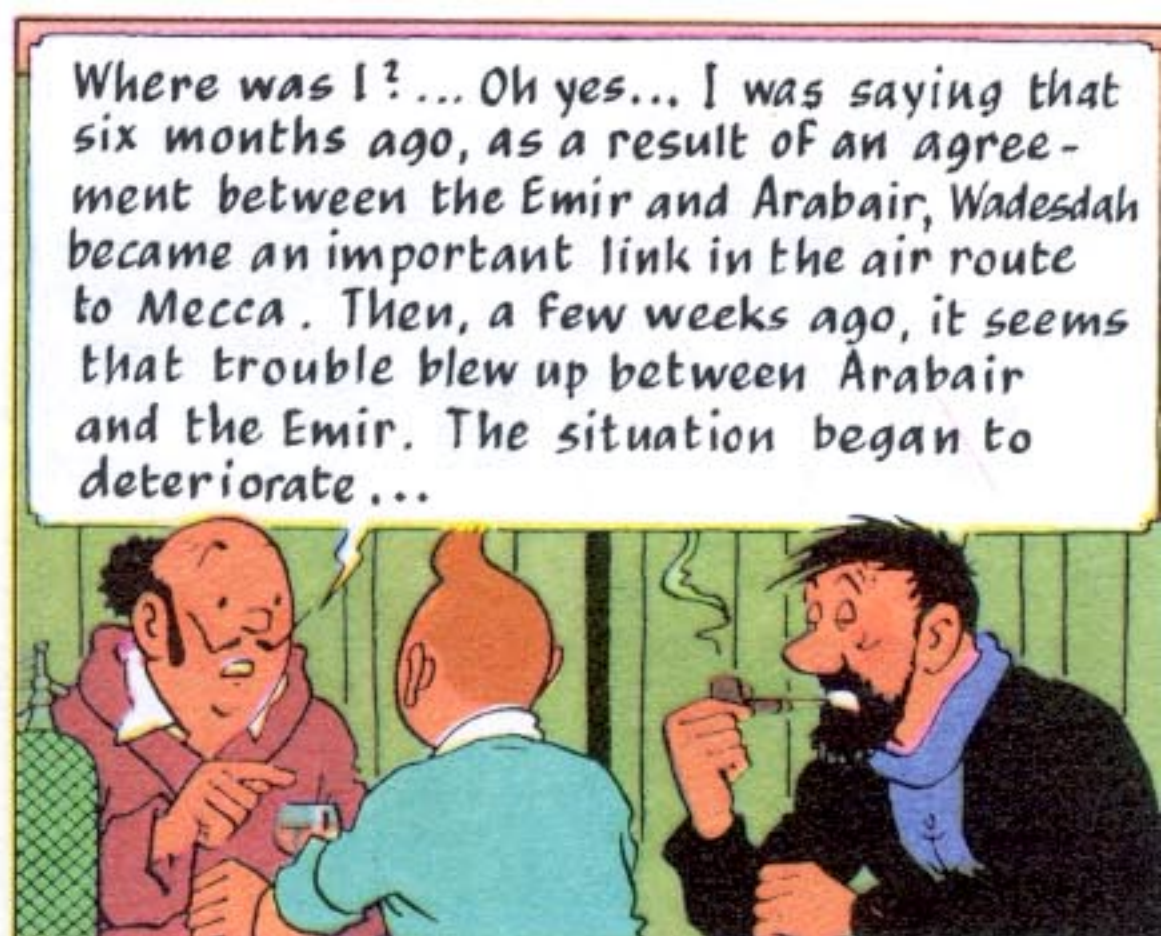
I... What was that?... Er...
forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Pirates...

Oh, well...

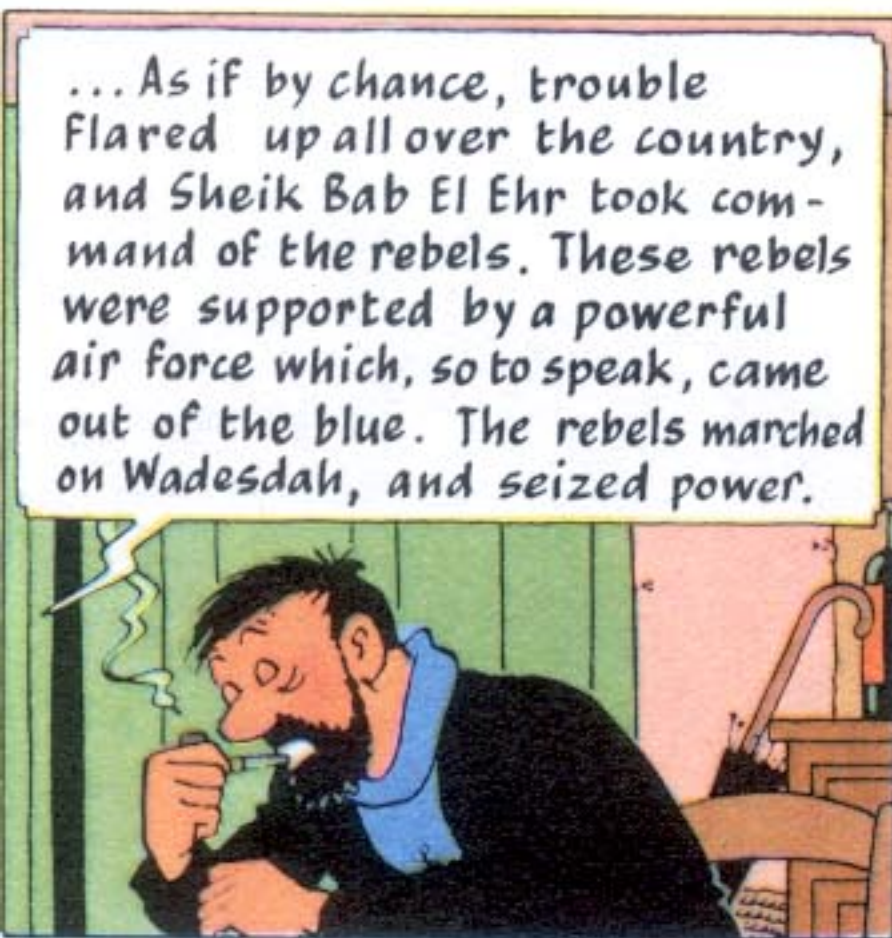


I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

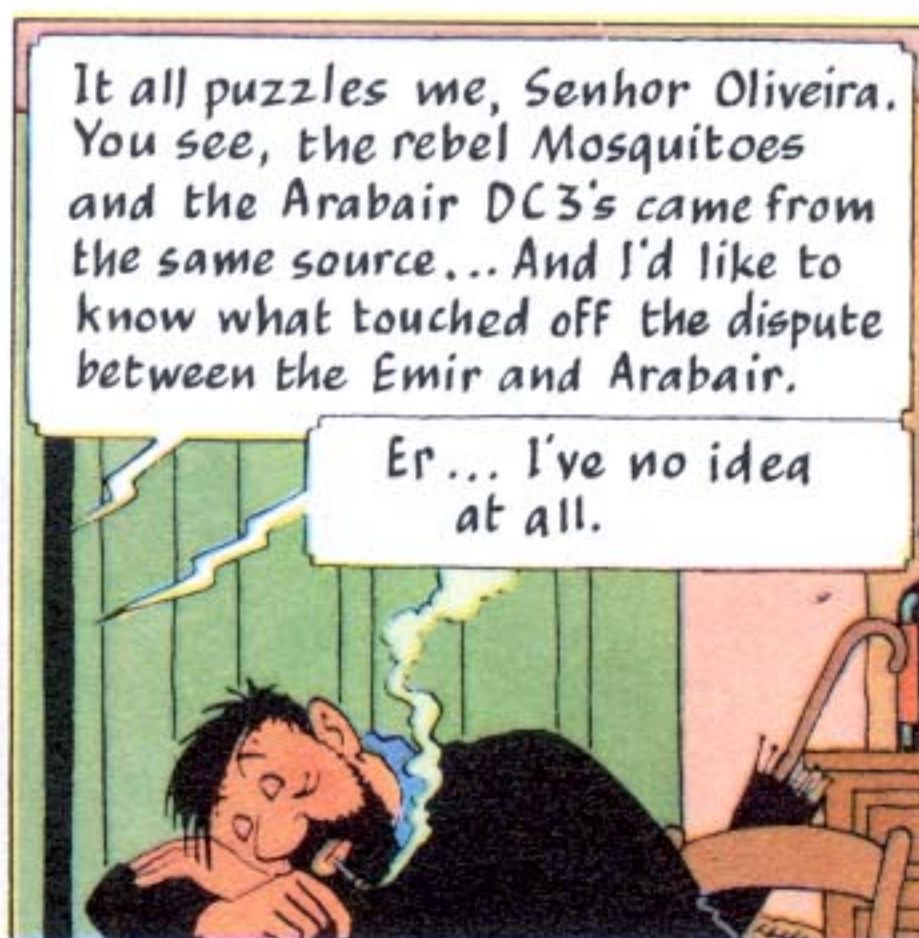
Good idea.



Where was I?... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadesdah
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...

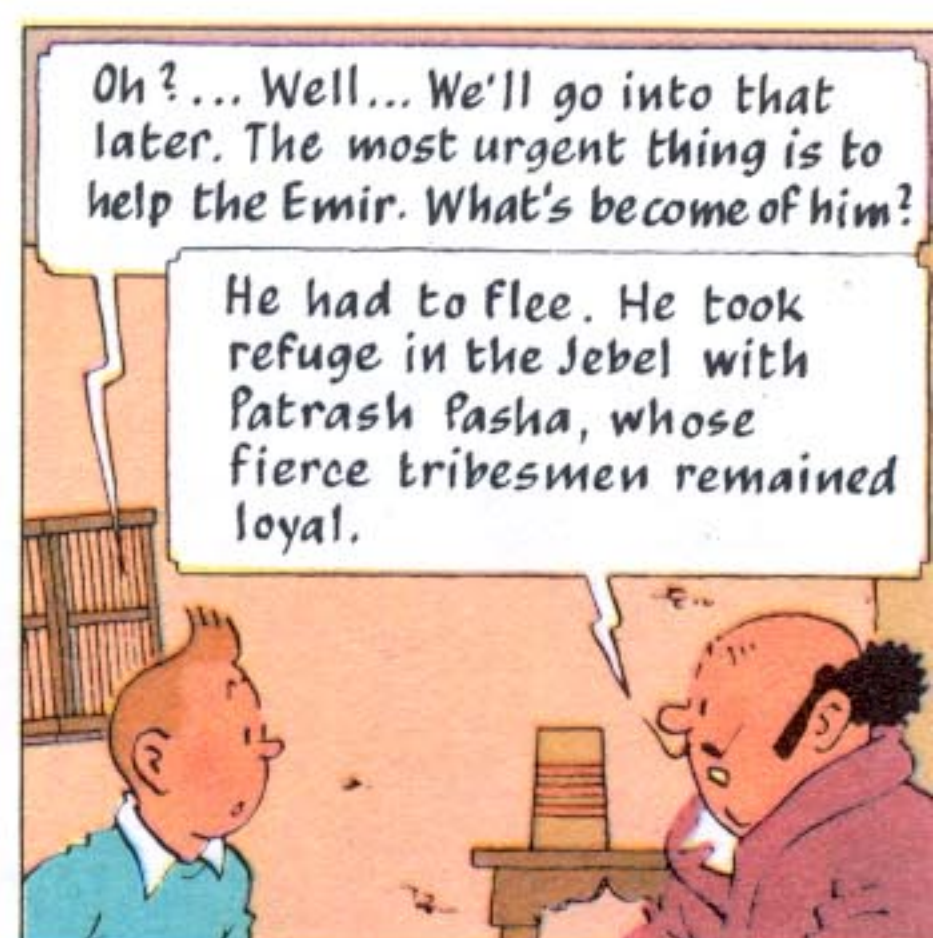


... As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheik Bab El Ehr took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, so to speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadesdah, and seized power.



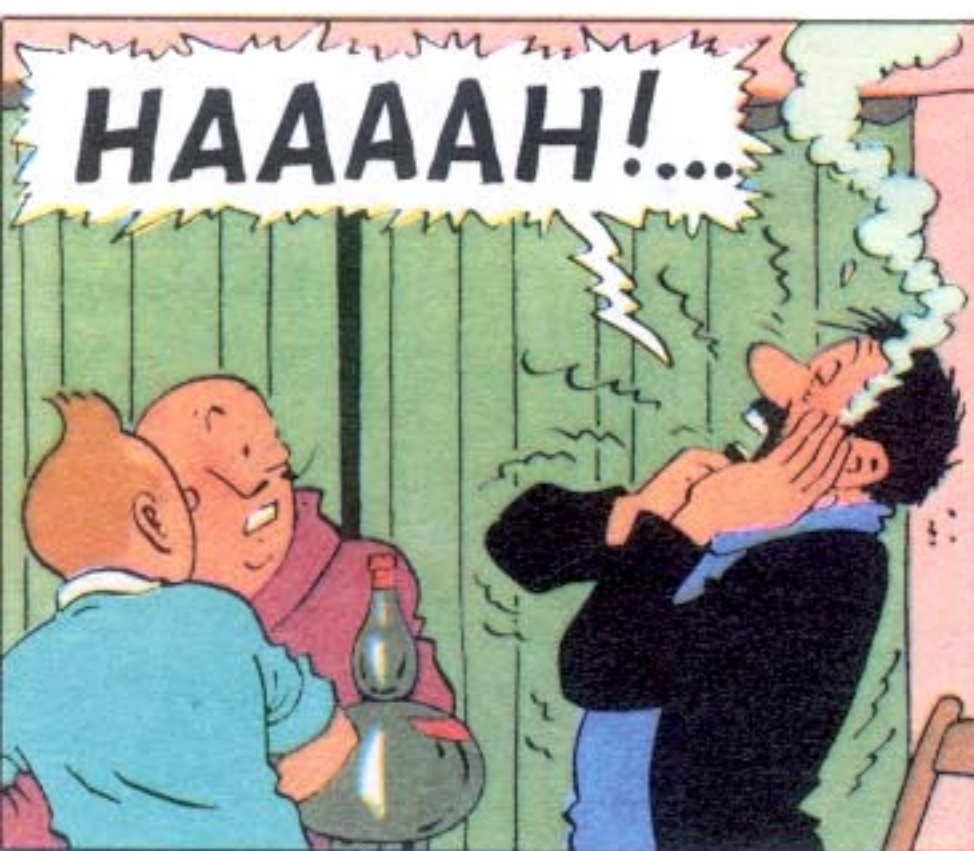
It all puzzles me, Senhor Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mosquitoes
and the Arabair DC3's came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.

Er... I've no idea
at all.

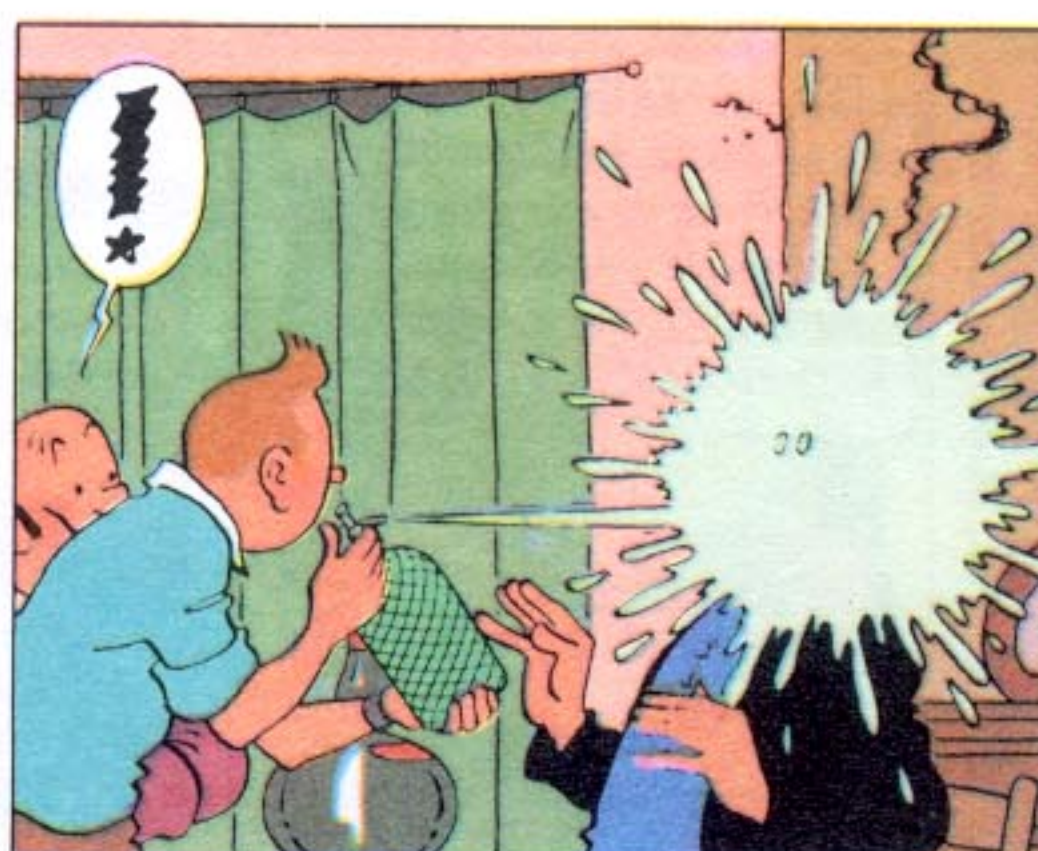


Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?

He had to flee. He took
refuge in the Jebel with
Patrash Pasha, whose
fierce tribesmen remained
loyal.

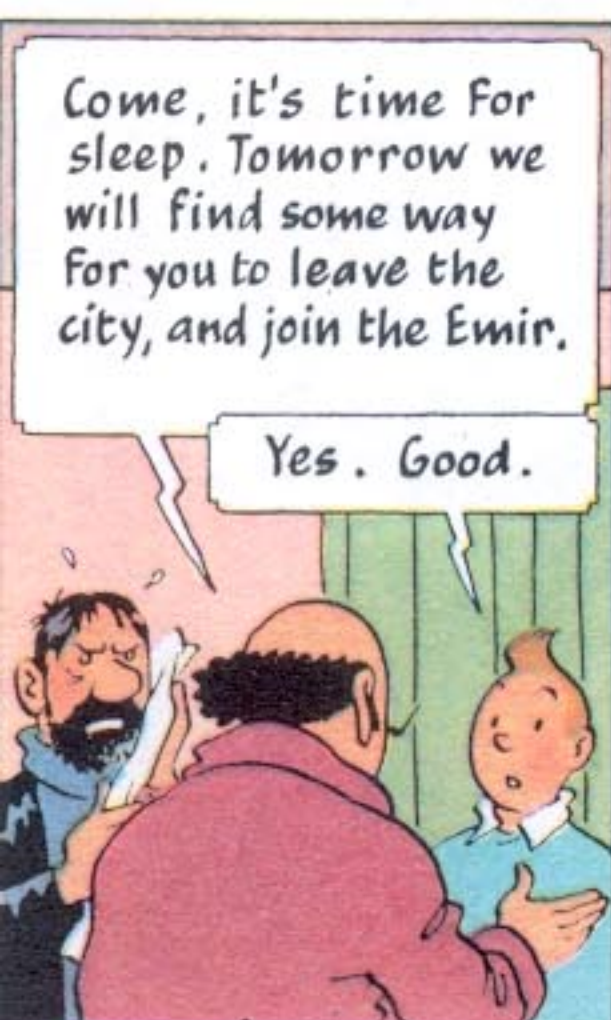


HAAAAAH!...



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain.
It set fire to
your beard.



Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes. Good.



Two days later...

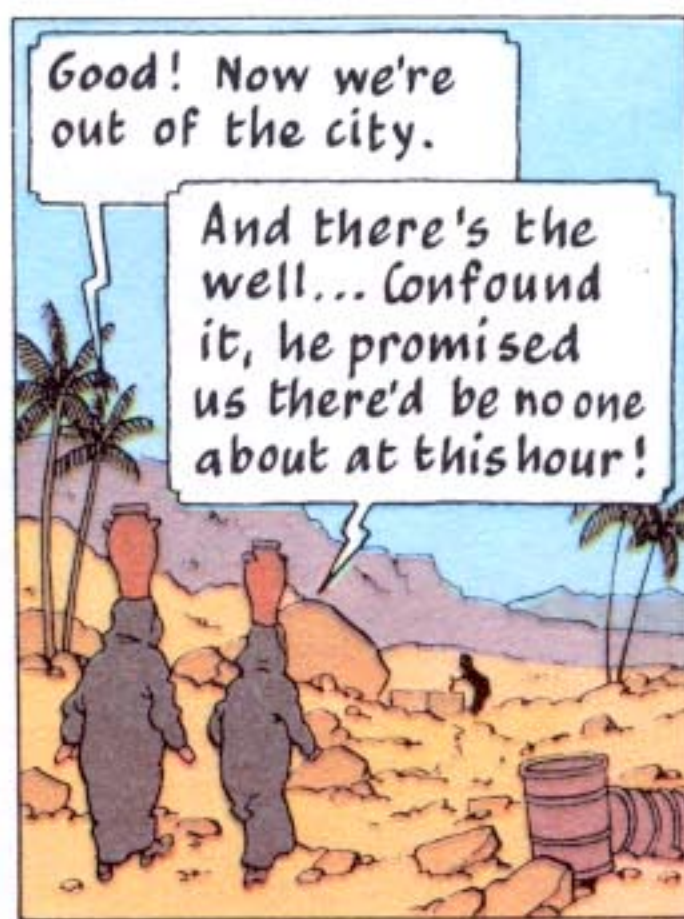
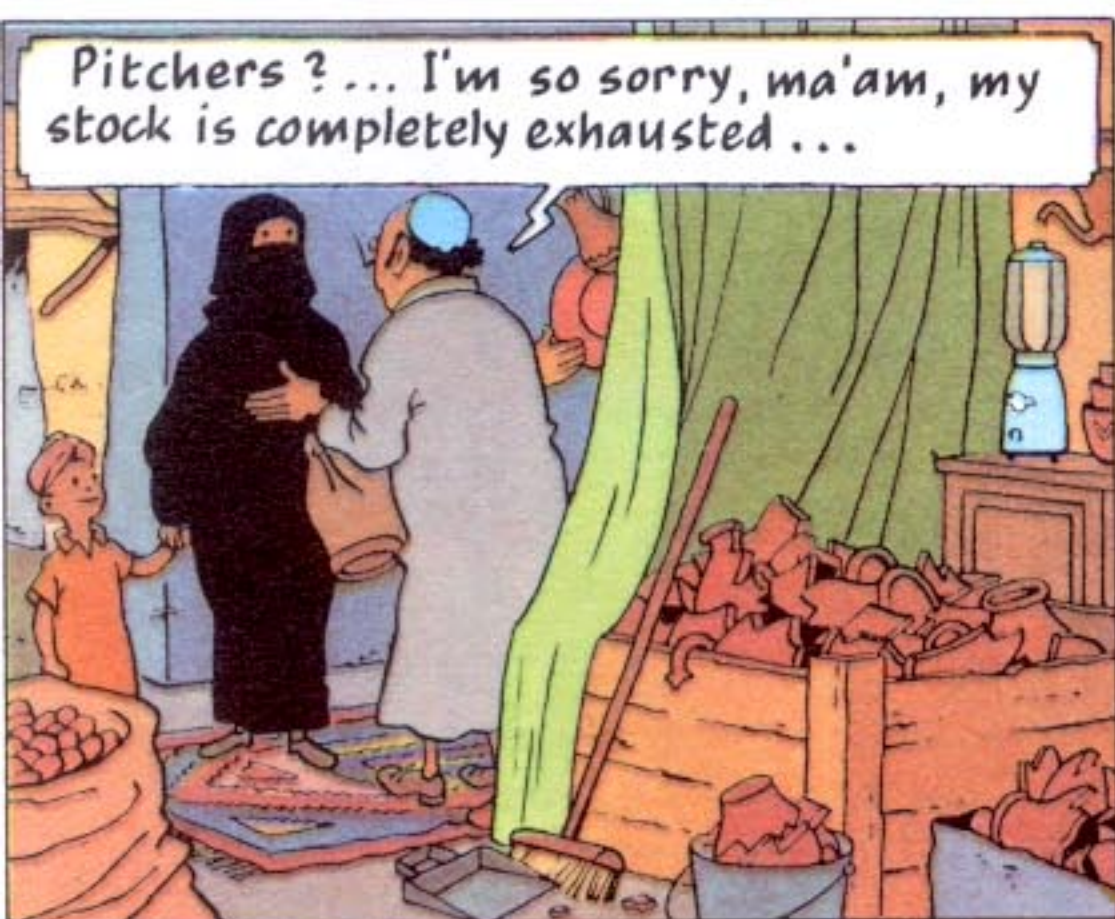
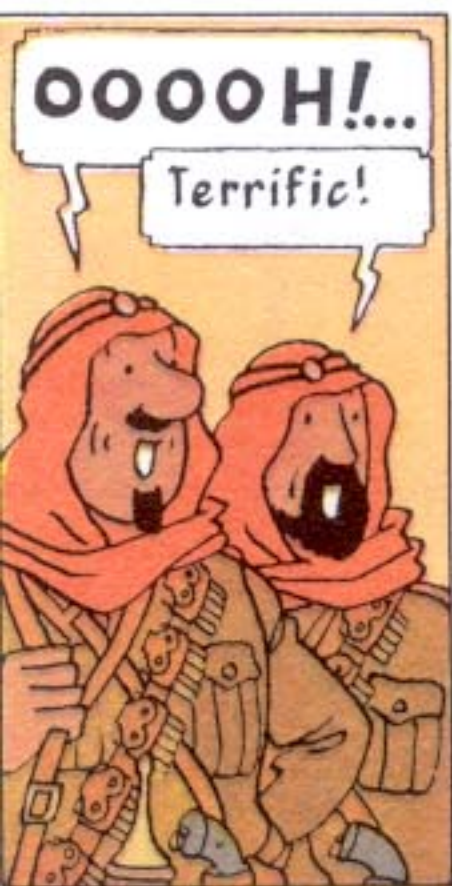
D'you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

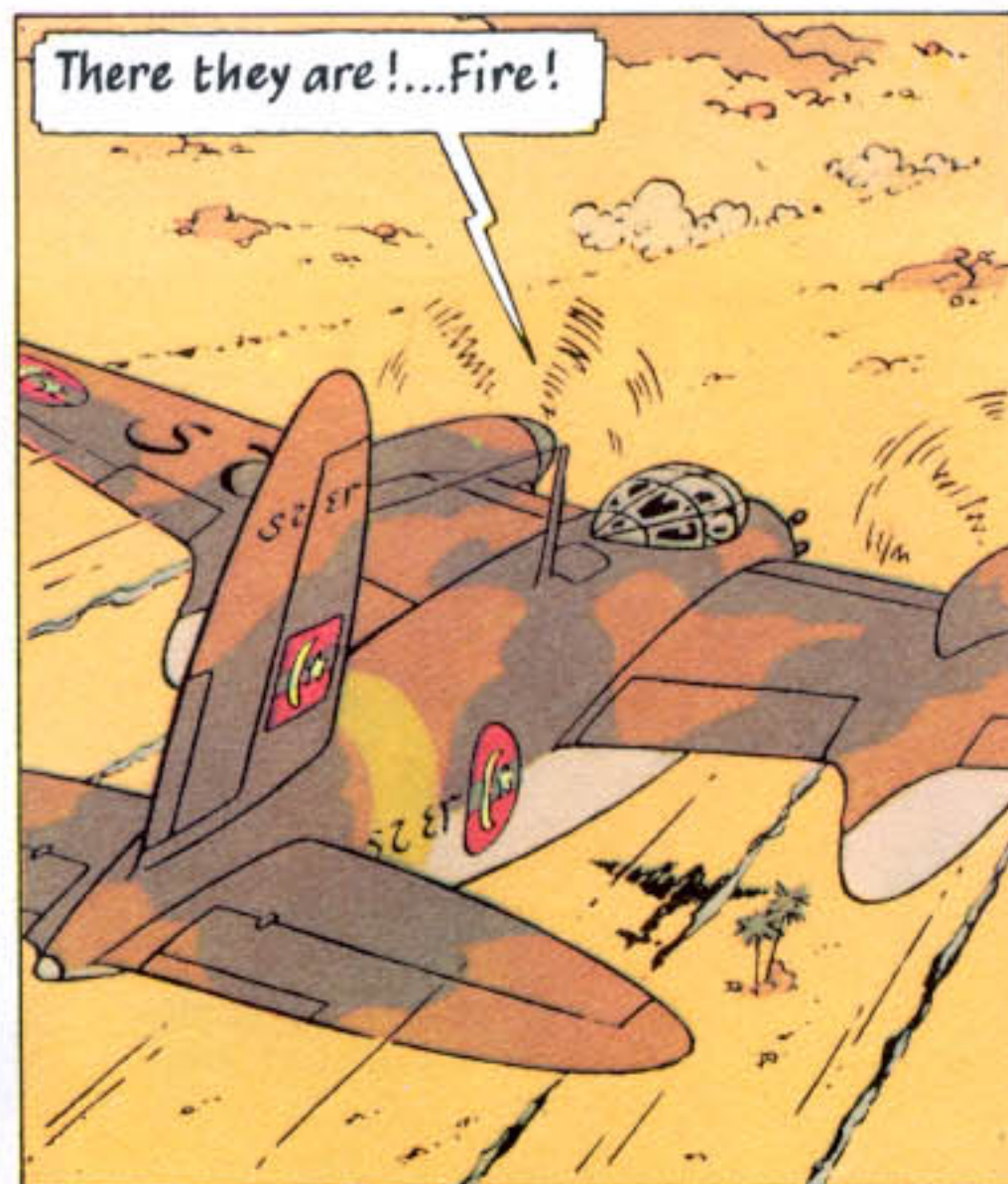
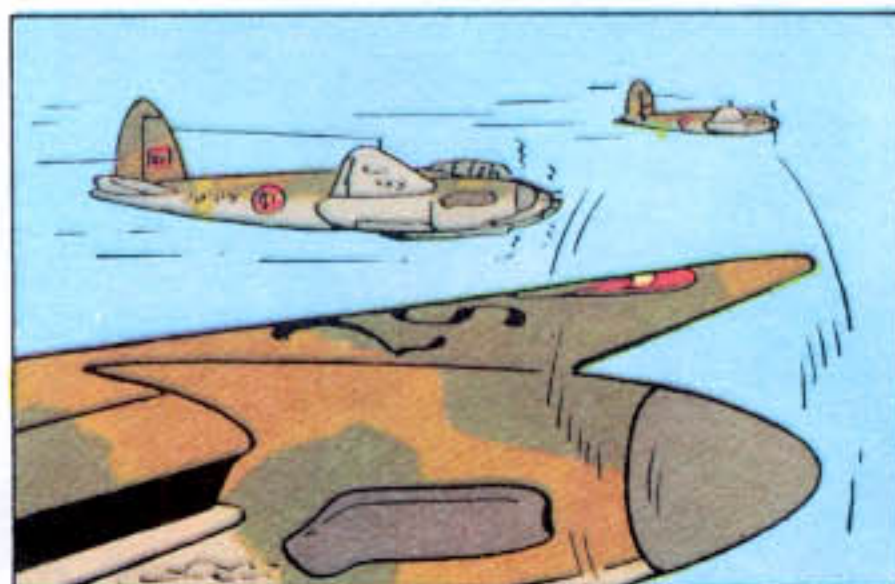
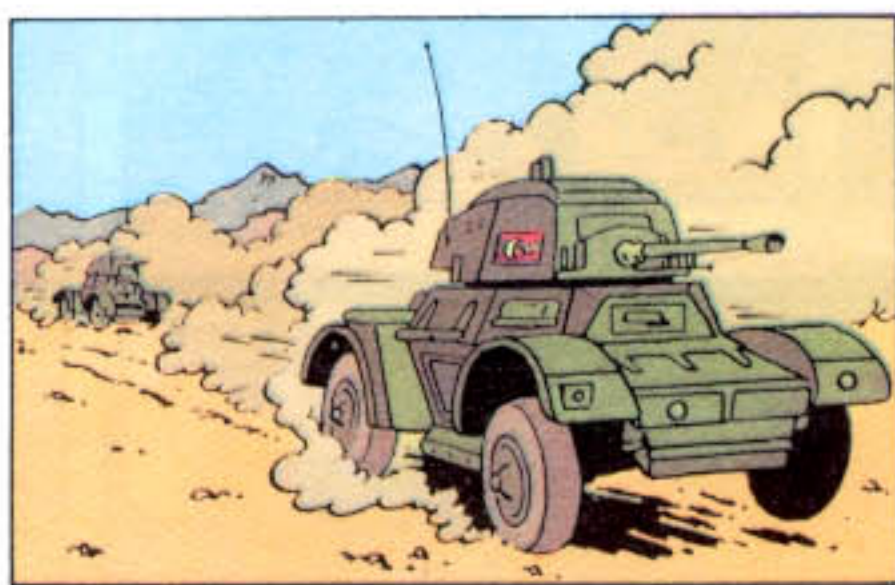
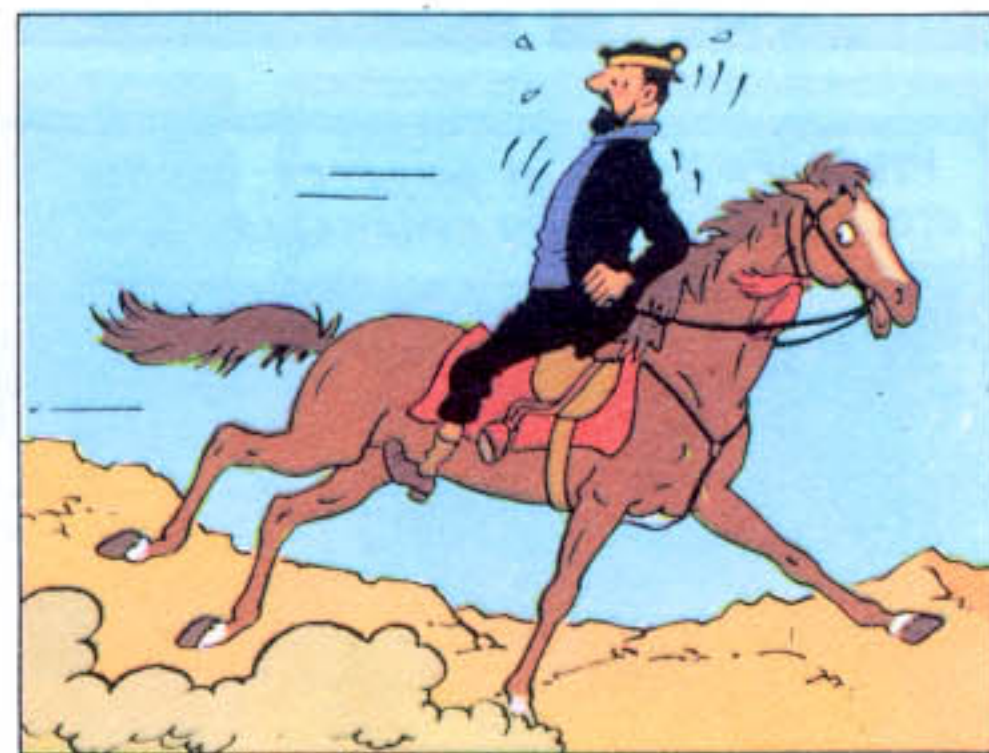
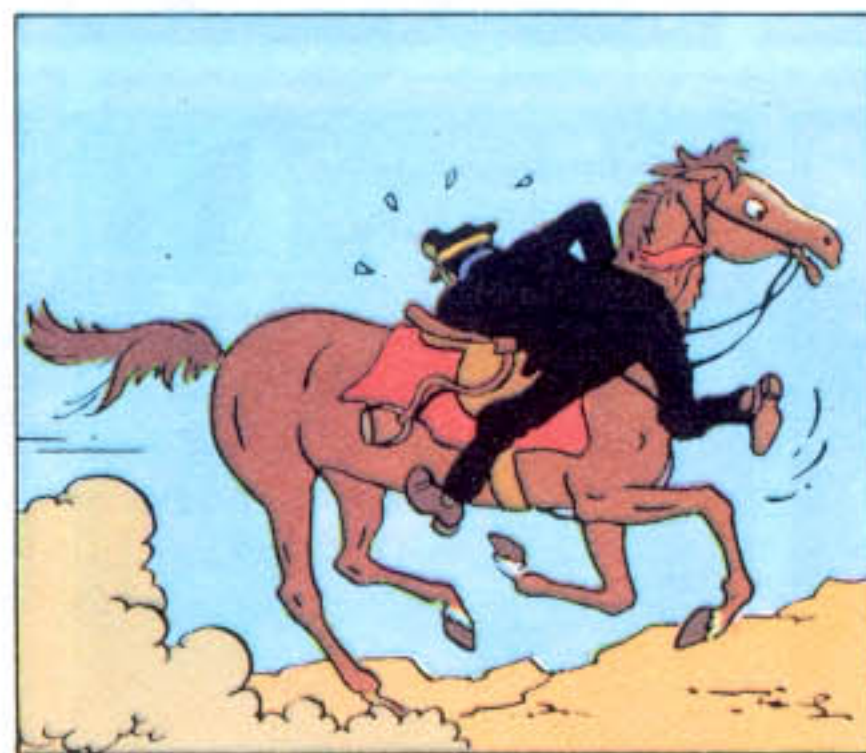
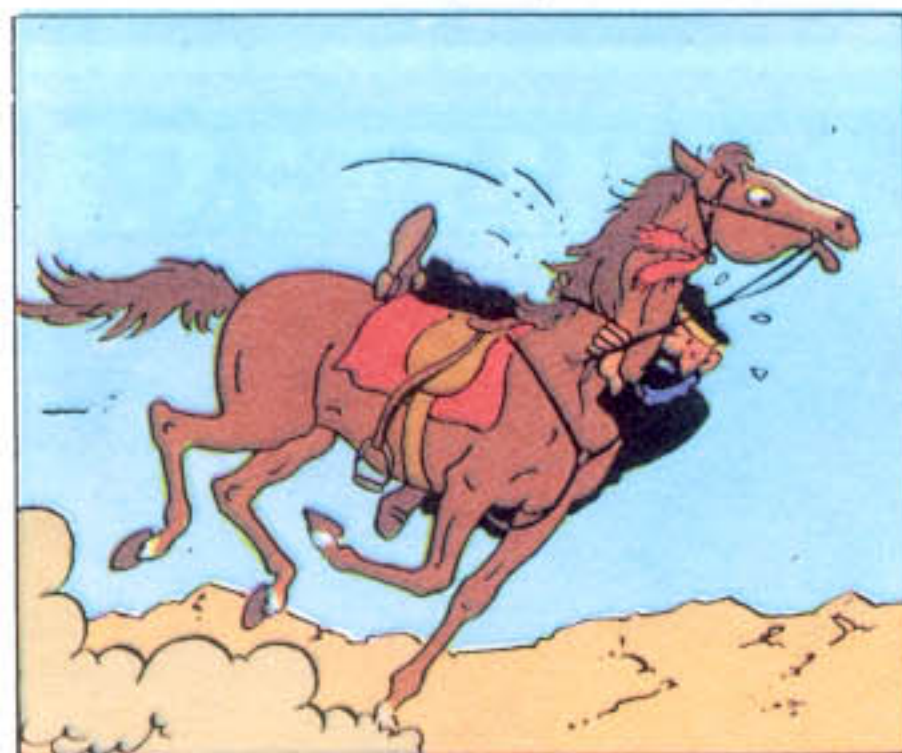
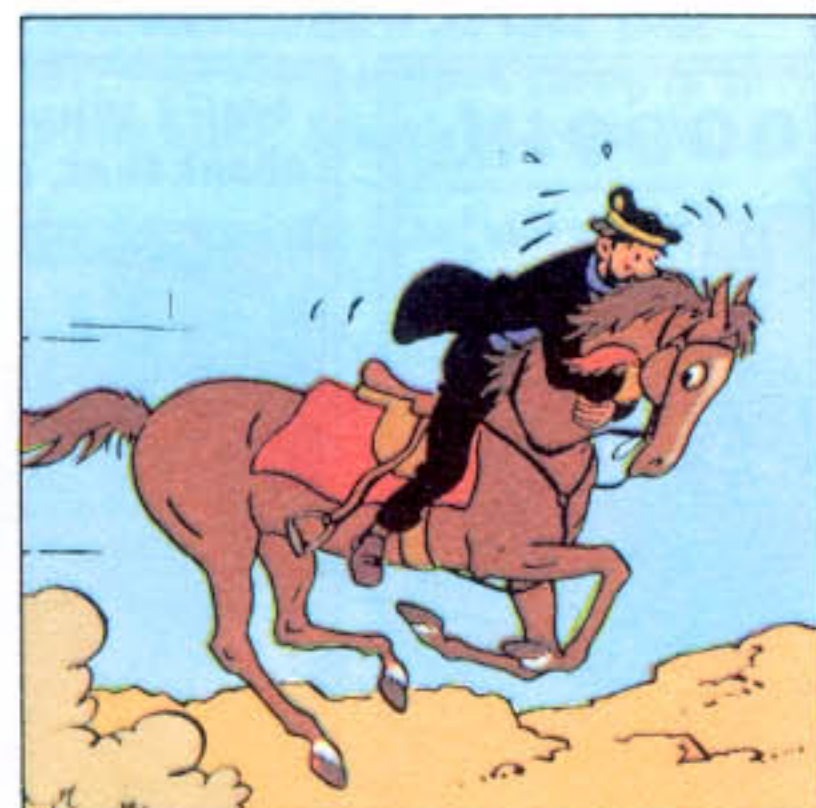
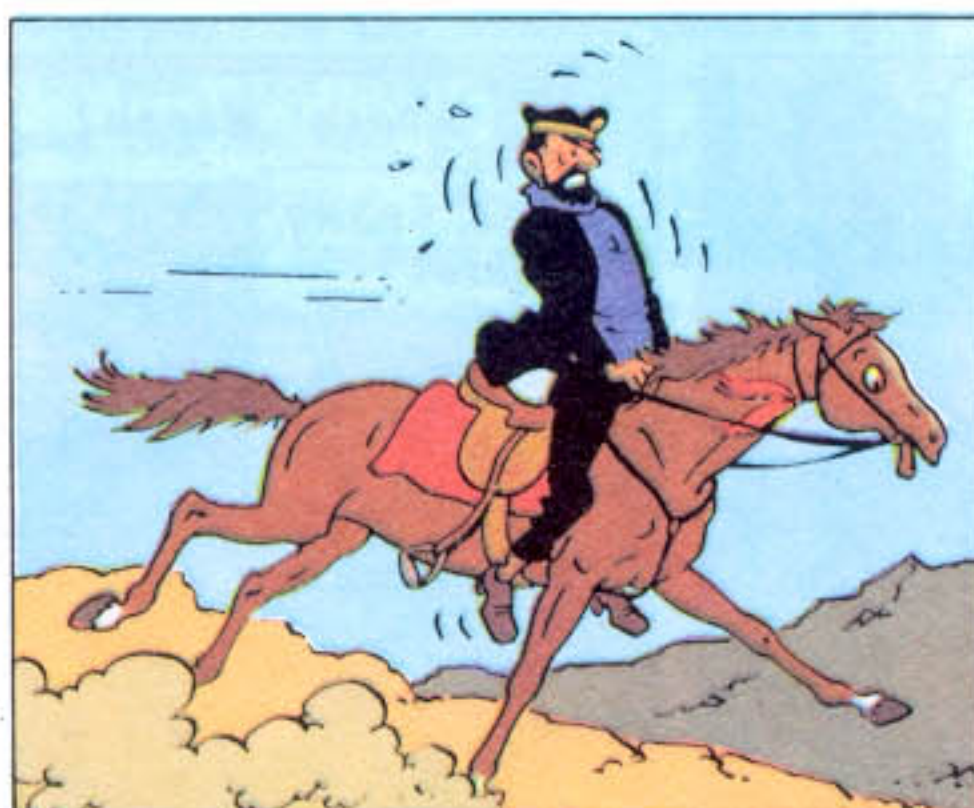
I know...
Keep calm!

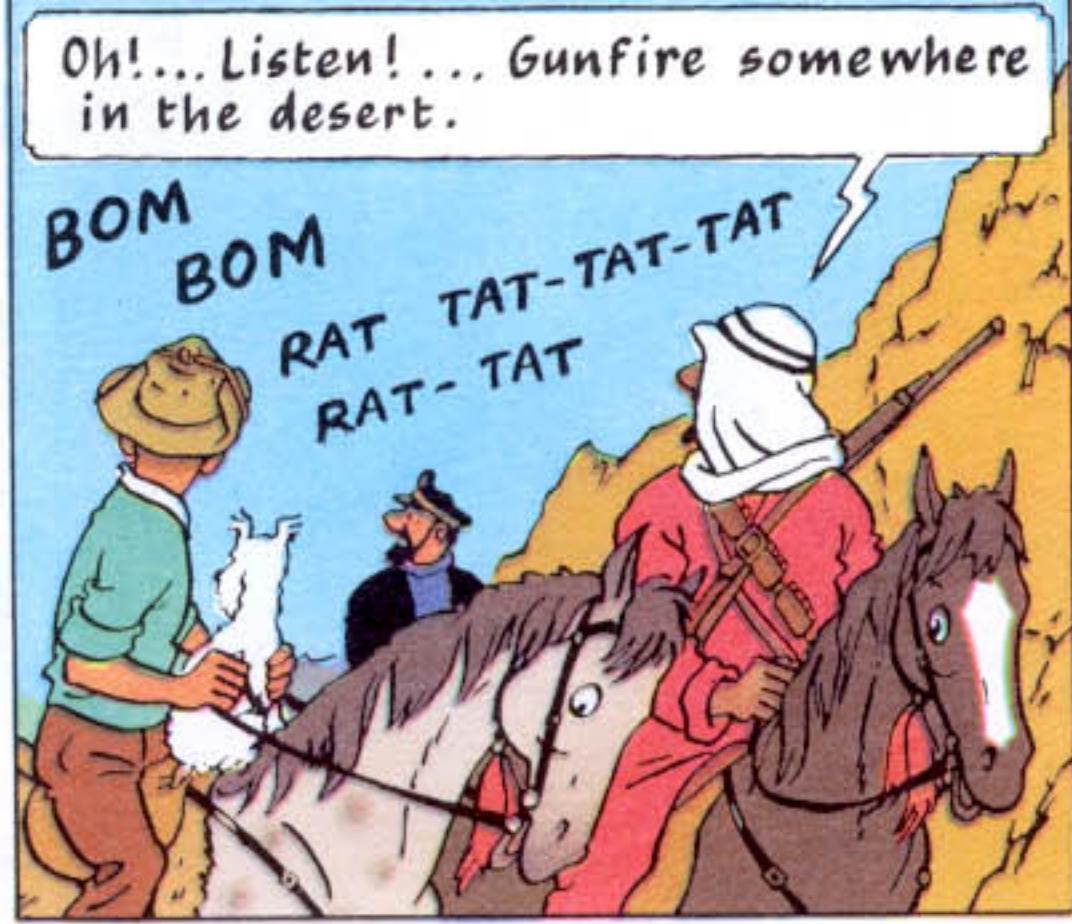
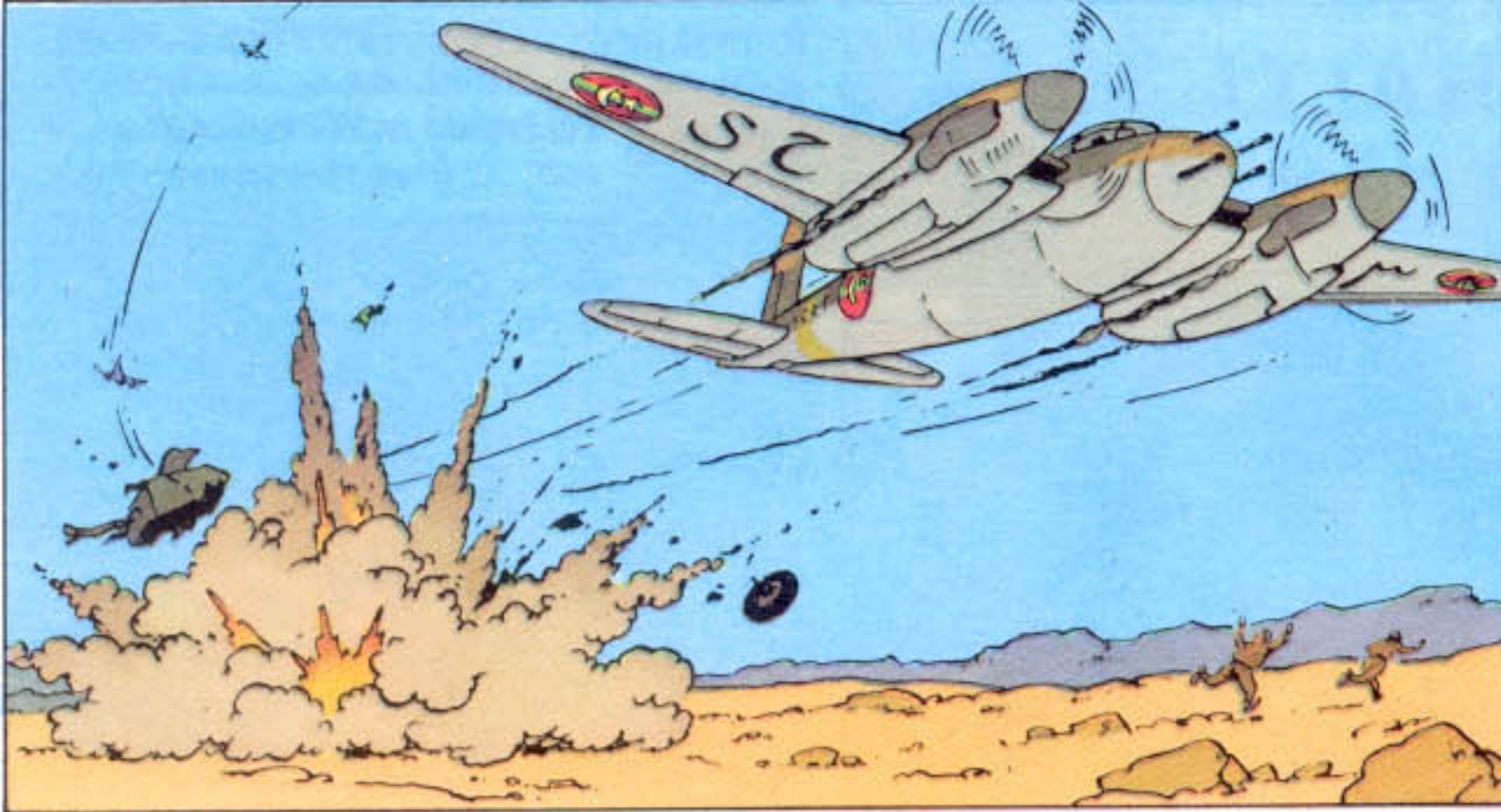


**TEN
THOU...**

?





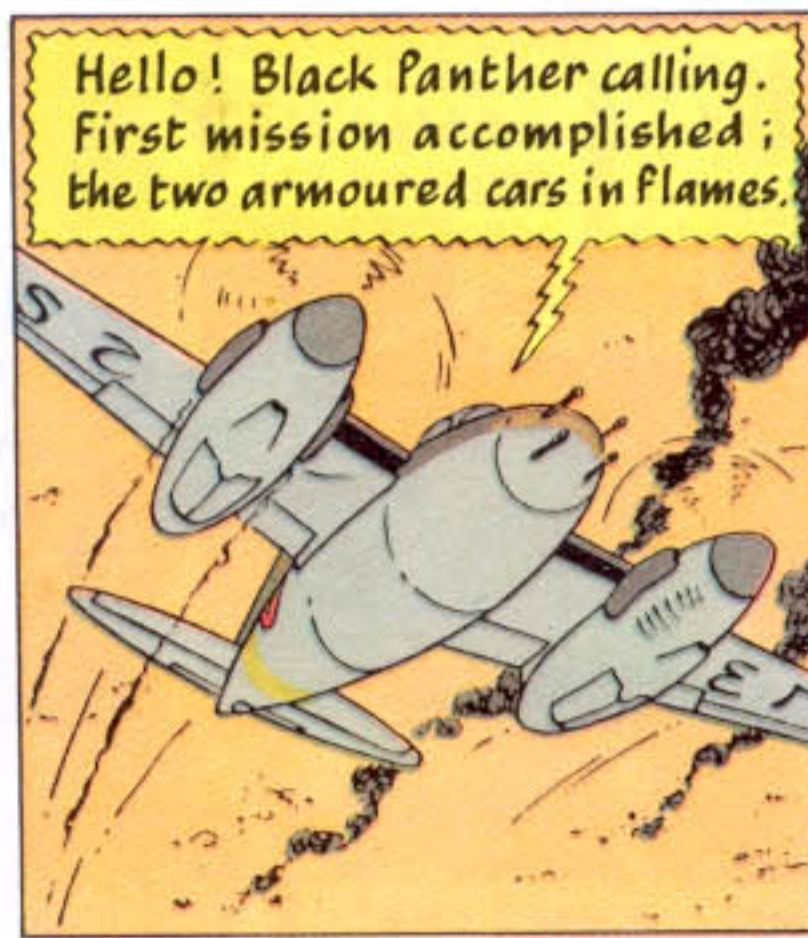


Oh!... Listen! ... Gunfire somewhere in the desert.

BOM
BOM
RAT TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-TAT



Our own aircraft!
They're mad!!



Hello! Black Panther calling.
First mission accomplished;
the two armoured cars in flames.



Hello, yes... Ah,
mission accomplished.
... Excellent... The
two armoured cars
destroyed? ...
Congratulations,
Colonel Achmed. Real
aces, your pilots!



The armoured...
WHAT?...



Quick, put me
back to Colonel
Achmed... Ah,
it's you... Er...
I think I mis-
understood. You
didn't say that
the armoured cars
...



...were destroyed.
... Yes, just as you
ordered. I've
already passed
on your con-
gratulations to
the pilots...
Pardon? ...



What?? I ordered
it??? ... You bungling
oaf! Only the horse-
men were to be
wiped out!



... Military
tribunal...
Court-martial
... Dismissed...
Reduced to
the ranks...



Meanwhile...

I wouldn't be
surprised if
they're looking
for us.



Whew! They've gone
over. Into the saddle:
we've a long way to go.

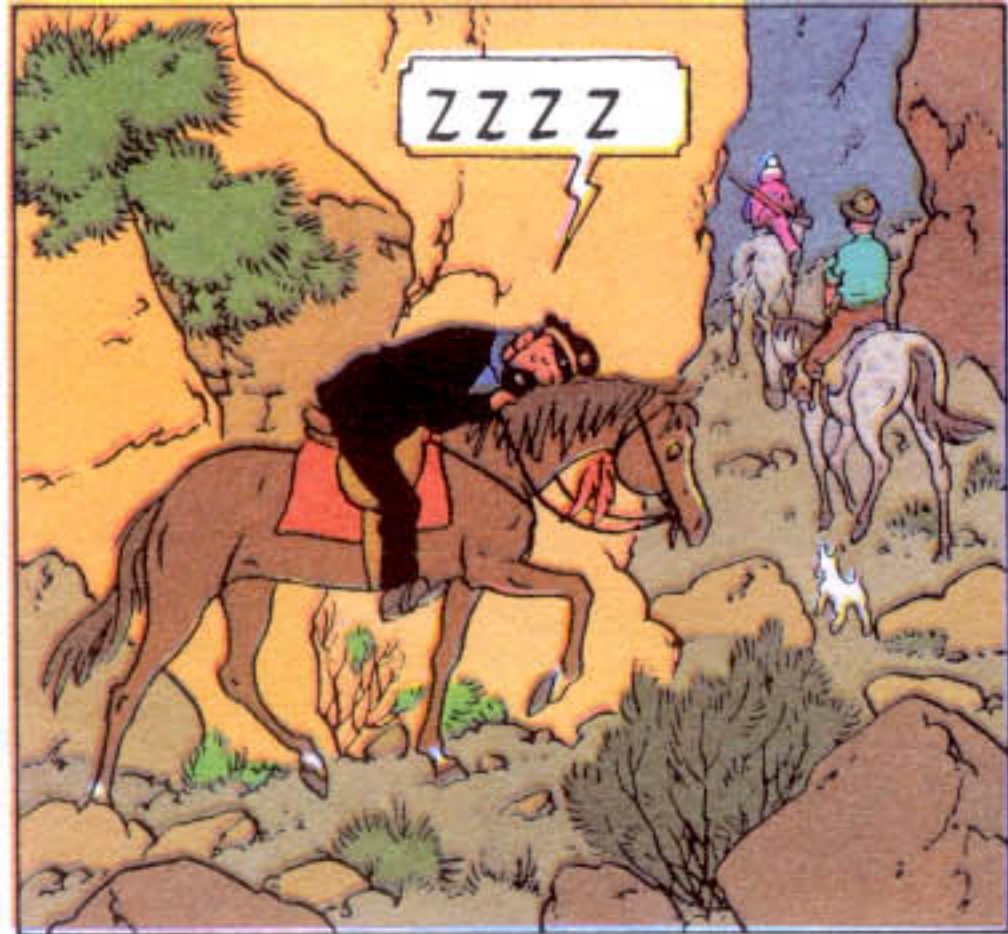


Next day,
at dawn...

ZZZ...ZZZ



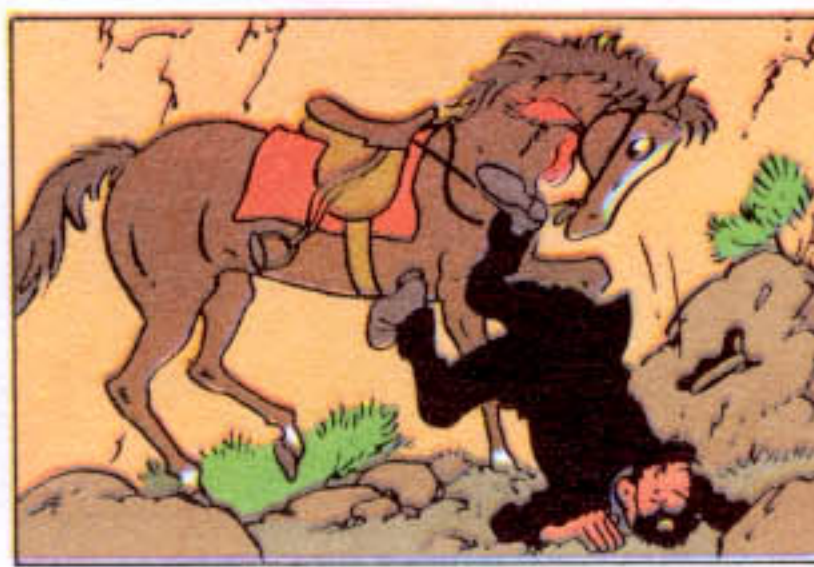
Careful!... Every man pick his target!



ZZZZ



HALT!



Friends!... Friends!... Don't shoot!

Friends?... We will soon see... Give the password!



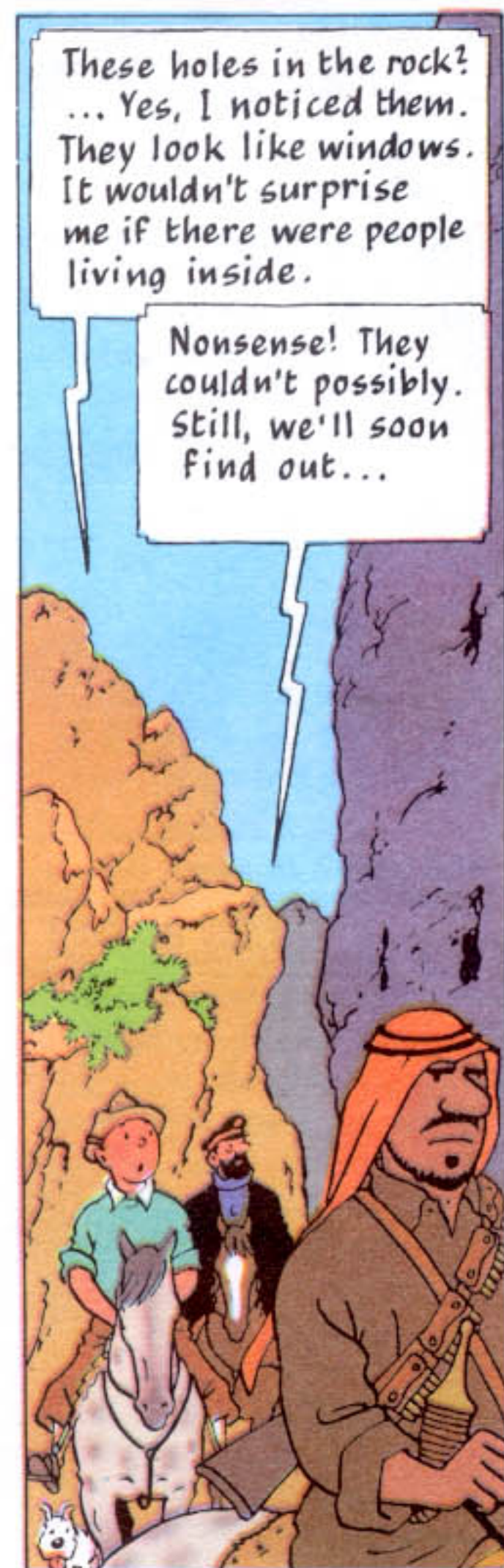
The camels bark...er, no... The dogs bark and the camels pass.

Good... Come forward. Who are these strangers?



Friends of Ben Kalish Ezab. They have travelled far to see him.

That is good. We will take them before him.



These holes in the rock? ... Yes, I noticed them. They look like windows. It wouldn't surprise me if there were people living inside.

Nonsense! They couldn't possibly. Still, we'll soon find out...



Living in there! That's a good one!



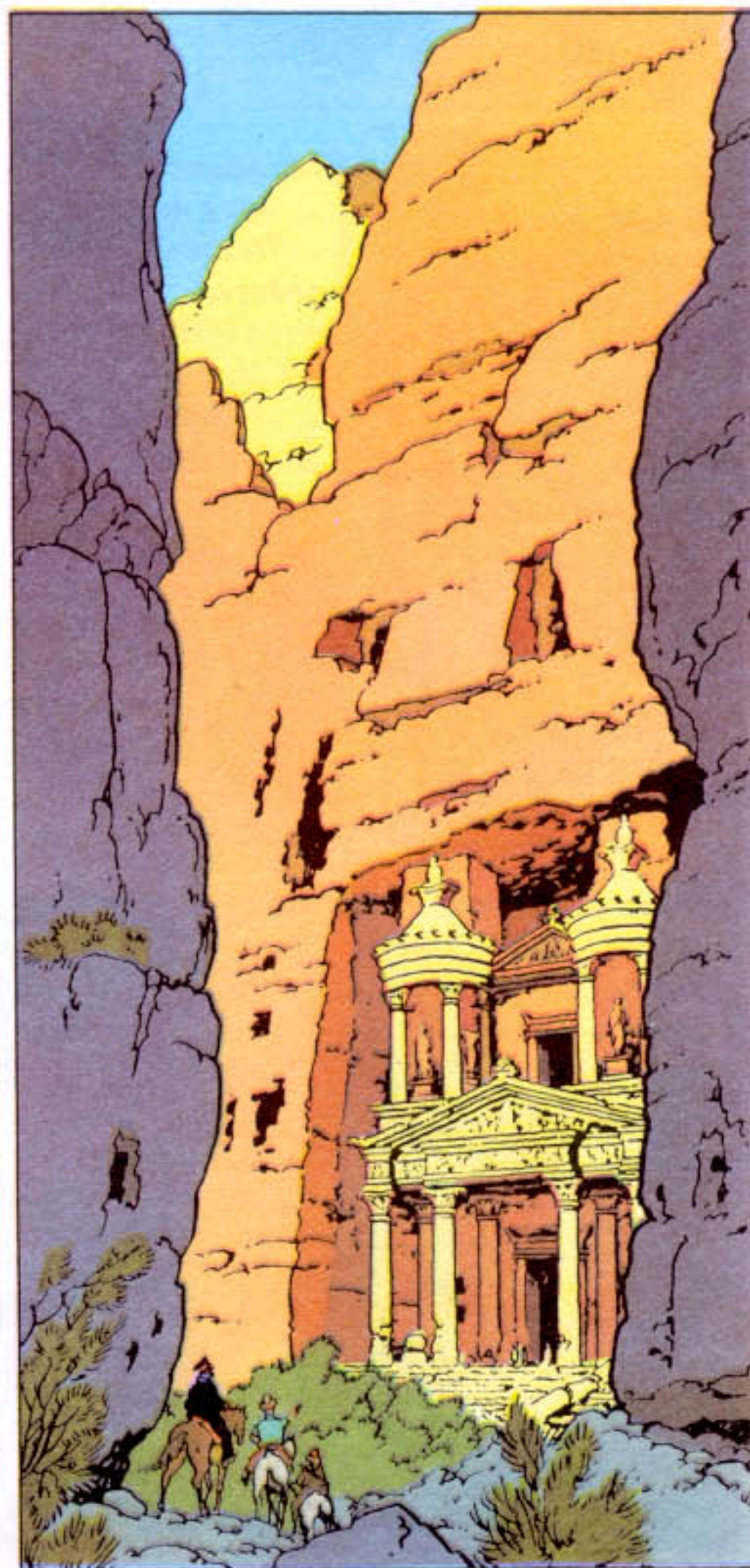
بخت شي فزید لک شویئت دا،

Beg pardon, ma'am!



All right. People do live there...

I... Oh, look there!



Thundering typhoons!... A Roman temple, hewn from the rock!... [Incredible!]



We have arrived.

A few minutes later...

How stupendous! An entire city carved out of the mountain.



Tintin!... Captain!... You here?... It is unbelievable!



And my son?... My own little treasure? My precious darling... Where is he?

Ah, yes... We left him at Marlinspike, Your Highness. But rest assured, he is in good hands.



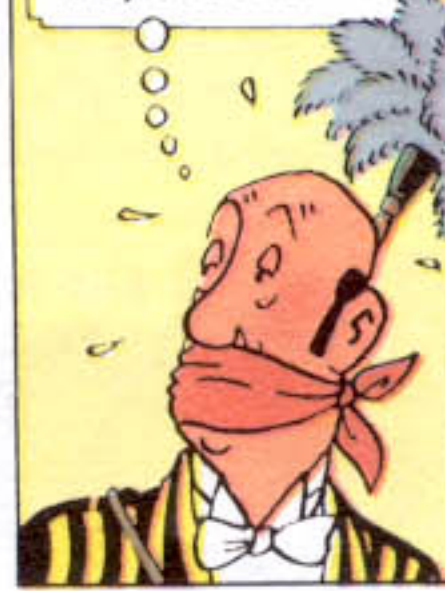
Poor little lamb! How sad he must be, so far from his Papa.



And now I'll leave you tied to the palm tree, so the crocodiles can come and eat you. Ha!ha! We're having fun, aren't we, Nestor?

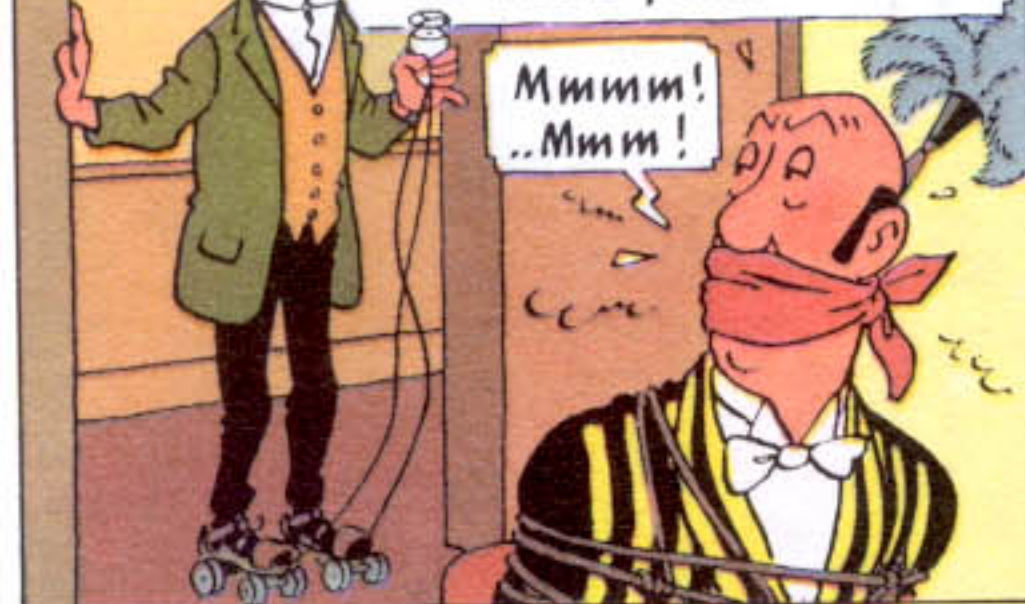


Confounded brat!... Ah, someone's coming. They'll set me free.



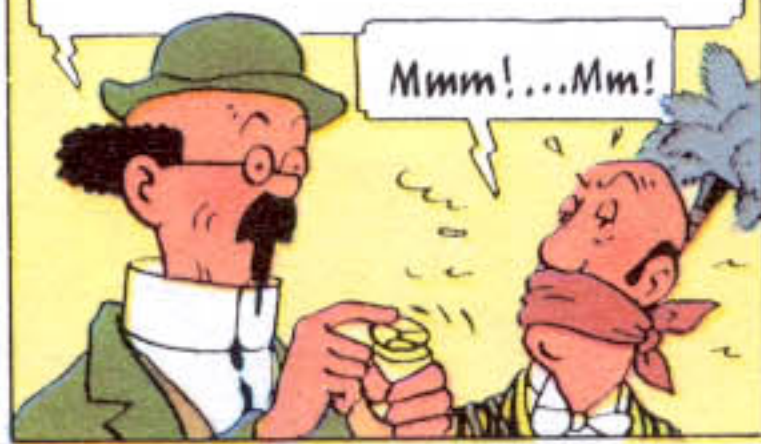
Ah, Nestor, I was looking for you. Could you give me a hand? It's nothing much: simply give me a little push.

Mmmm!... Mmm!



It's to test the new steering mechanism I've fitted to my roller-skates. ... Quite simple, really. They use the same principle for steering model cars.

Mmm!... Mm!



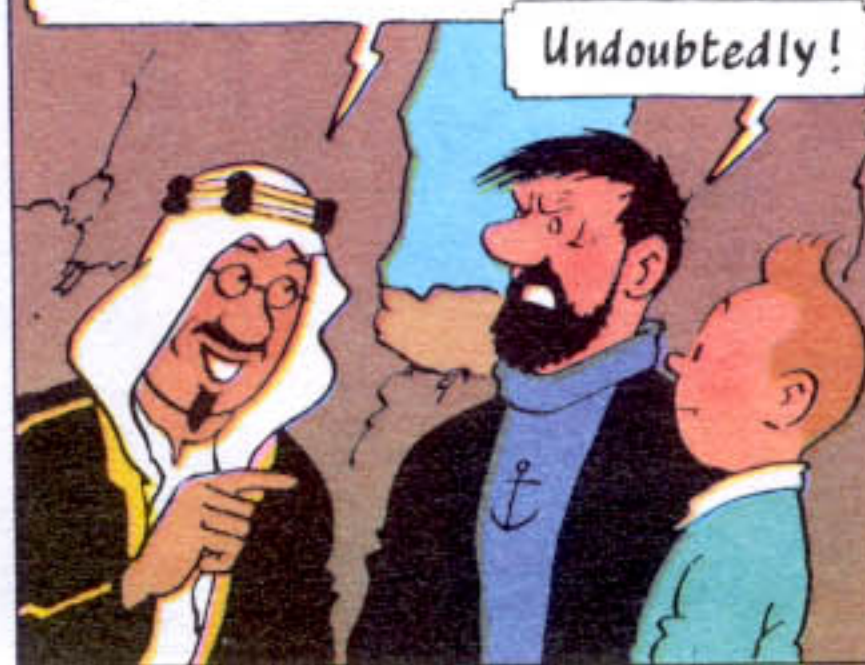
For instance, at the moment, my skates are locked right over to the left... If someone were to push me now I should turn round more or less on the same spot.

Mmm!... Mmm!

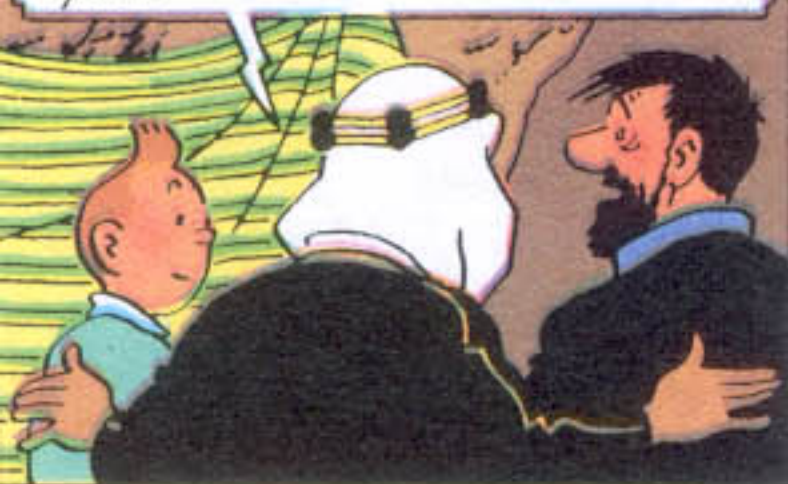


But I'm quite sure that despite his sadness my cherub is a little ray of sunshine, bringing life and gaiety into your old home.

Undoubtedly!



And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

Loop the loop! ? But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree? ... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse...

But Highness...

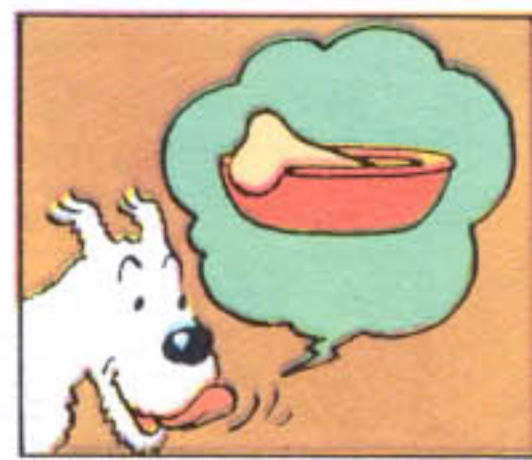
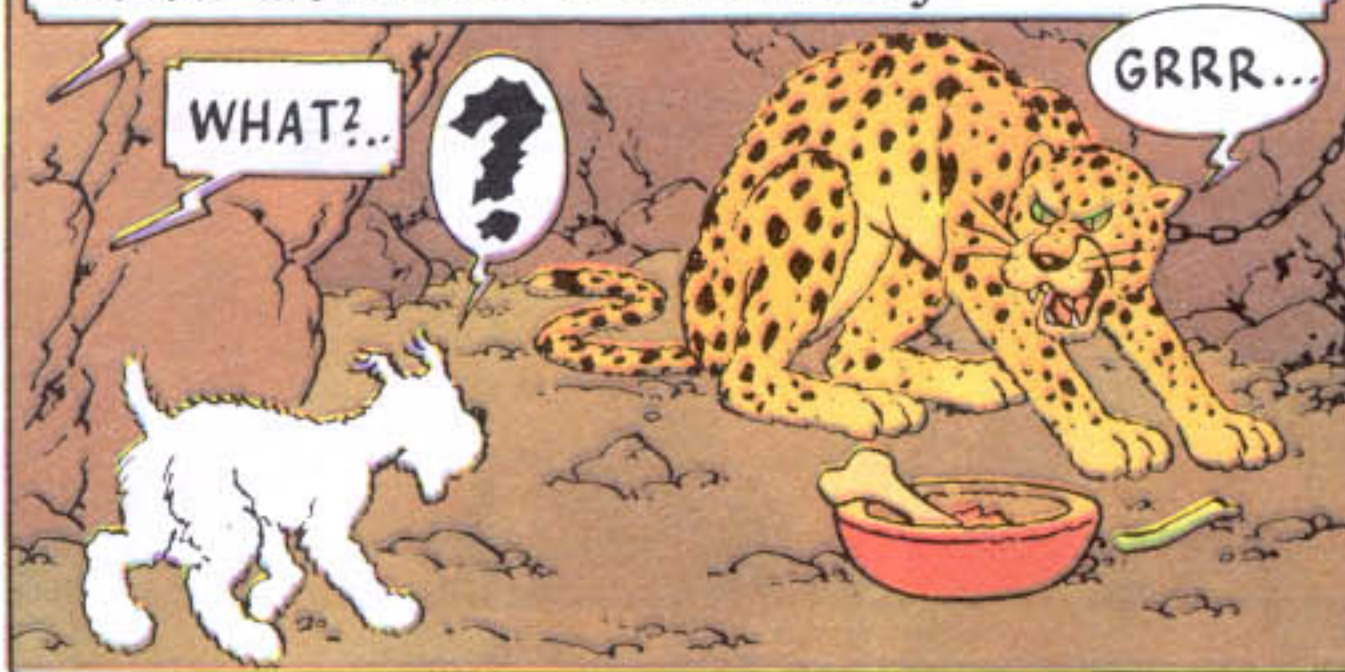


Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.

WHAT?!



GRRR...



Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.

Yes, go on...



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why? ... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.

But that's frightful!



Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that..

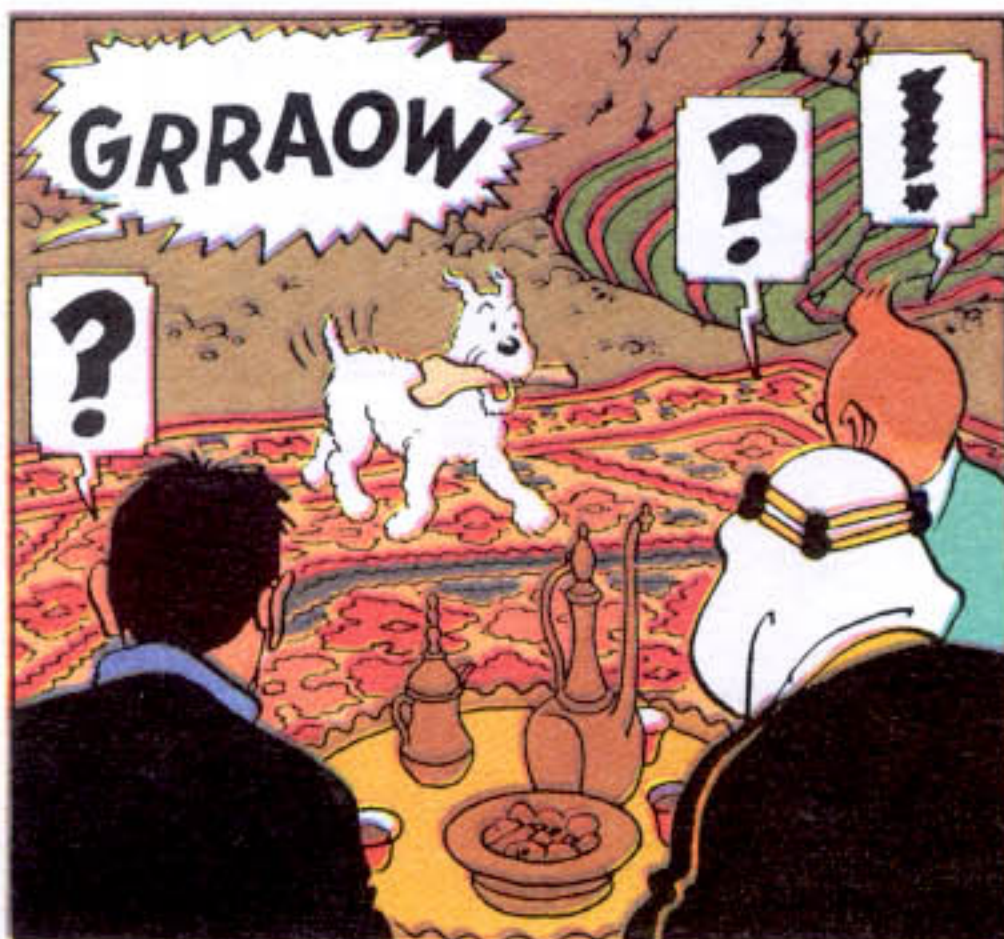


GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayesha!

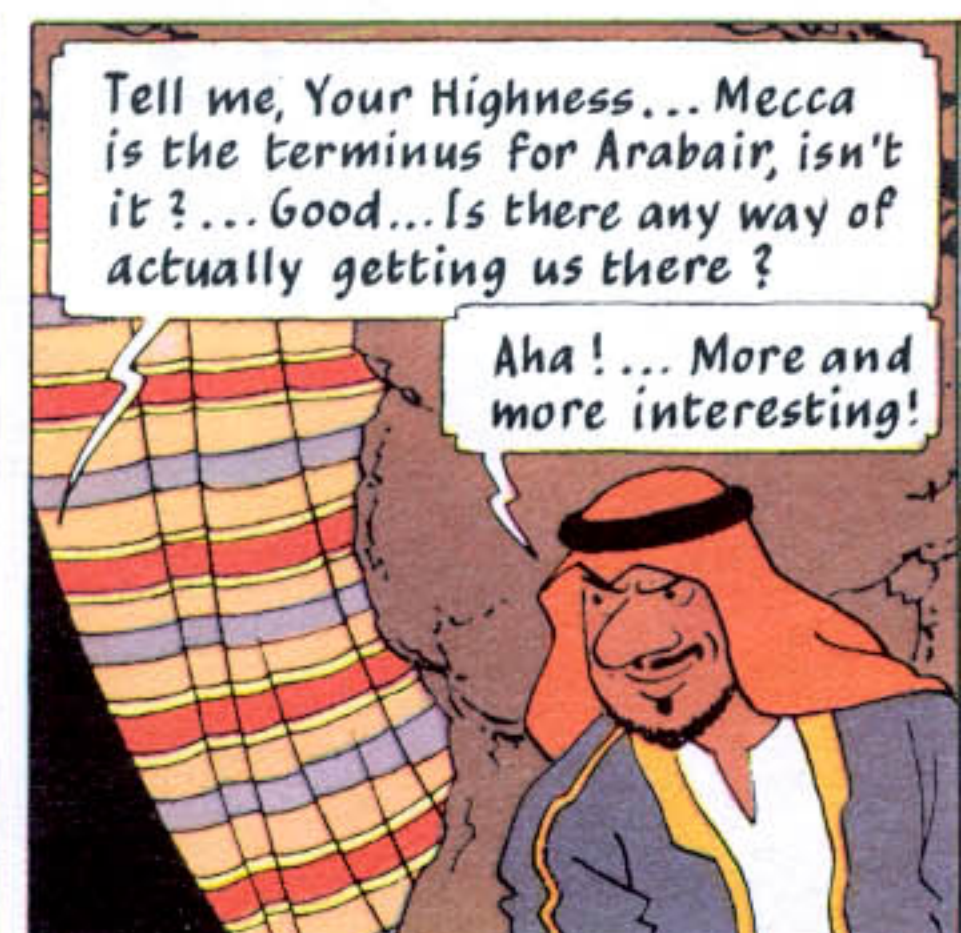
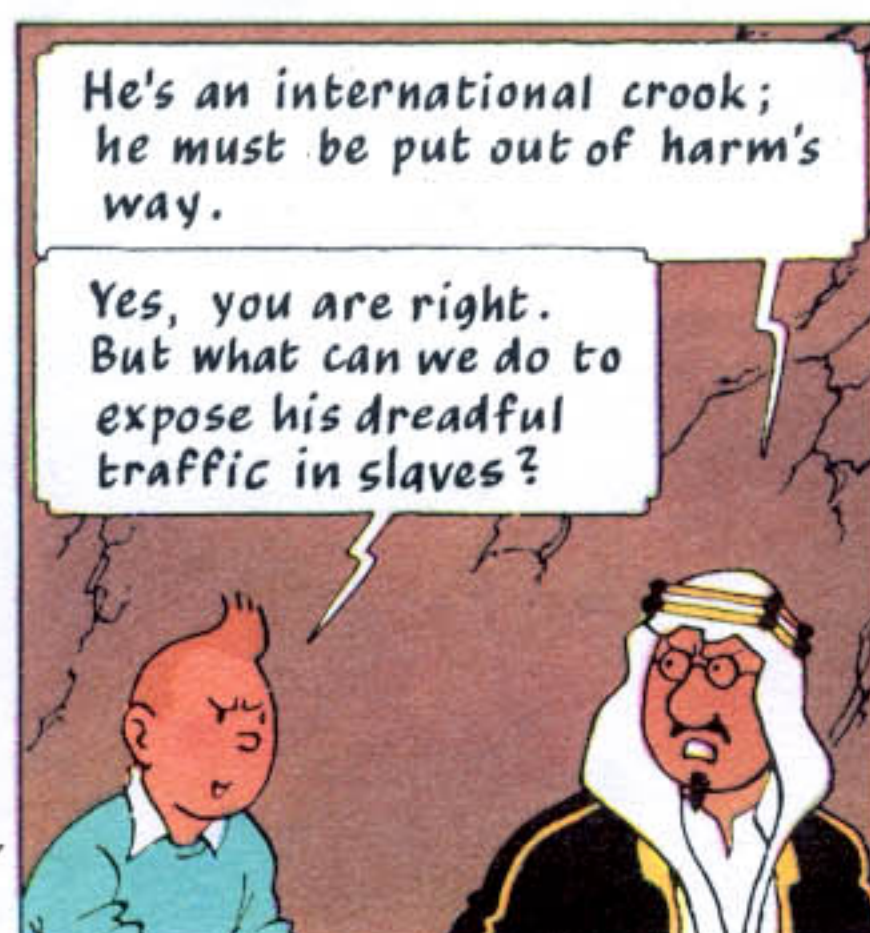
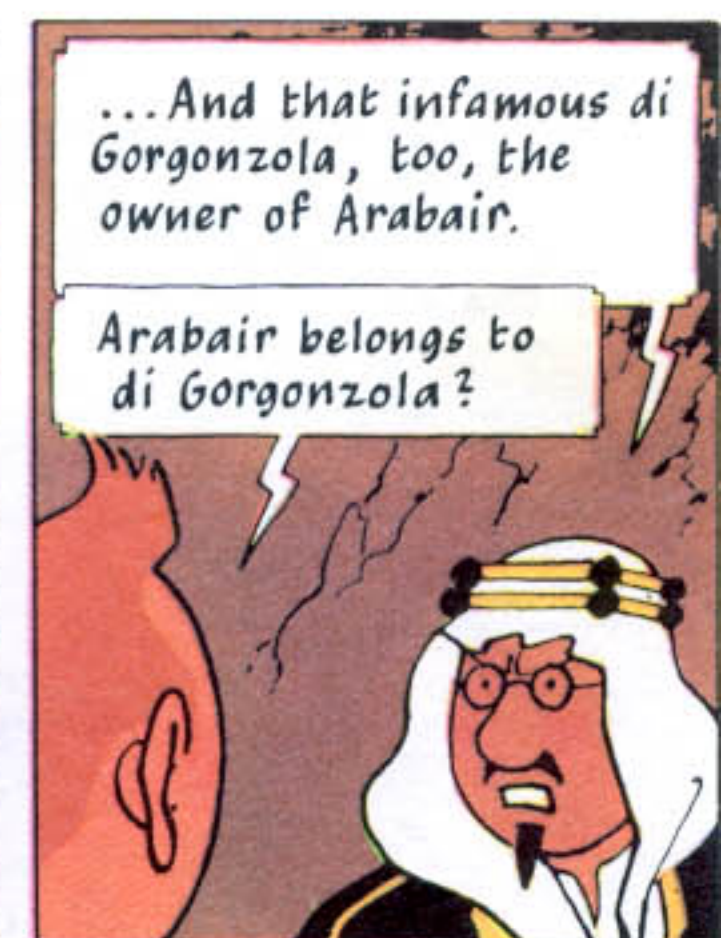
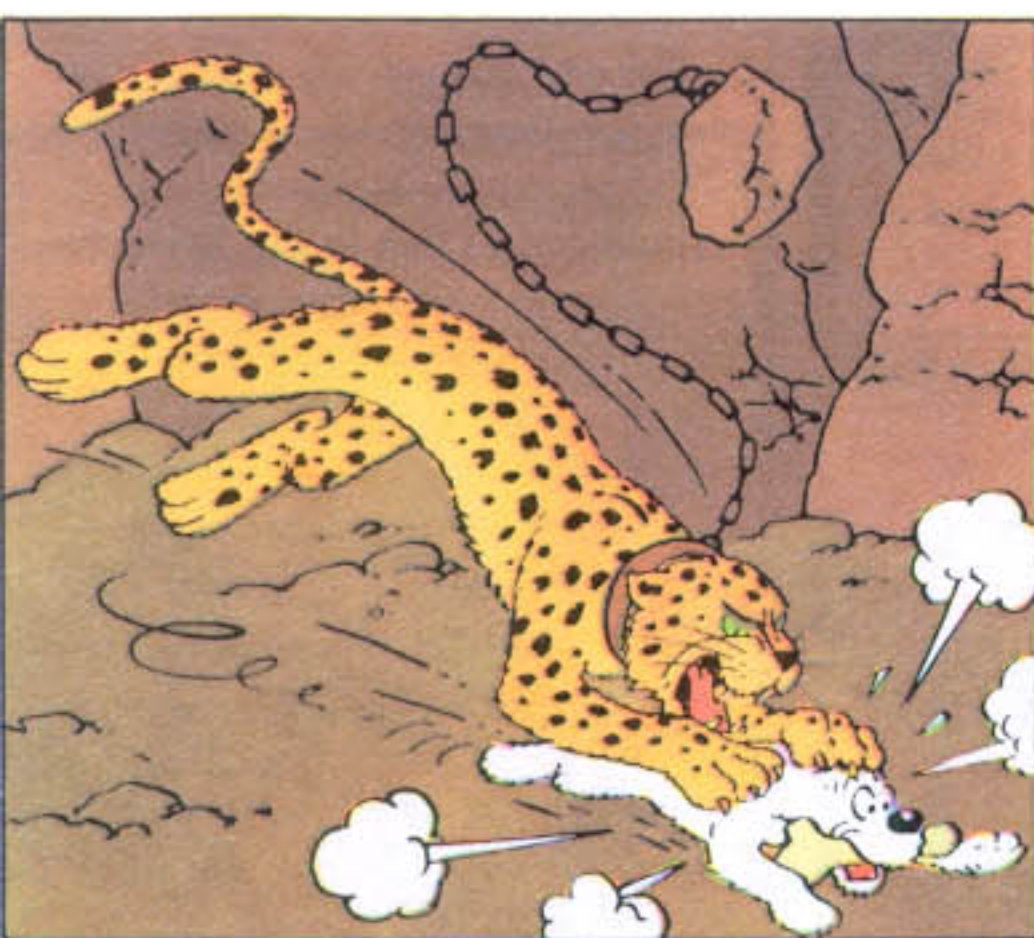


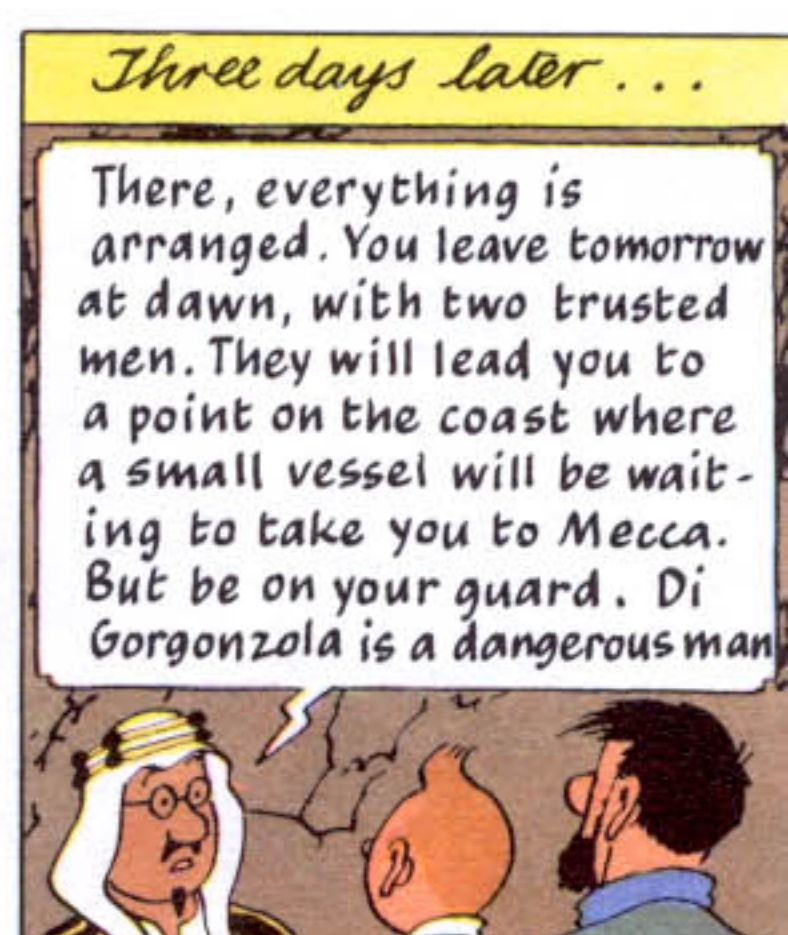
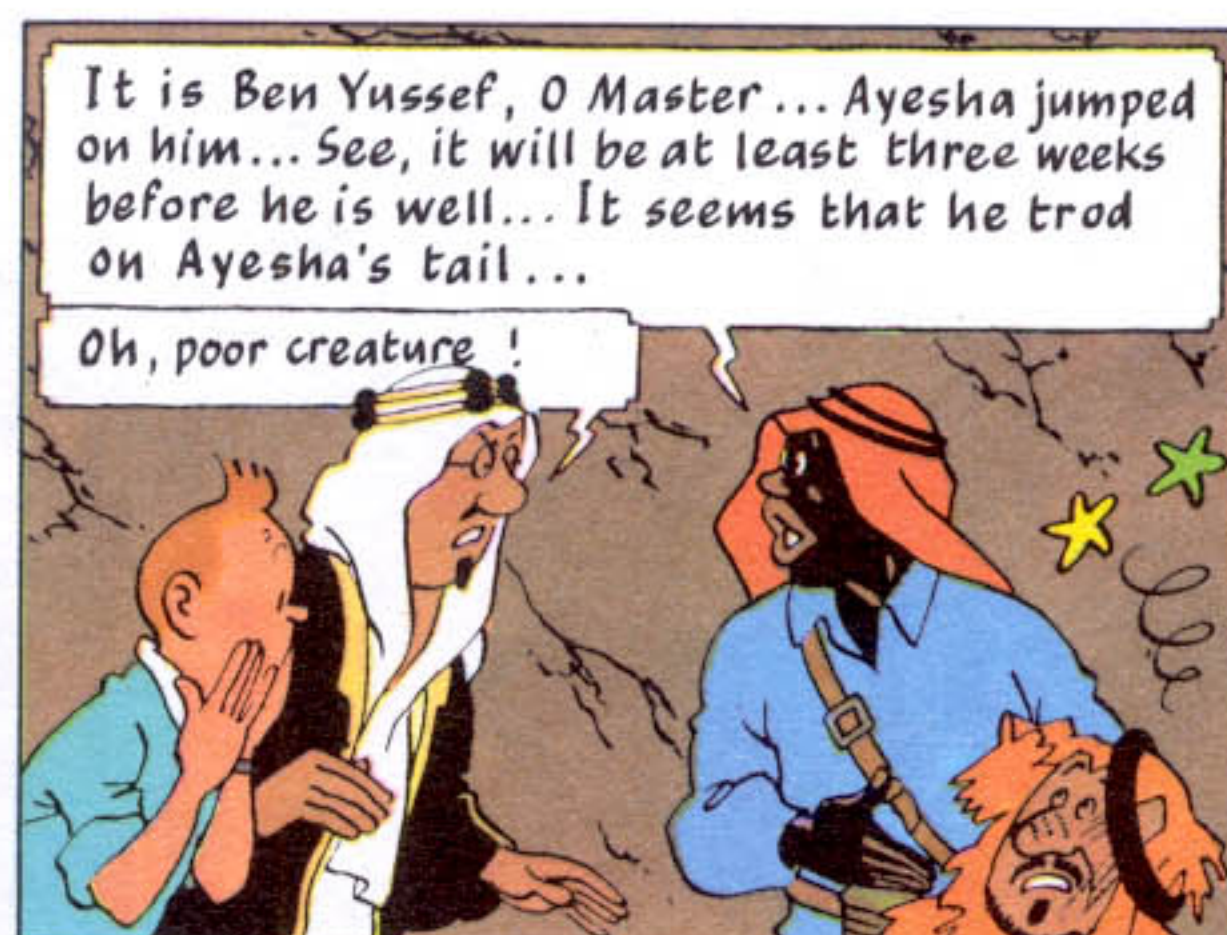
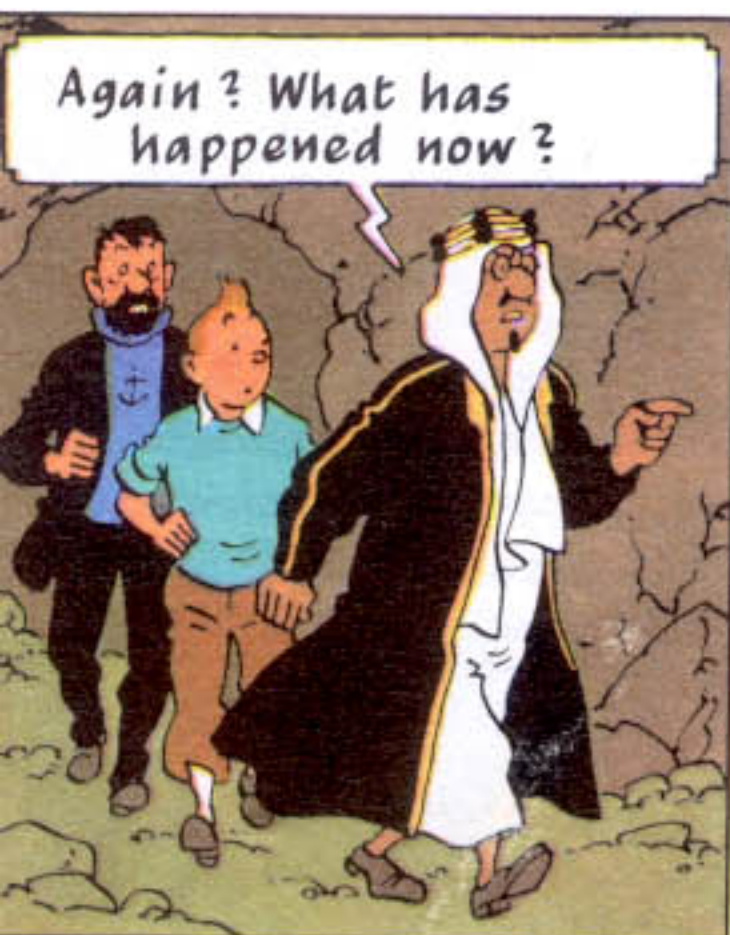
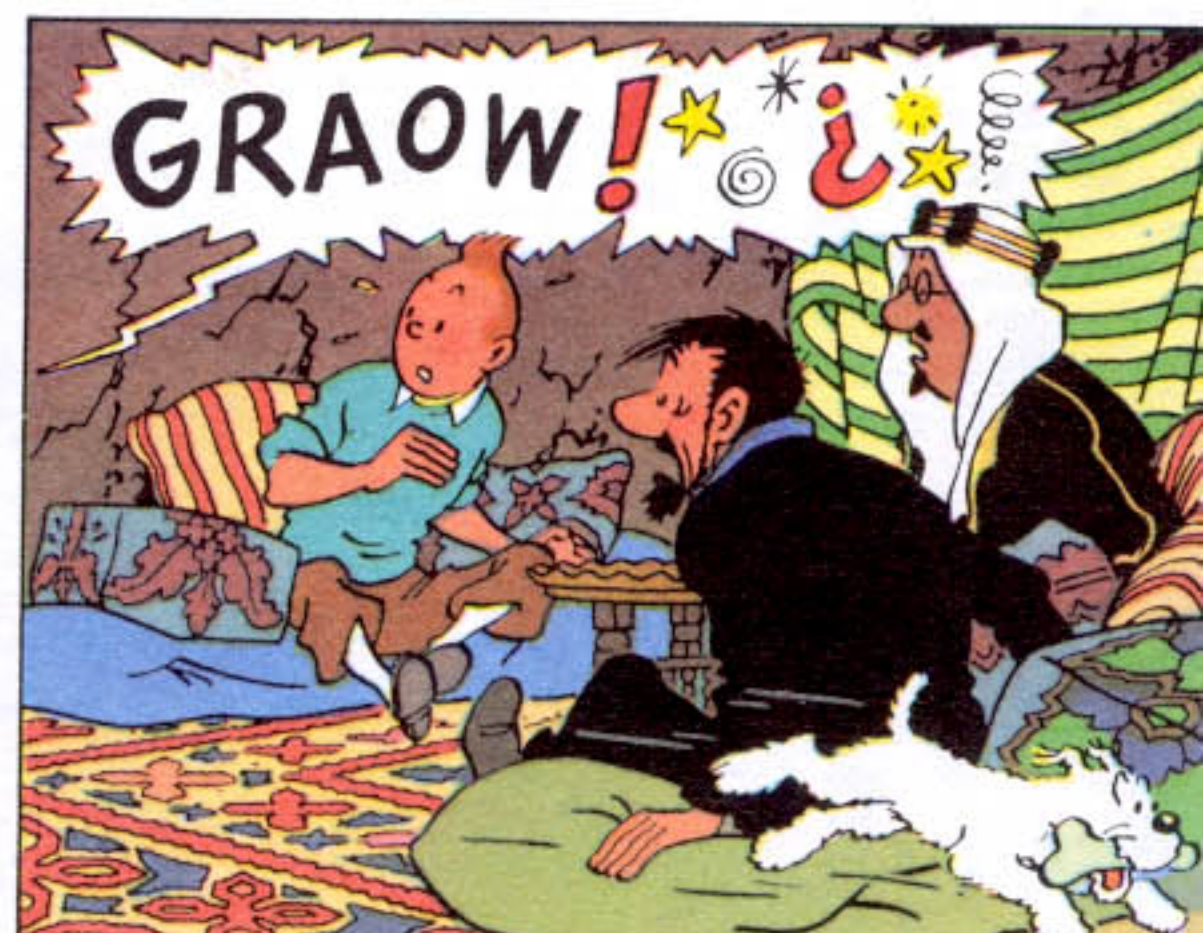
GRRRAOW



CRACK GRAOW







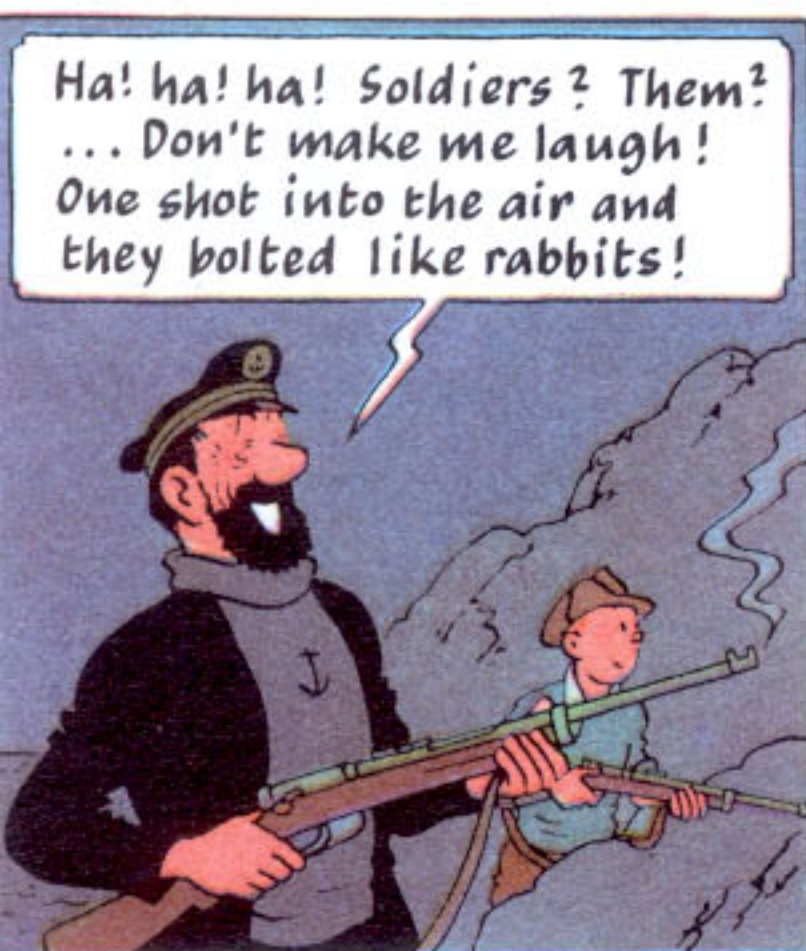


By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

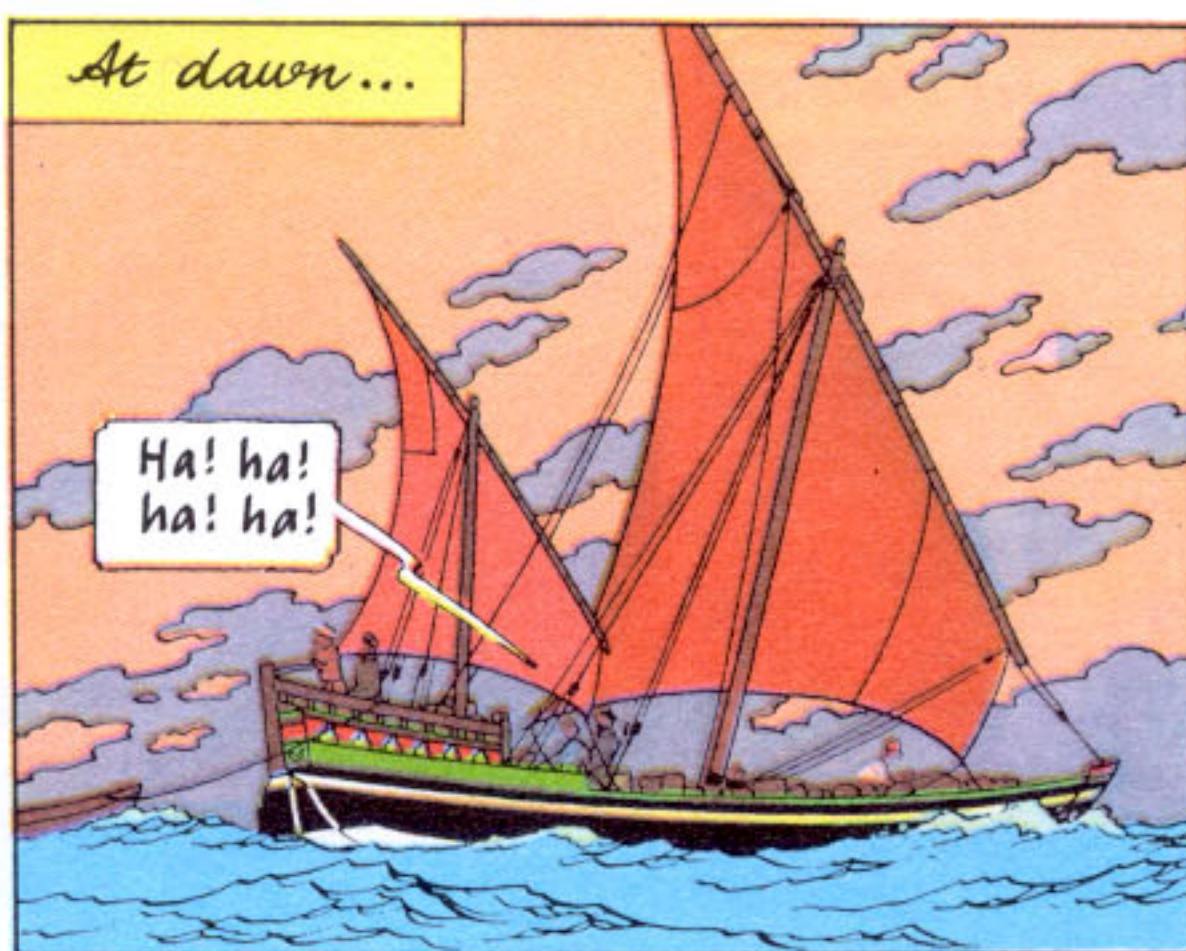
Halt!... Who goes there?



By Allah!... They have stumbled on a patrol!...

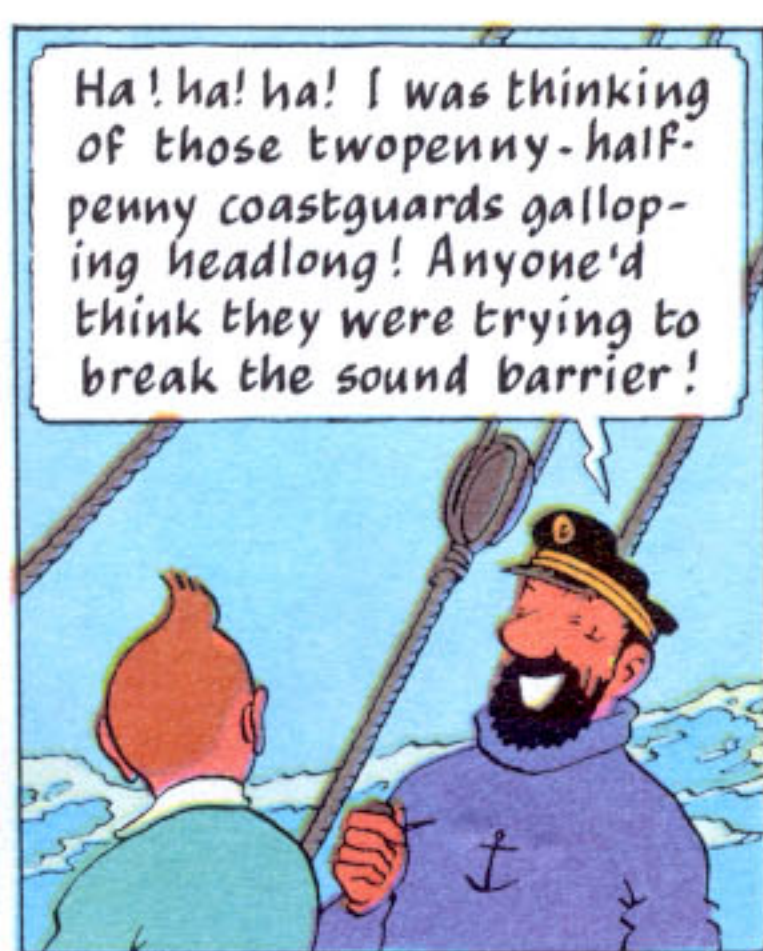


Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Them? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!



At dawn...

Ha! ha!
ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those twopenny-halfpenny coastguards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of?... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us?

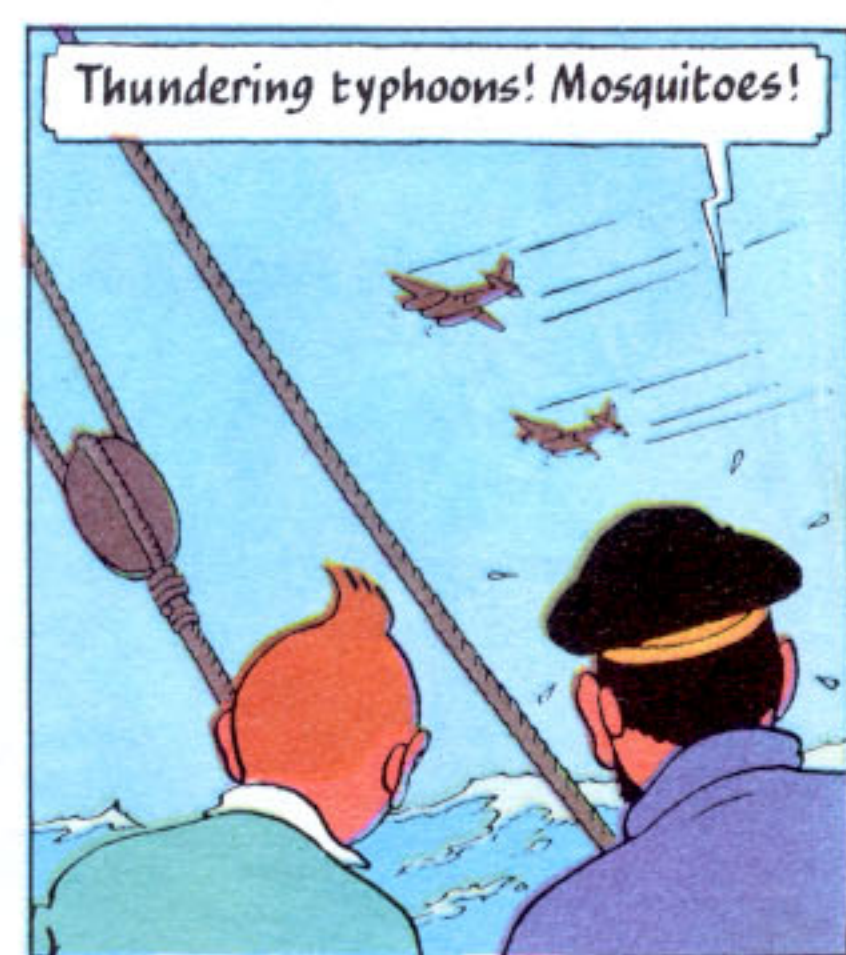


Not that, certainly, but...

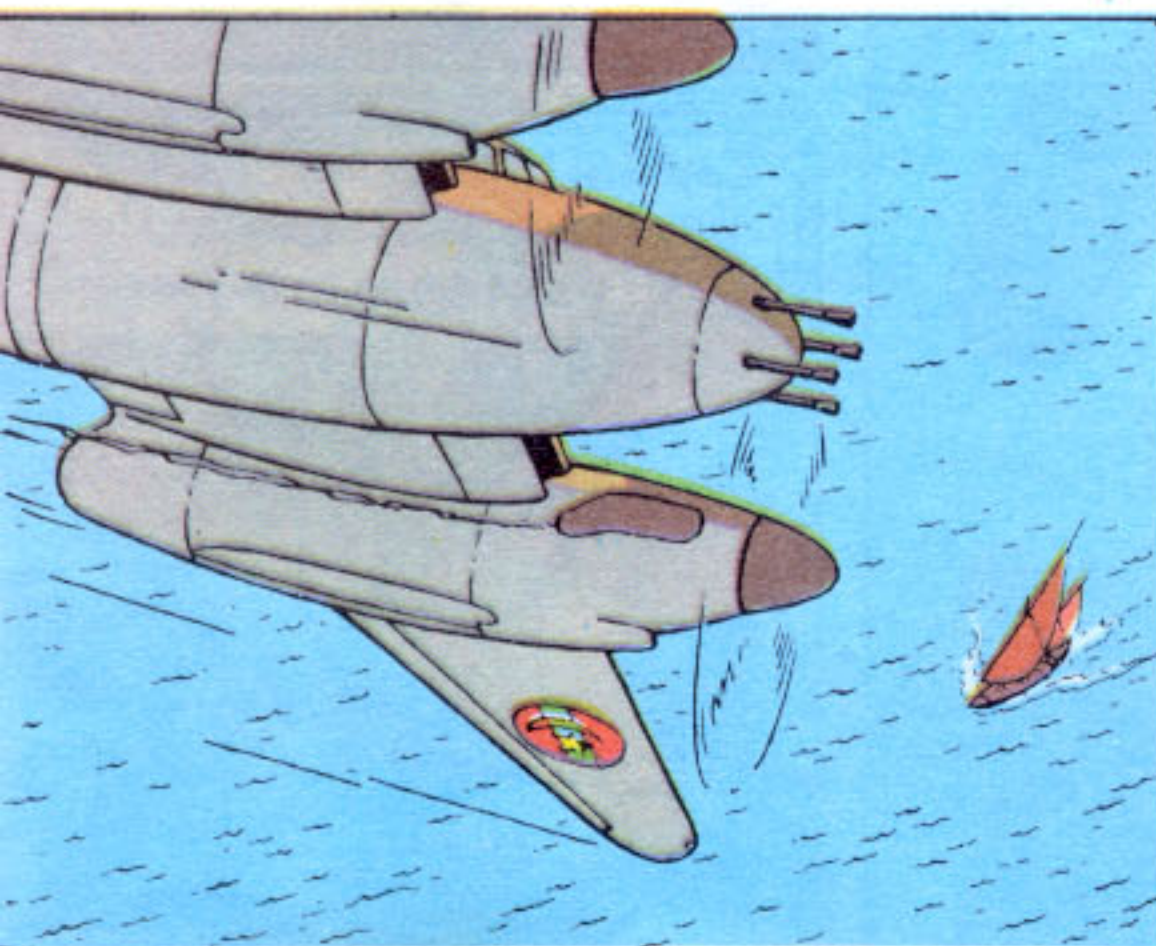
But what?



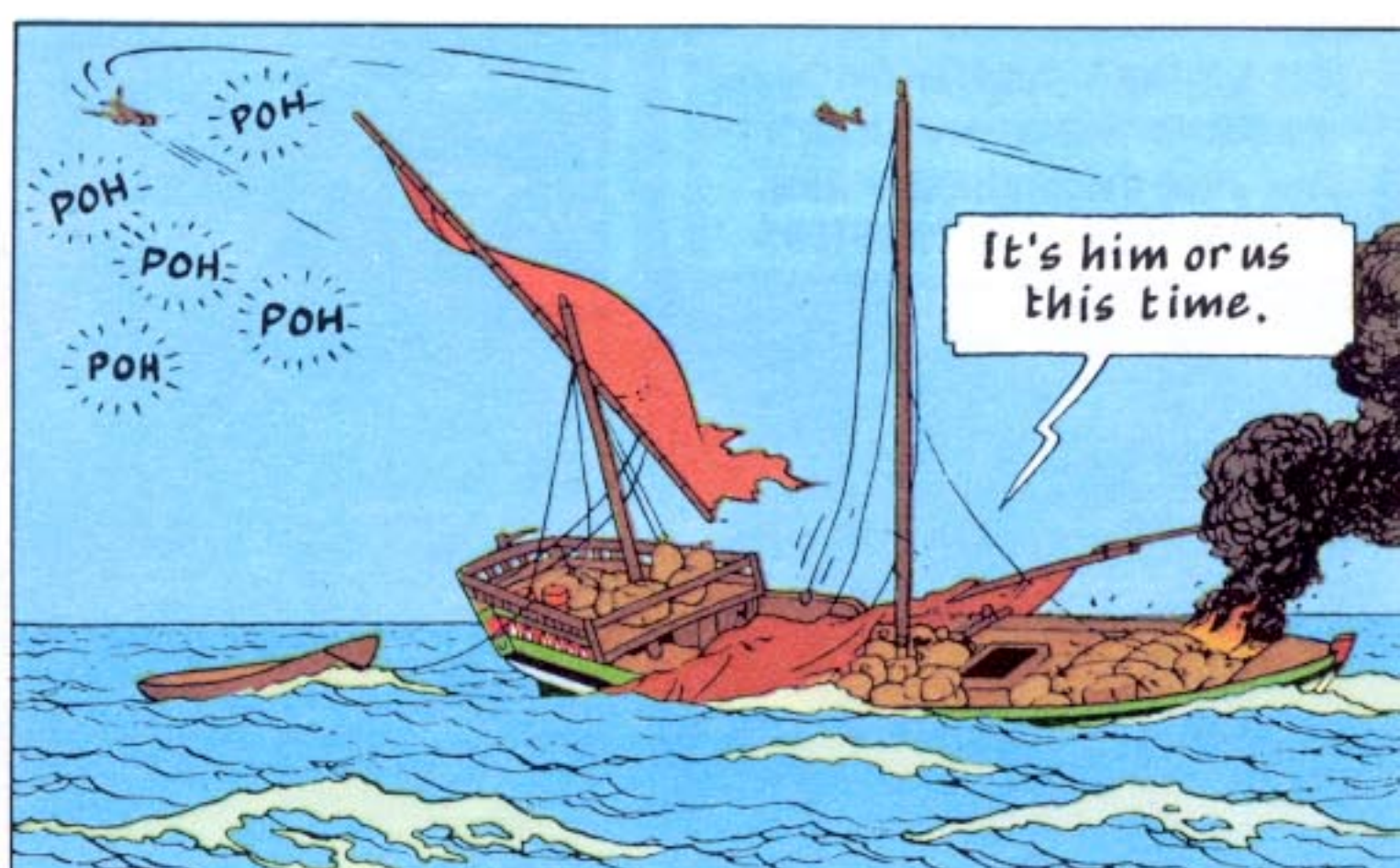
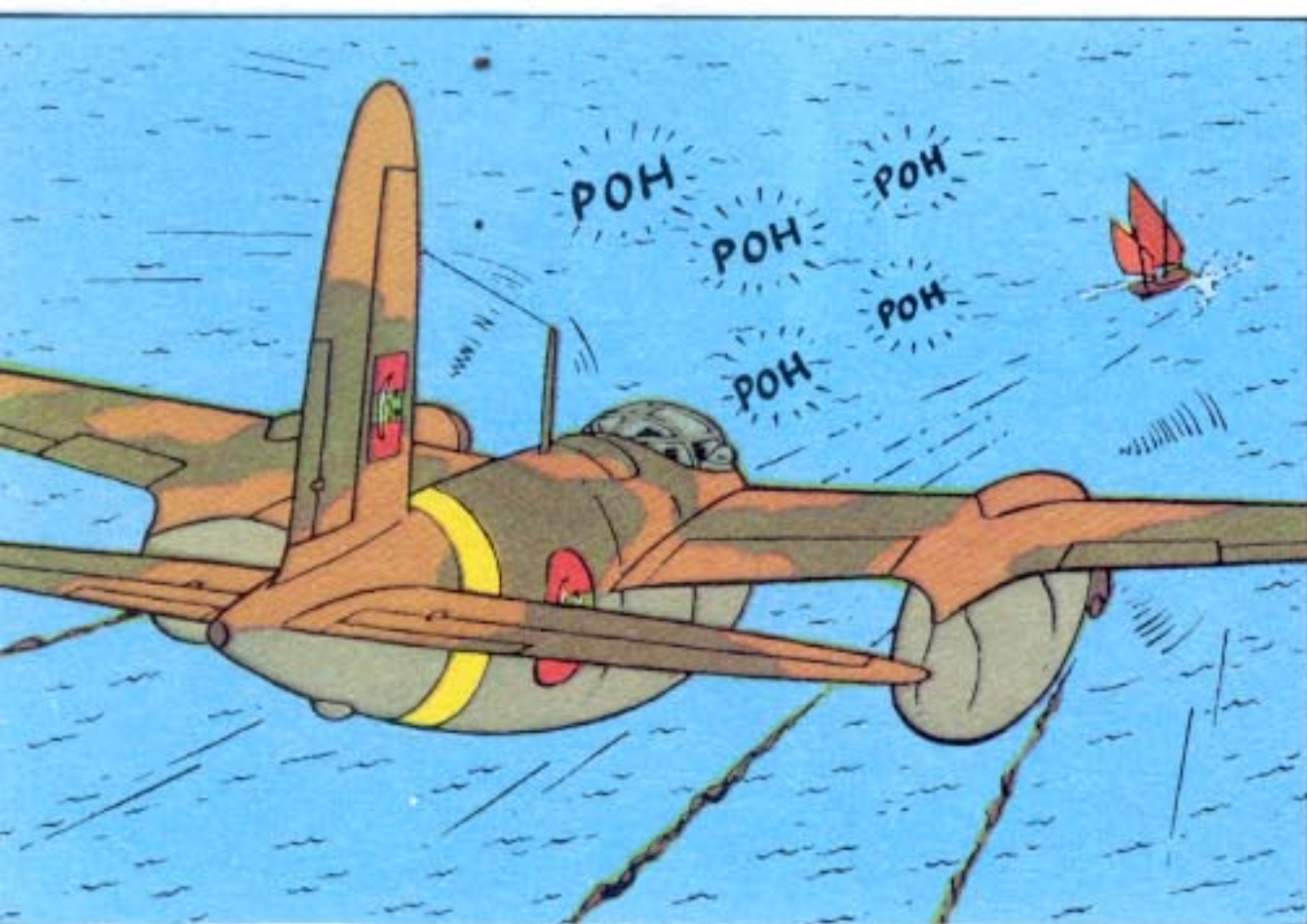
Over there, Captain!... That's just what I feared!

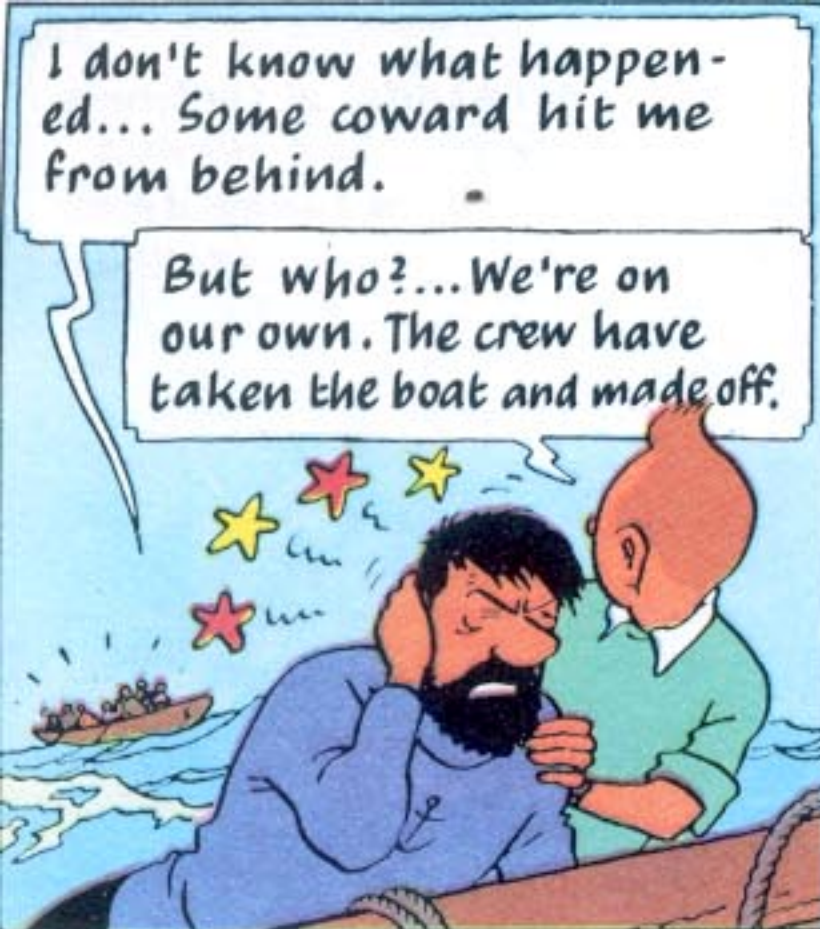


Thundering typhoons! Mosquitoes!



They're coming back!... This is going to be hot! ... Everybody down!





I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.



Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!



Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?

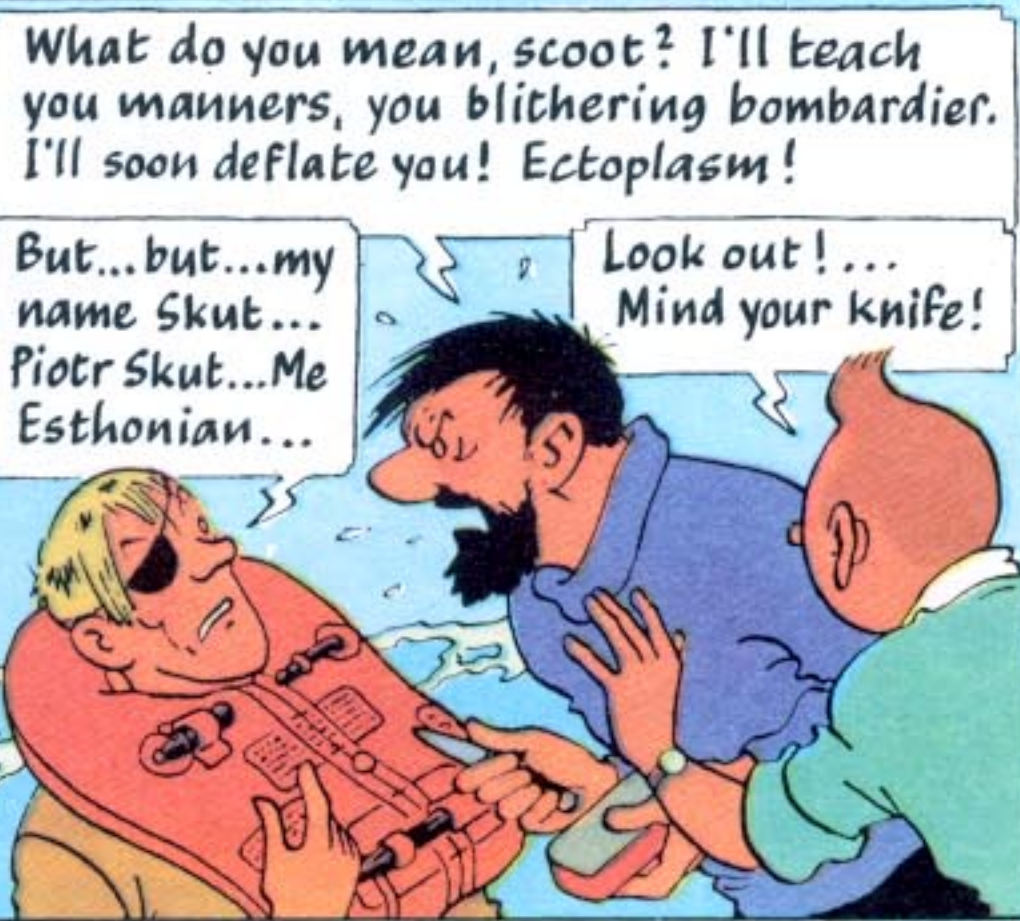


No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.



What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!

But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut... Me Esthonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!

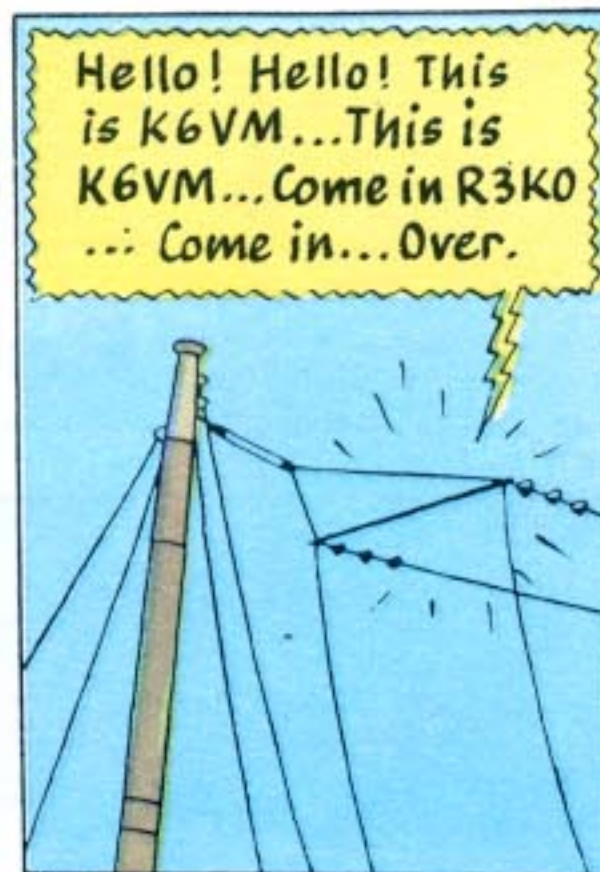


Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh? ... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3 KO... This is R3KO calling K6 VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6VM... This is K6VM... Come in R3KO... Come in... Over.

Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure of this samba, Princess?

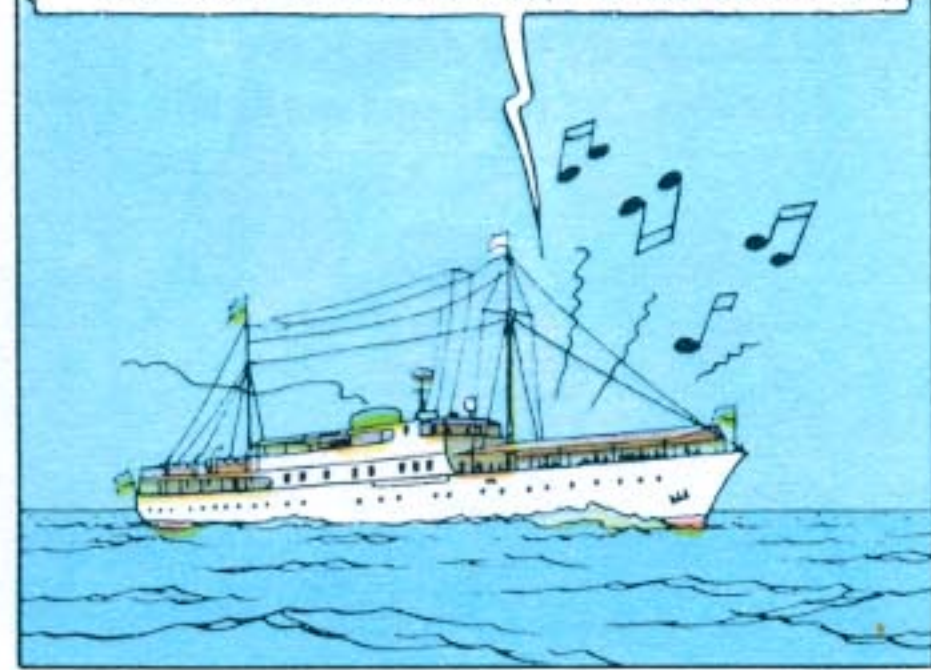
But of course, Marquis.



What an ideal yacht for a cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly a wonderful ship... And what a good idea to have a fancy-dress ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

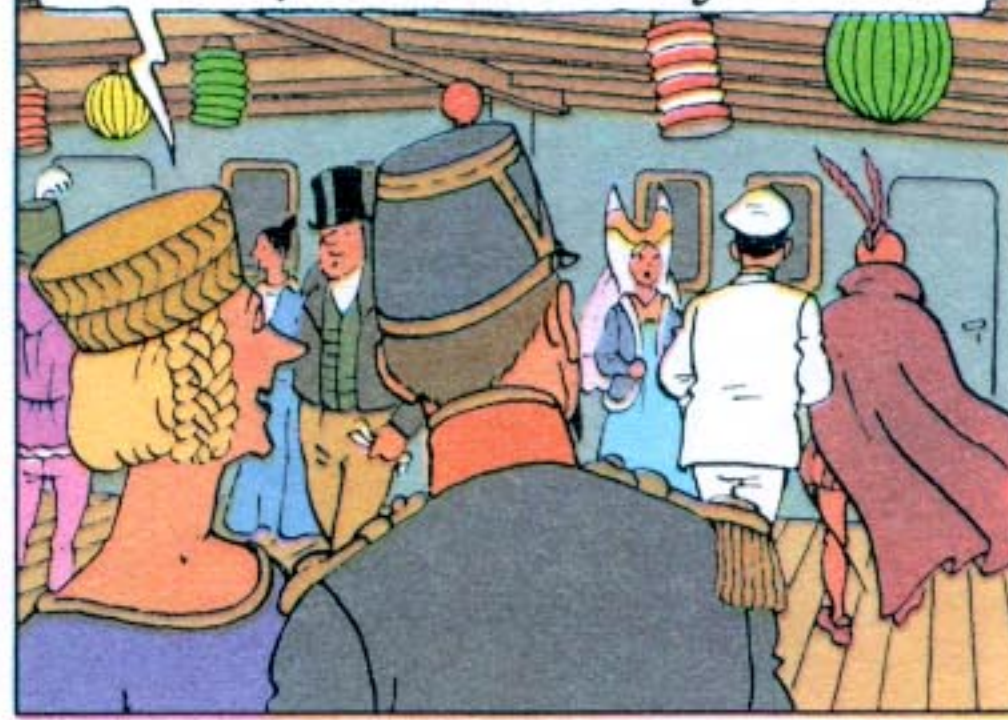


You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.



What an entrancing host he is. This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade" is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman. Naturally, malicious tongues spread rumours that he has a shady past...



It's only to be expected that such luxury arouses envy. One must admit...



Hello! Hello! K6 VM calling R3K0 ...Transmit in code ... Over.



Powerful insects have stung the blue goat. Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.
K6 VM to R3K0. Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and we'll decode this. Parasites 1 and 2 - I know who they are!

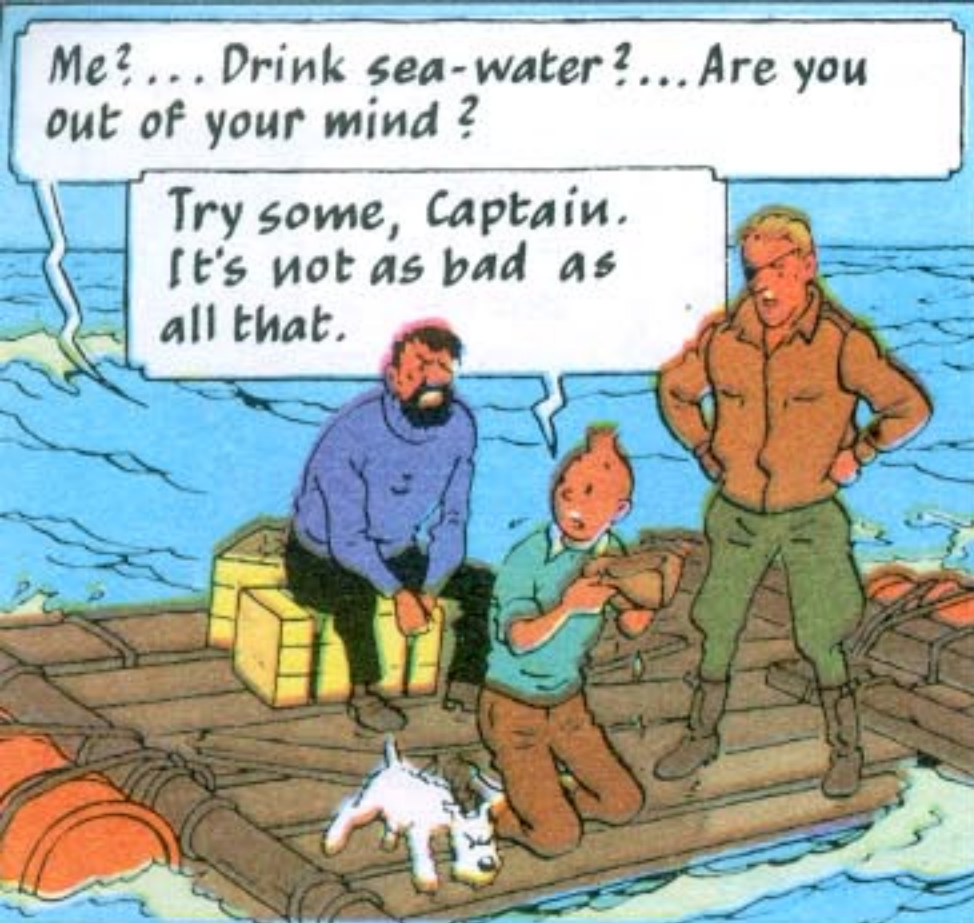


There... I have it...Excellent! Mull Pasha has done well. We're rid of those two meddlers!



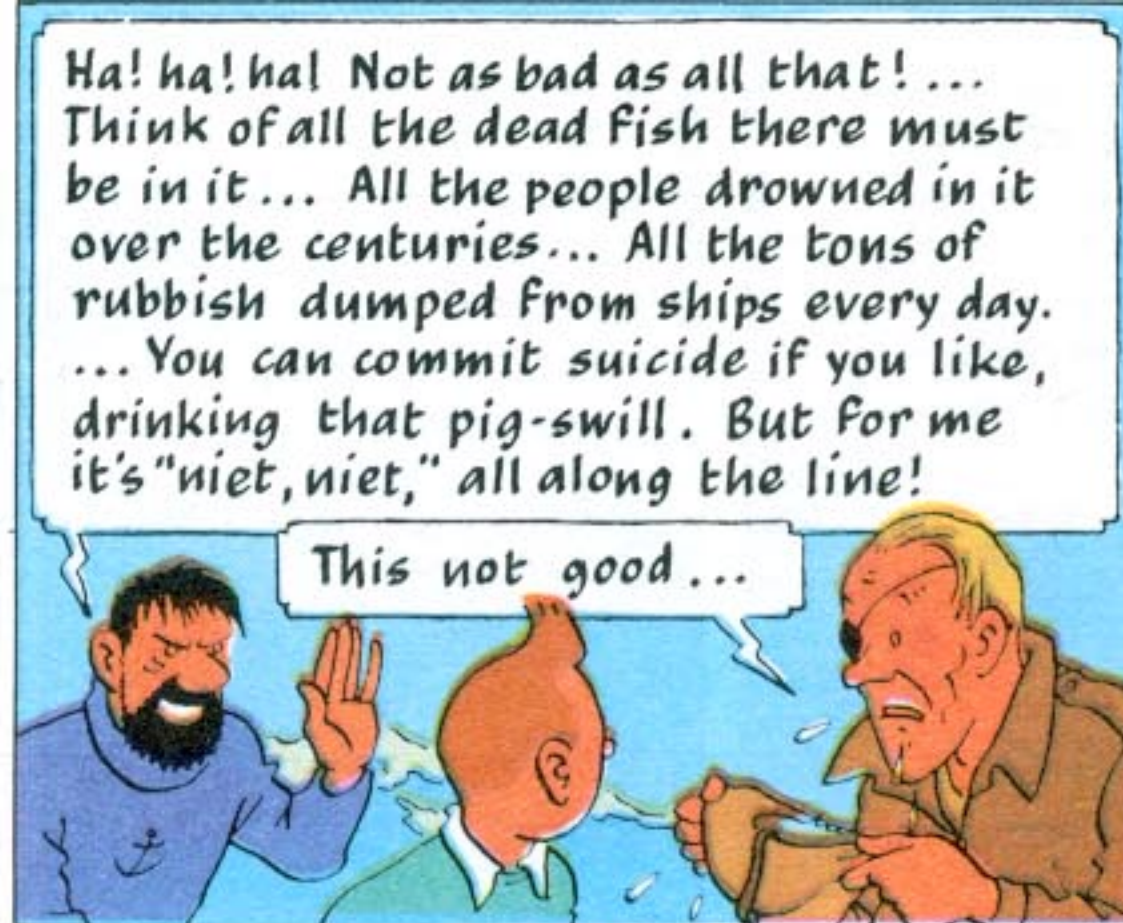
If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr. Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.





Me?... Drink sea-water?... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! ha! Not as bad as all that! ... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it ... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!

This not good ...



Besides ... Besides ...

Besides ... Besides ...



YIPPEEE

?



There!... A ship!... Saved!



A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!

A ship! It's true!



Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



Let's hope... let's hope they spot us!

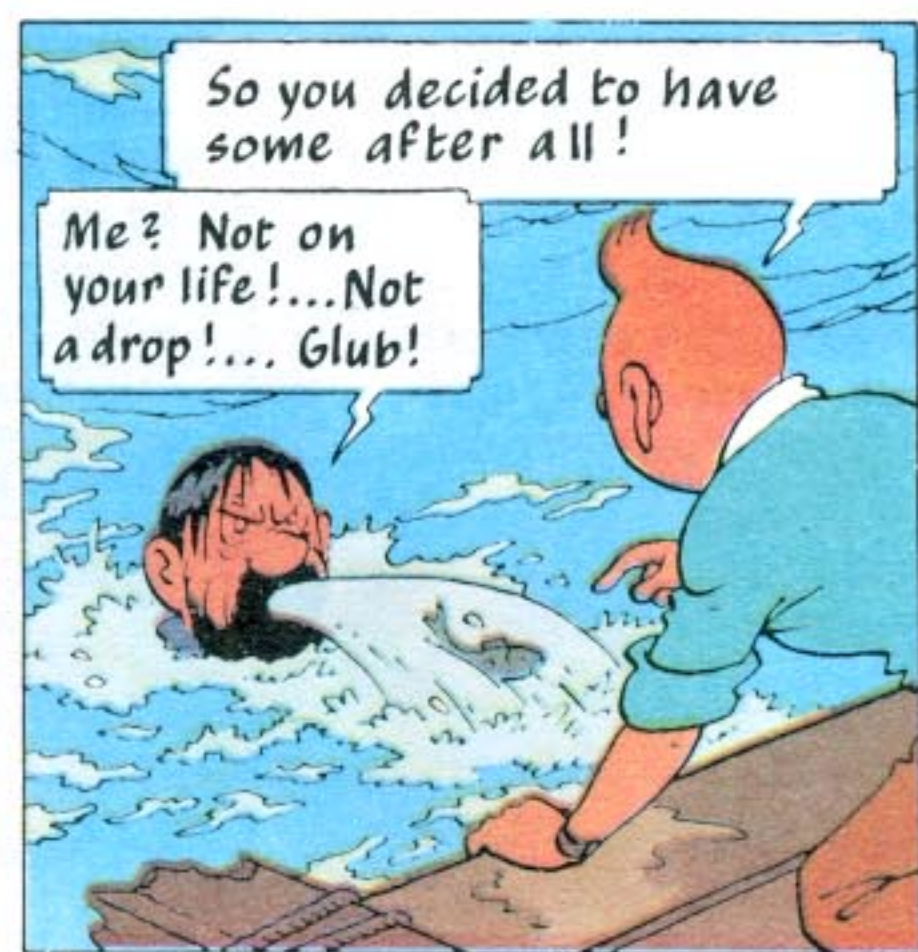
!



SPLOSH



Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!



So you decided to have some after all!

Me? Not on your life!... Not a drop!... Glub!



Oh! The ship! She no see us! ... She go! ...

Thundering typhoons! He's right!... She's getting further away. Who's the bath-tub admiral commanding that crew of landlubbers?

What now? How can we attract their attention?



I've an idea! Has anyone got a mirror?

A mirror? What on earth for?

Here...I have one.



You like comb too?

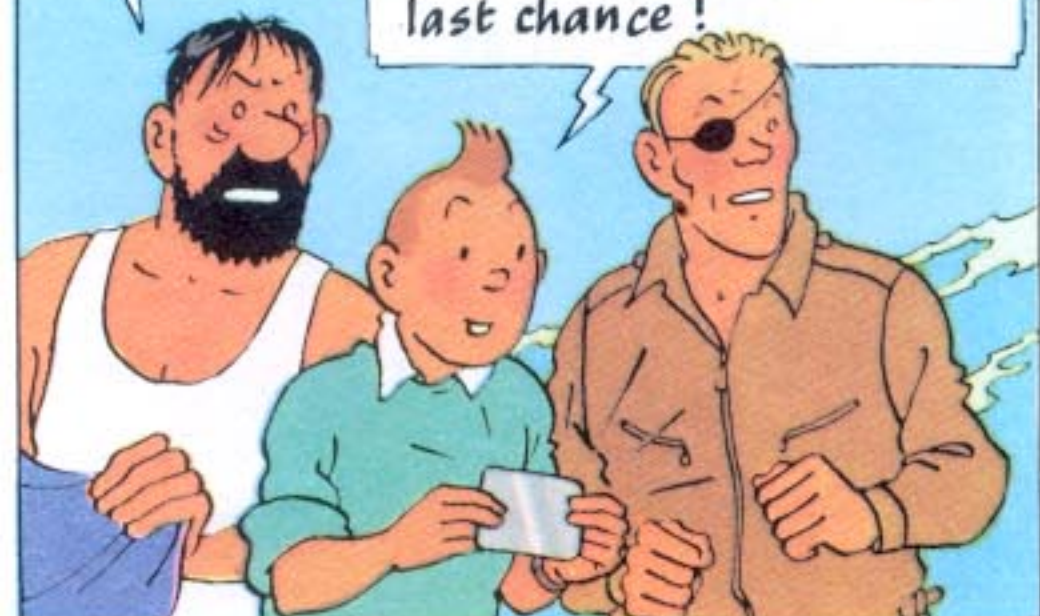
Well done, Tintin! I never thought of it!

No thanks, only the mirror.



Blistering barnacles, go on!... Flash the sunlight straight in their eyes; they'll see us in the end.

Let's hope so! It's our last chance!



Flashing light to starboard, sir



There, sir... Do you see it?

Yes, I see... A raft... with three men.



Hello?... Yes, Captain, go ahead... What? A raft with three shipwrecked sailors? By Lucifer...I...Wait, I'll come and see...Till then, not a word to my guests. I'm coming.



There, my lord... Do you see the signals they're making. Three of them, and a little dog.



By Lucifer!... Tintin and the bearded sailor...And a third ruffian!...But what about the message Mull Pasha just sent me?

Shall I alter course, sir?



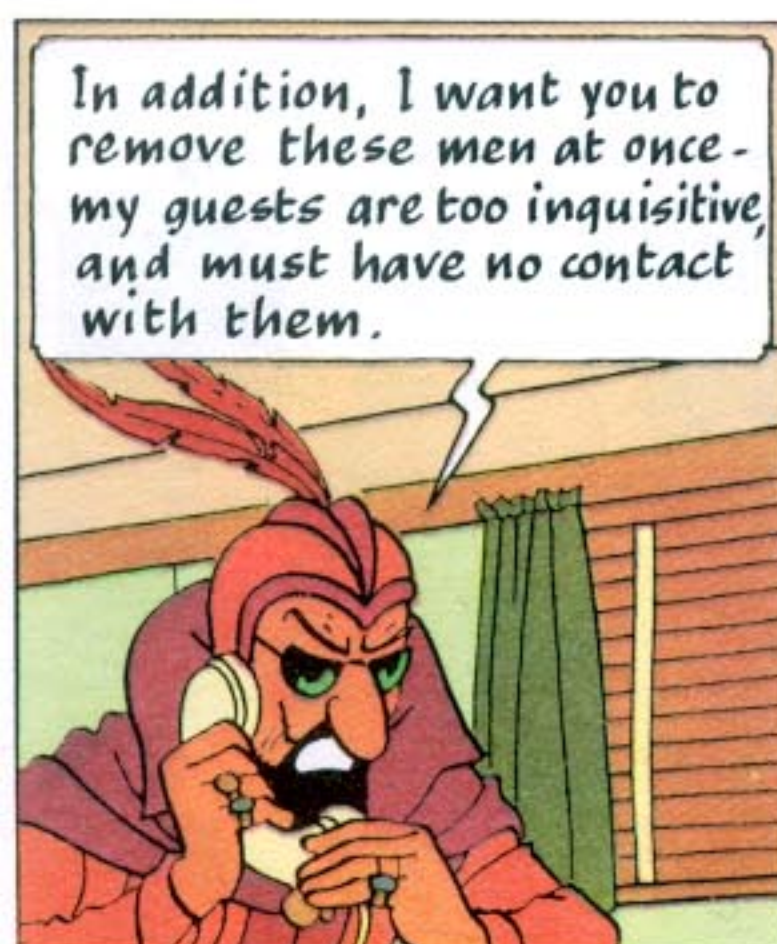
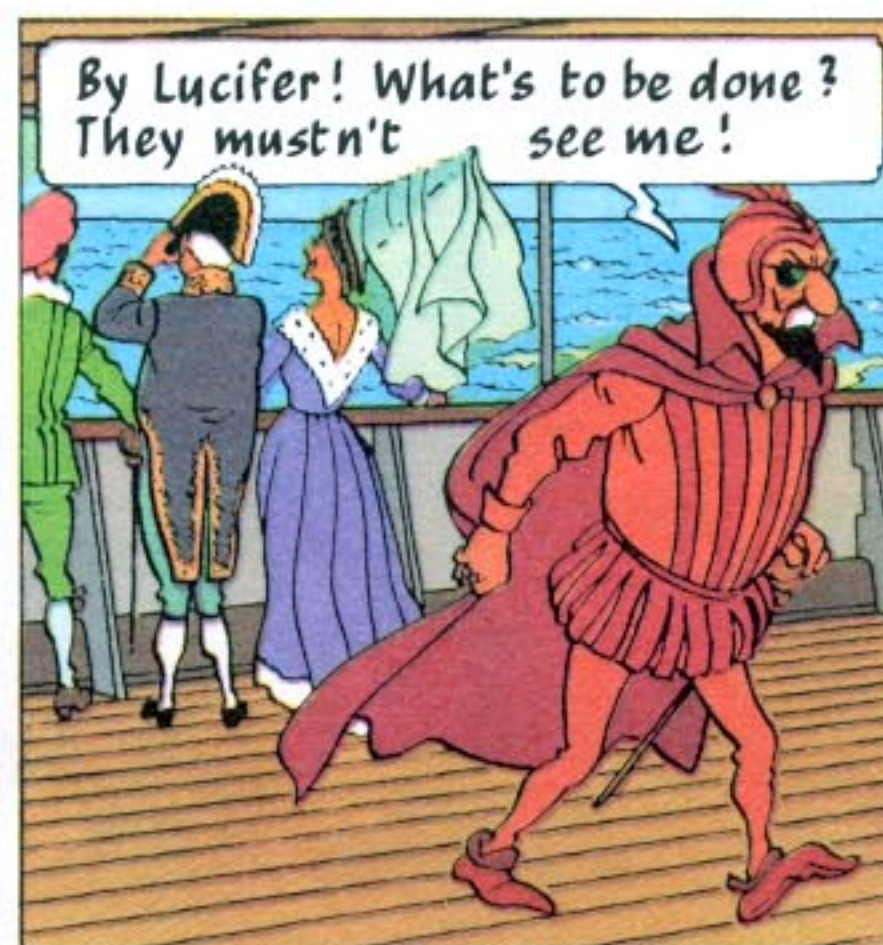
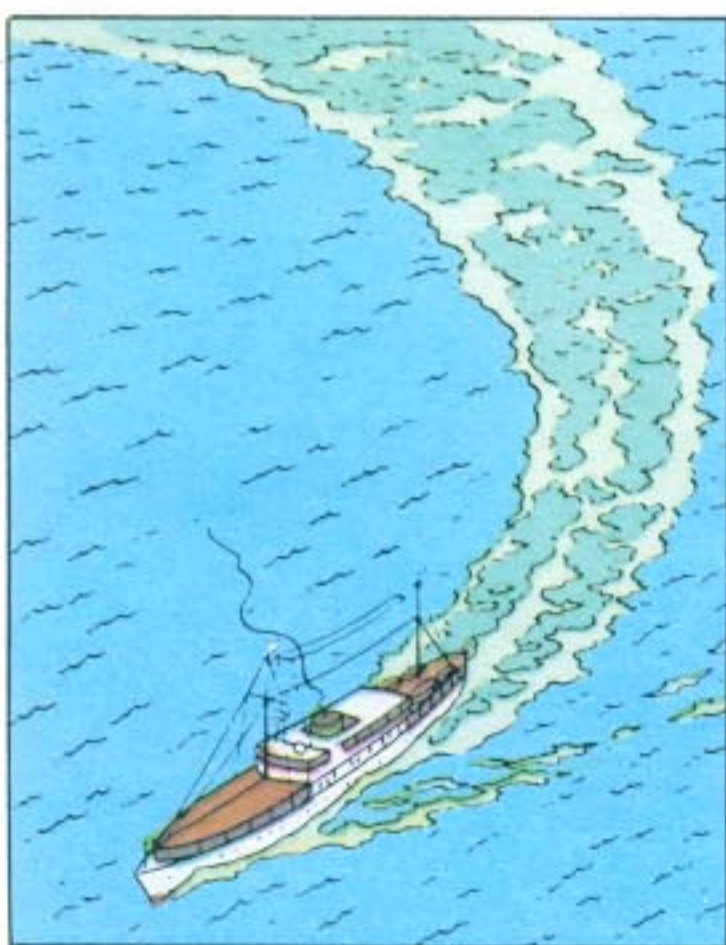
A waste of time... They're just some more of those practical jokers who drift across the ocean in a nut-shell...You know, it's the three all the newspapers wrote about...They don't need anything. Proceed on your course.

But my lord Marquis...

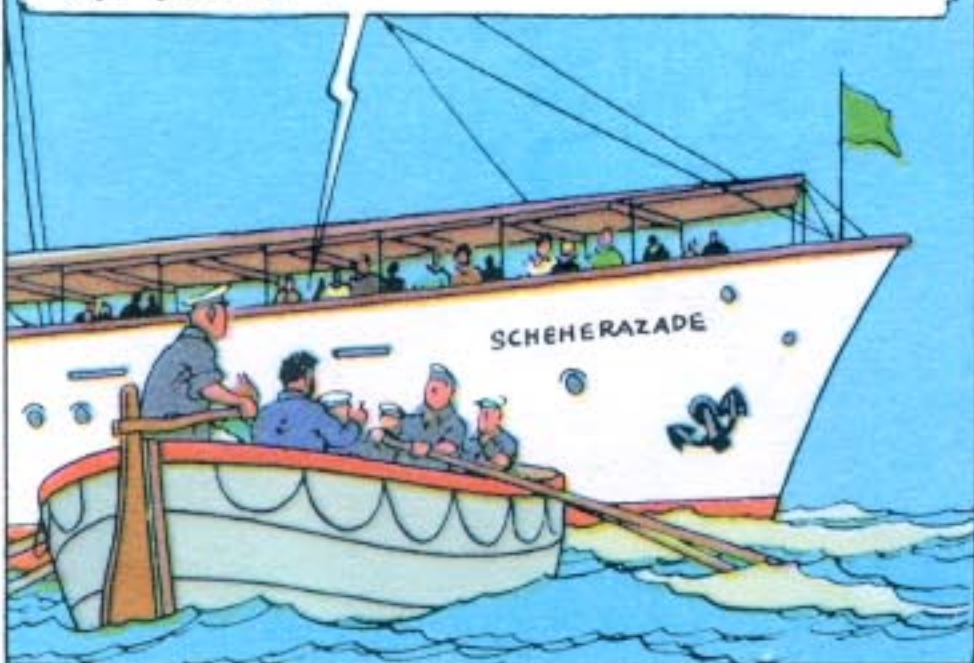


I said proceed... Fire and brimstone! Where should we be if we stopped for all the rag-tag-and-bobtail who put out to sea for fun!... Proceed... And not a word of this to the passengers... You understand?





Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



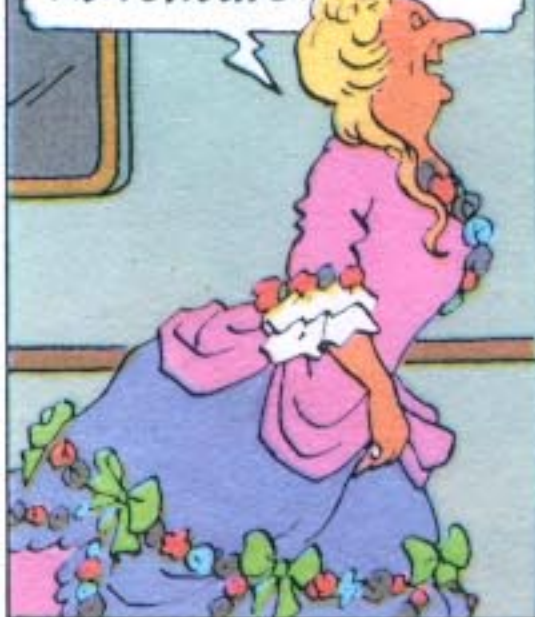
Almost ... A fancy-dress ball ... And what a bunch they are : high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nob.



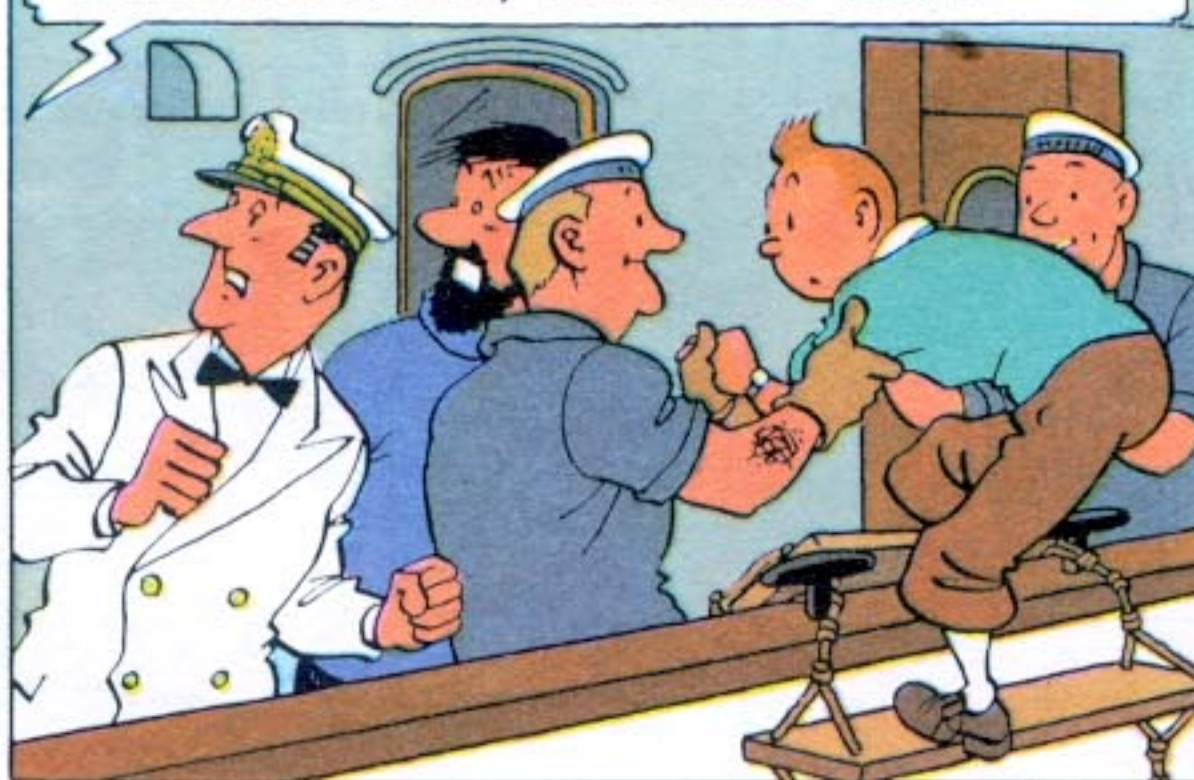
Per la Madonna! Can you believe it! ... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore! ... Run for it! What shall we do? ... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock ... er ... Harrock.

... n roll, Signora Castoroli, Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then ... there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later ...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca ...



... This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!



The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht! ... It's fantastic ... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin ... Up in the clouds again? ... Hey! Tintin!



They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Ramona". ...She's in these waters... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance.



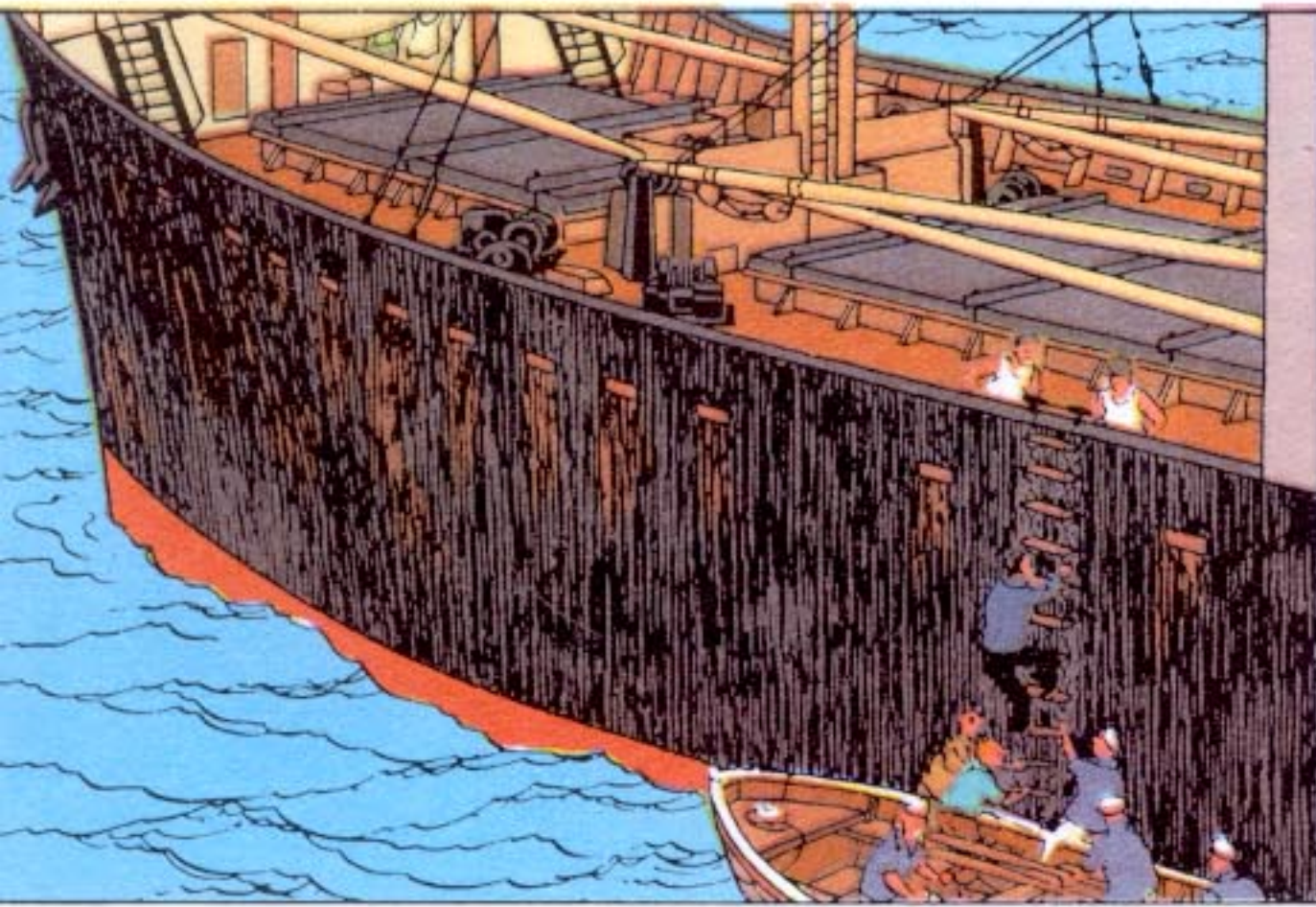
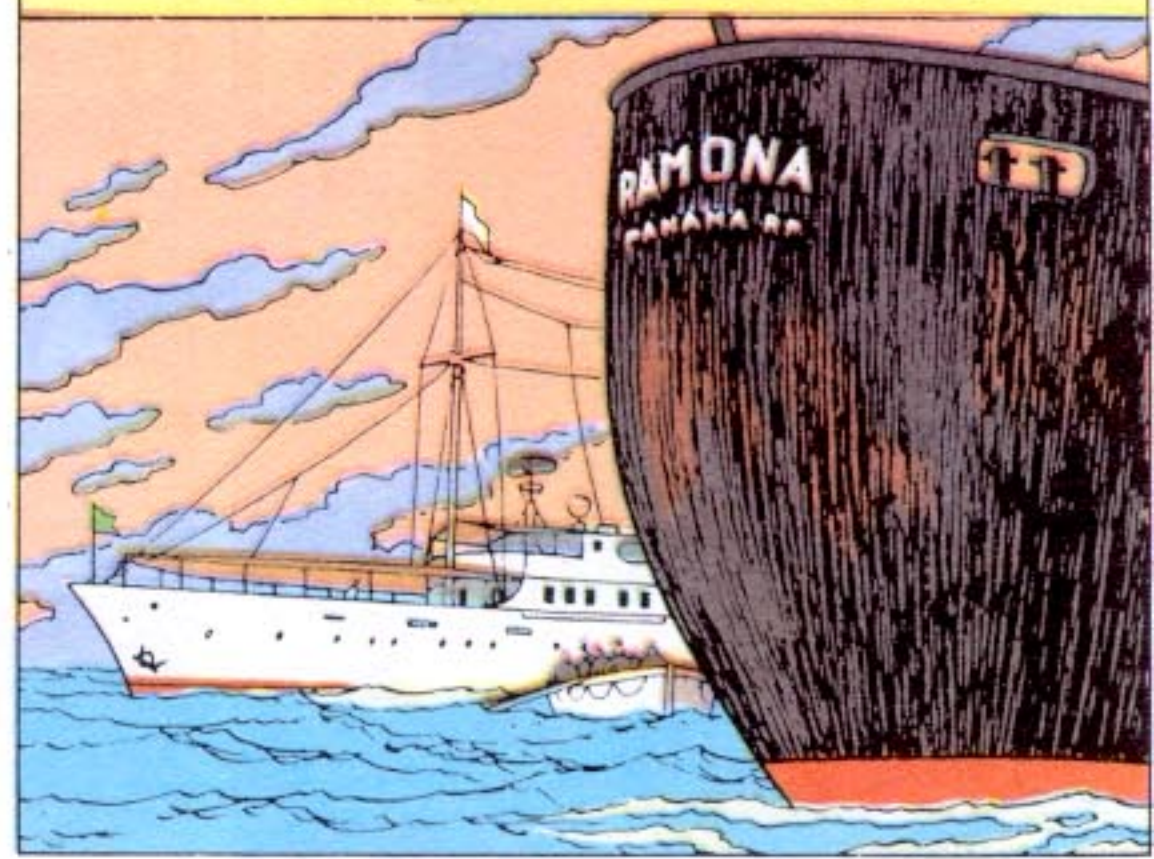
Next day at dawn...

Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchant-man bound for Mecca: just where you were making for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.

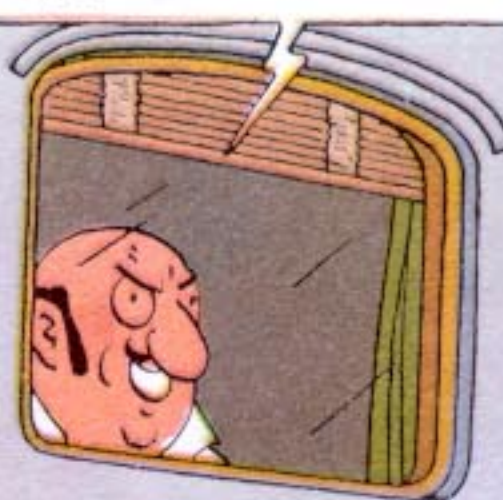


Er... I... What... Good, that's fine.

And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ah, this is the place for me: back aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: these are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean?



This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!



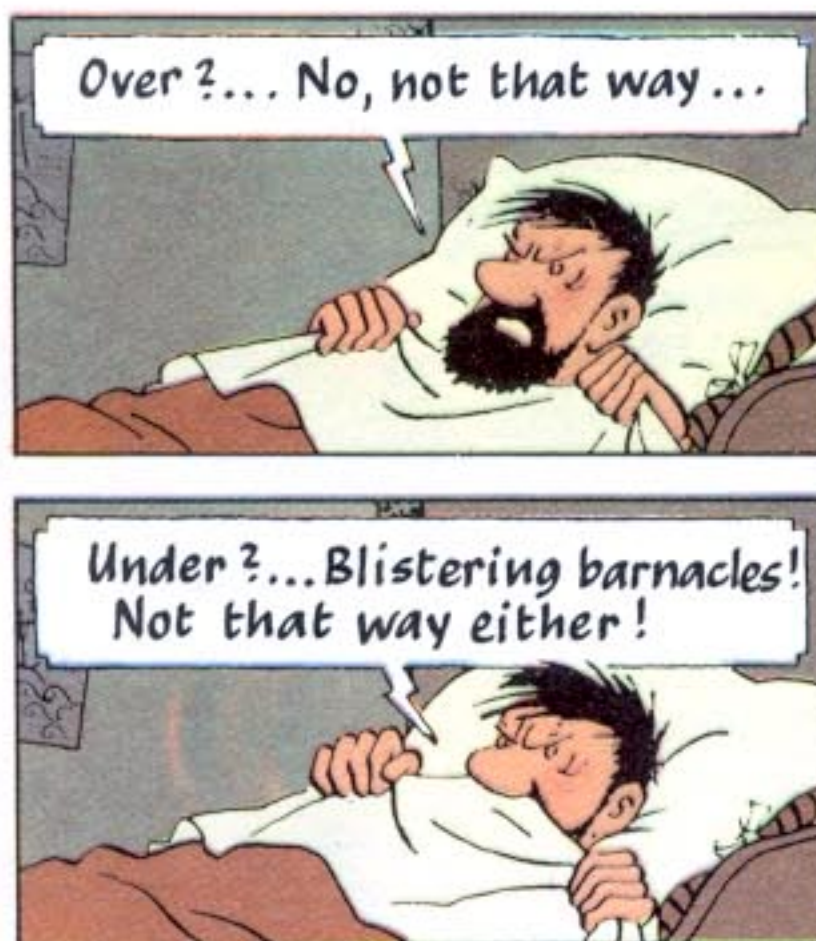
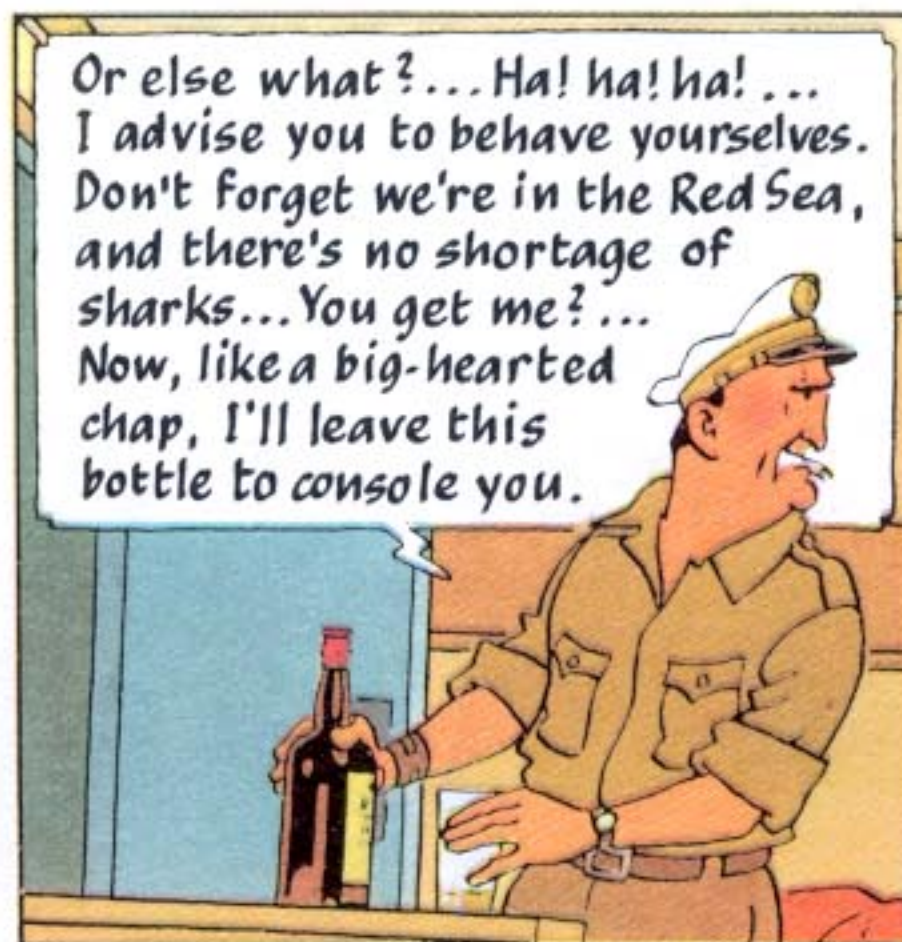
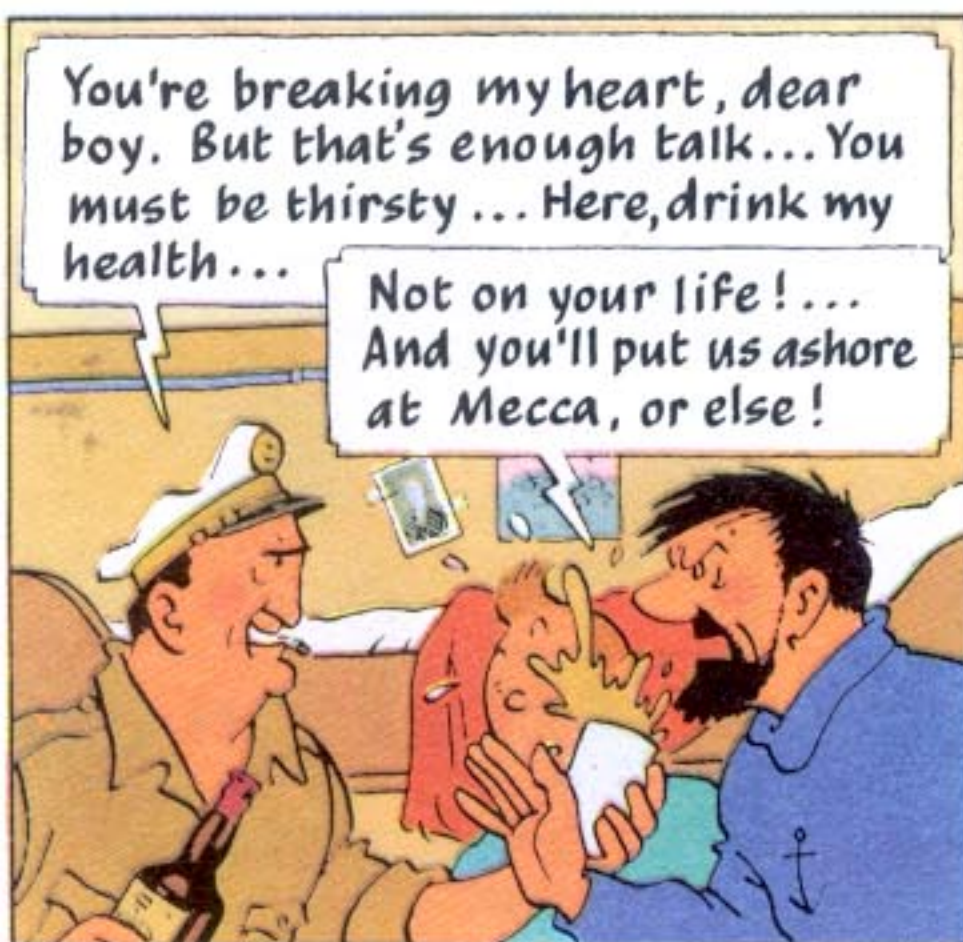
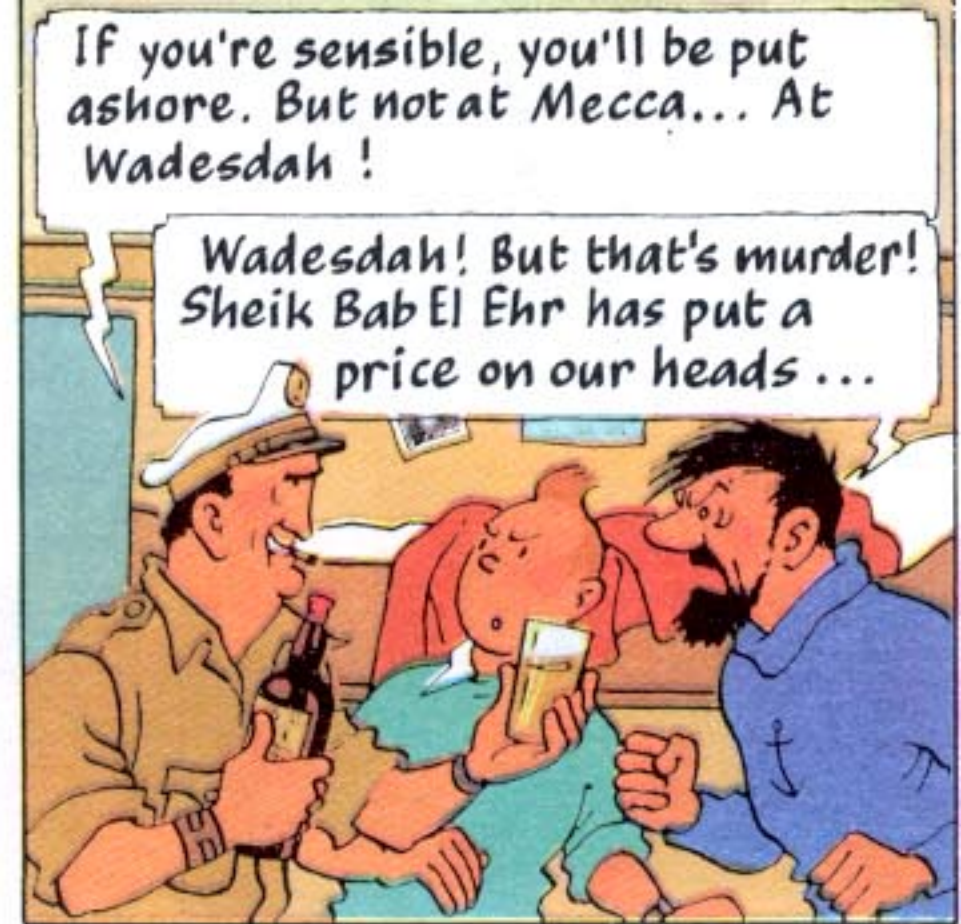
Open up! Thundering typhoons, open up! You ill-mannered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?

Allan!!







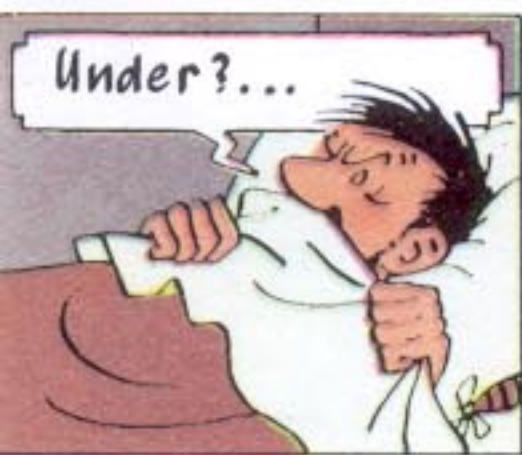
Over? ...



To Beelzebub with the bed-clothes! I'm too hot anyway!



There... That's the answer!



Under? ...



Now for some sleep ...at last.



BANG THUMP ★
This way! Hurry! **BANG CLOMP** ★
Into the boats!

There, I'm dreaming already!



Come on, Joe! ★
BANG

Hey, this is no dream!... Those shouts... that stampeding... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!



Show a leg, there!



?



Did... did you fall out of your bunk?

Where d'you think I came from?... Mars?... Blistering barnacles, get up!... I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!

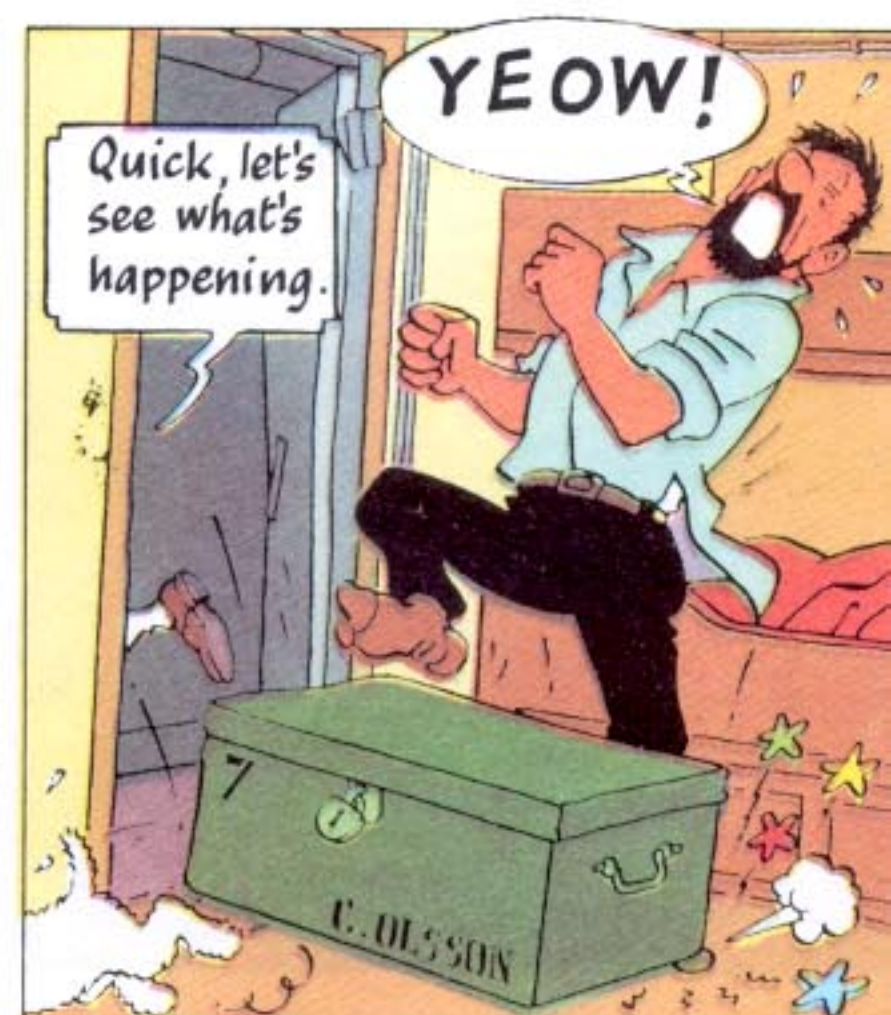


Open up, thundering typhoons!... Open up before I get violent!

Captain, this sea-chest. Let's try to force the door.



BUMP
BUMP
BUMP



YEOW!

Quick, let's see what's happening.



Hurry, Captain, hurry!



Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!



Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.



Wreckers!... Pirates! ... Filibusters!...Picaroons! Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!



Follow me... We'll probably find a raft up for'ard.
We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!



HEY! HELP! HELP!
EFFENDI! EFFENDI!
There's someone in the hold!... What the...?!



Who are you, below there?



We good black men... Want come out... No can breathe... We afraid ...



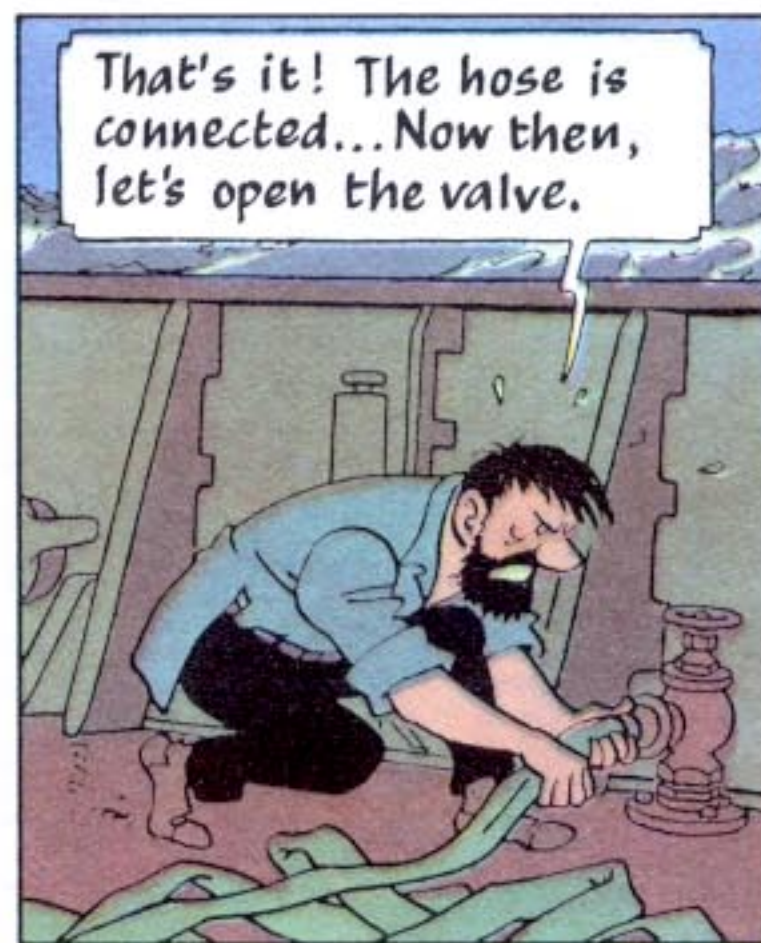
Negroes! A lot of them, too, I'd say... What shall we do, Captain? We can't just abandon them.
You're right. Come on.



We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!



Eighteen tons of high explosive and ammunition: it'll make a pretty fireworks display!



That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.



Blub... I... blub... I've got it, Cap... blub...

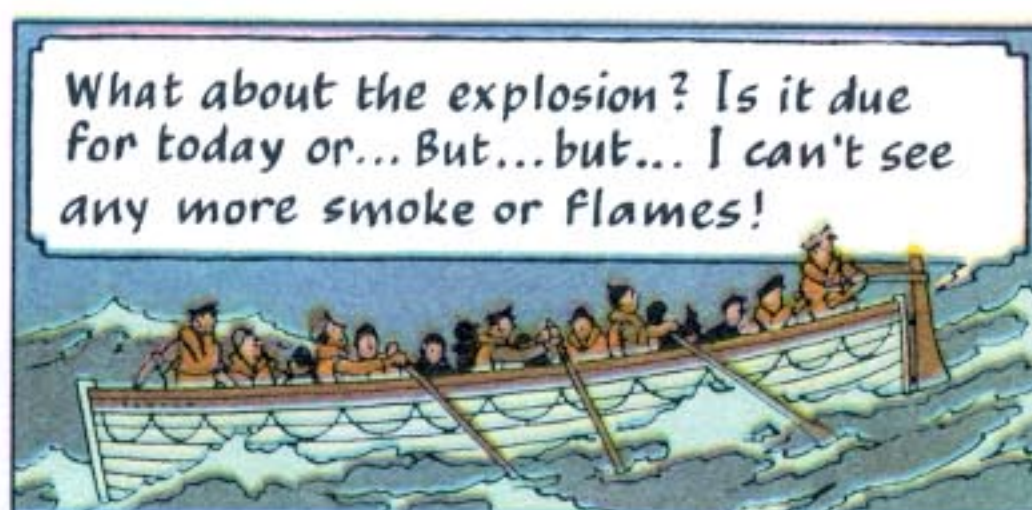
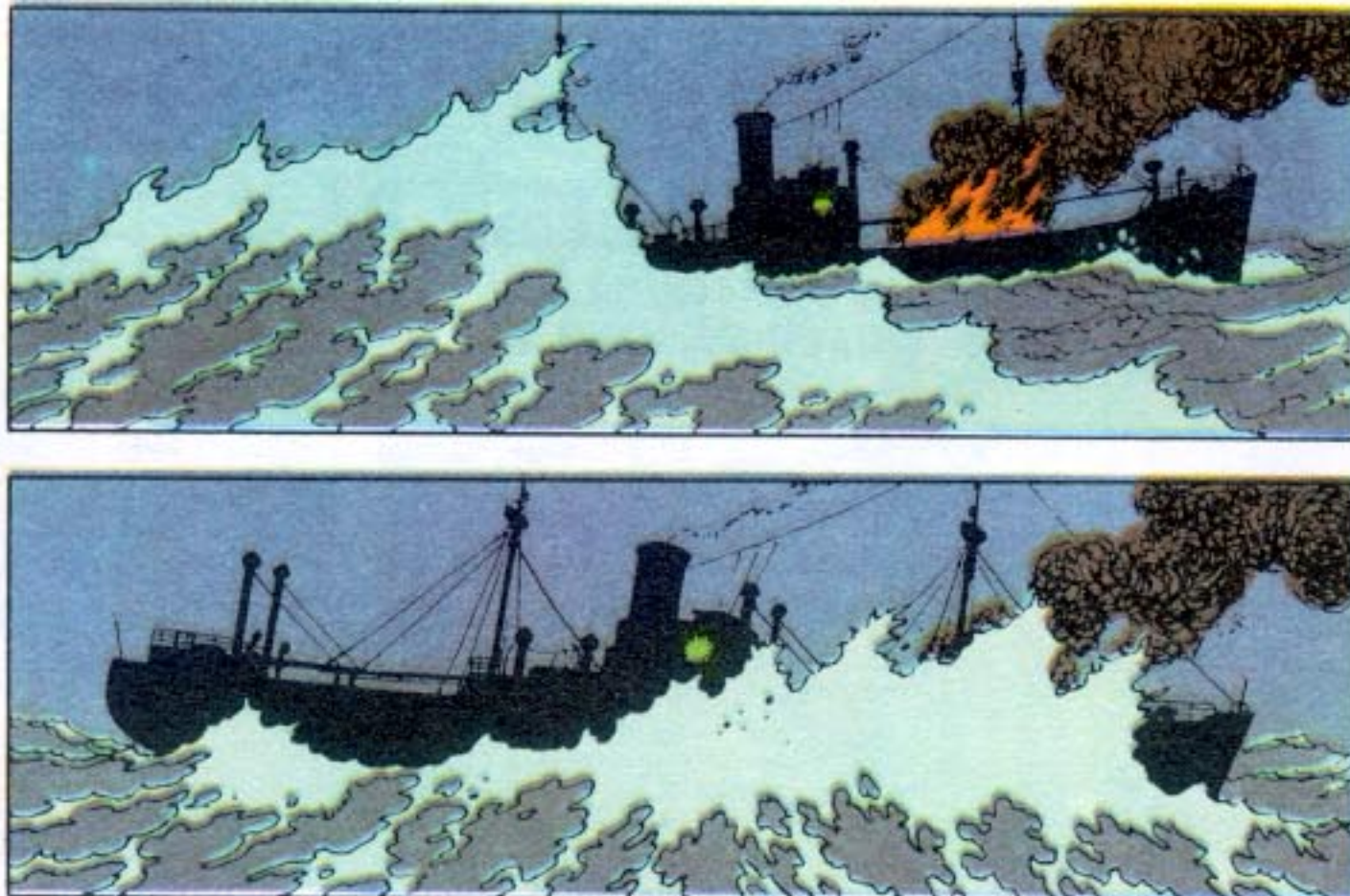


Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.





Let's hope this will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due for today or... But...but... I can't see any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The fire's gone out! Put her about boys. We're going back.



It... it's out... A huge wave... I was very nearly washed overboard ...



What luck!...Now for those poor fellows below, Captain.

You're right, but first of all ...



... I'm going to try to restart the engines. You go up on the bridge and take the wheel.



Half an hour later...

By thunder!...The "Ramona" is drawing away!...Someone has got her engines going!

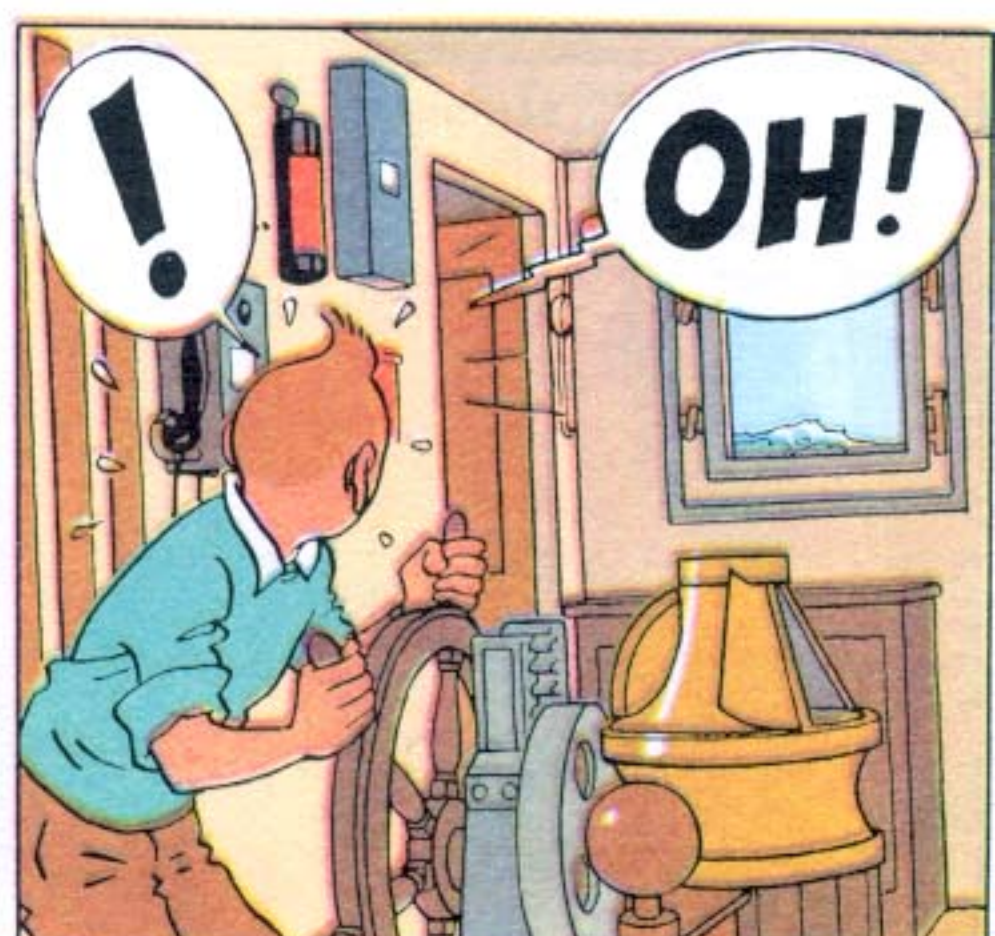


Phew! that was no joke, alone; but she's under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain...And now for the Negroes.



There's something more urgent: to send out a distress call by radio.



!

OH!



Look !

Skut!...
Dead?

No, he's alive... See, he's
coming round.

Skut! Skut, old man,
say something!
What happened?



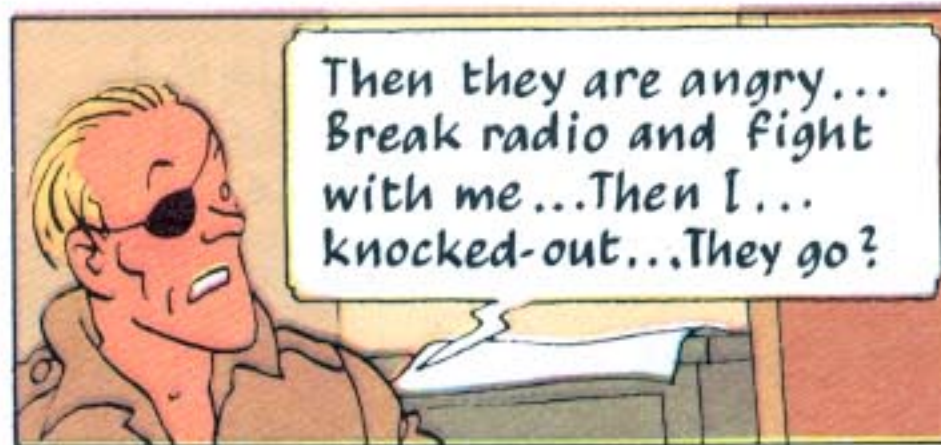
You escape! Hurry!... Hurry!...
The fire!... Ship full of ammunition!
... Hurry before explosion...

Ammunition! The pirates!
... That's why they
deserted like rats...



Don't worry, Skut: the fire's out.
There's no more danger... But
what about you? What happened?

They wake me, to go with
them... Without you... I refuse
... I want to...er... wake you
... and send radio signal.



Then they are angry...
Break radio and fight
with me... Then I...
knocked-out... They go?



Yes, they abandoned us,
the iconoclasts. So here
we are alone on board,
with a crowd of Negroes
in the hold.



You like... I
can help you.
... Repair
radio, perhaps,
send S.O.S.
...

Good idea... Do
that... I'm going
to make sure
there's no
further danger.



A little later...

No more need to
worry, youngster:
the fire is right
out.



Now I'll take care of
those Negroes. First,
to let them out...



Save
poor
Muslim!

Me ill.
Me dying.

All right!
I'm com-
ing now!



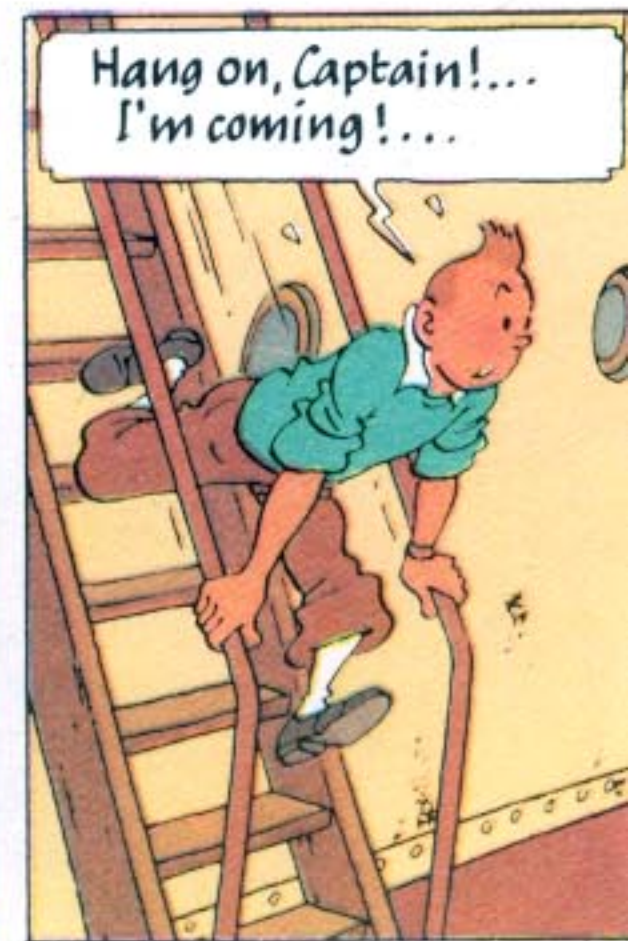
Hey there!... Let go
of me!!... **HELP,
TINTIN!... HELP!**



Troglodytes!... Sea-gher-
kins!... Pickled herrings!
Leave me alone!



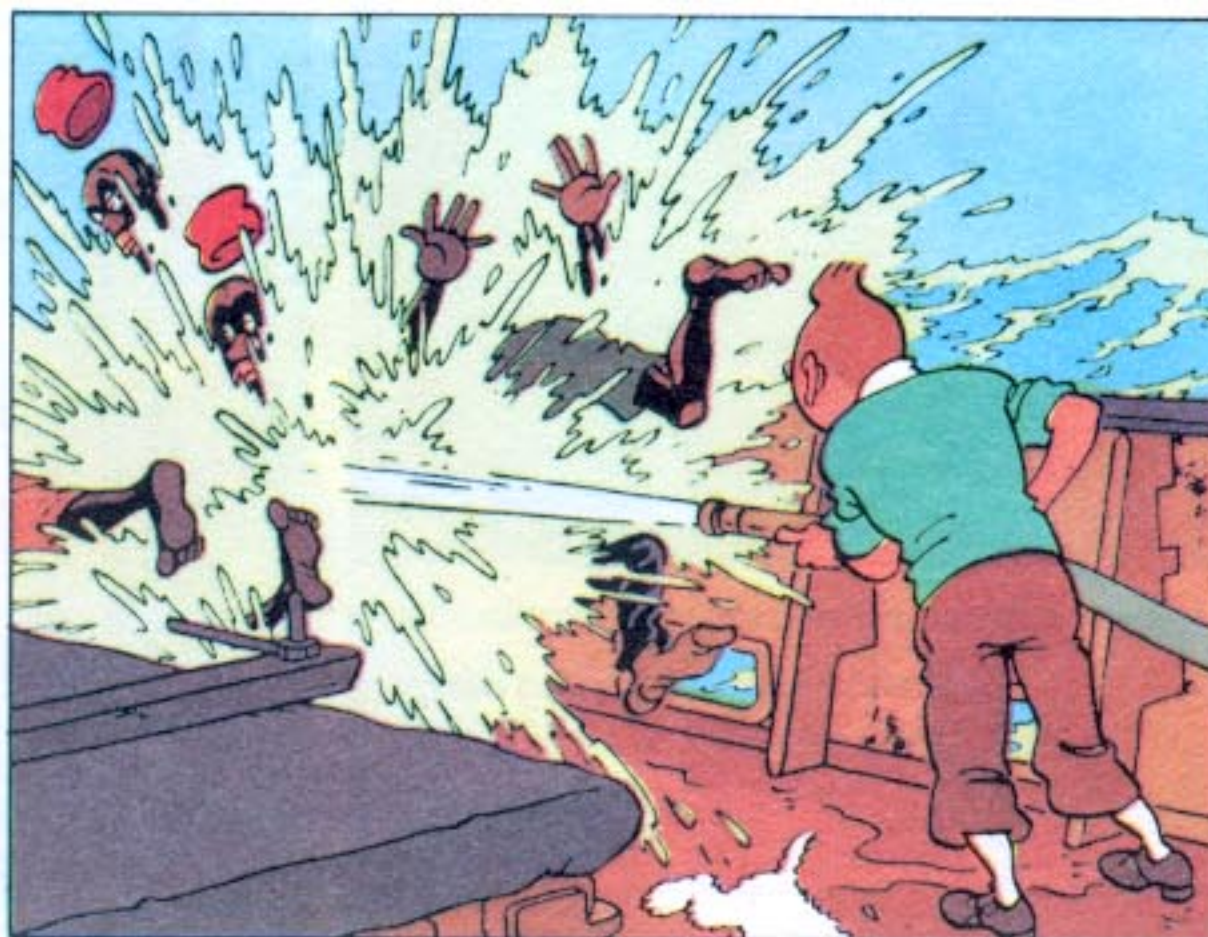
Back, visigoths!...
Back, anacoluthons!



Hang on, Captain!...
I'm coming!...

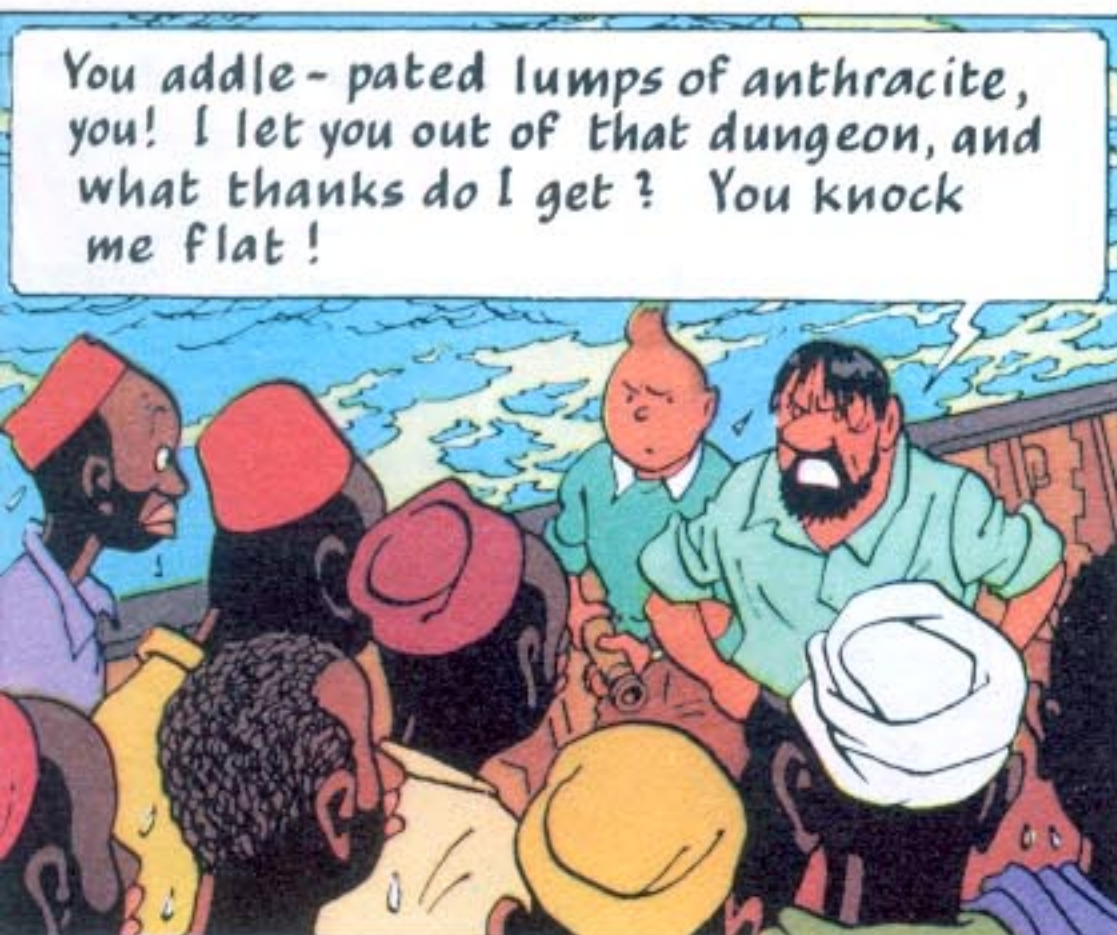


All right ! I'm here !

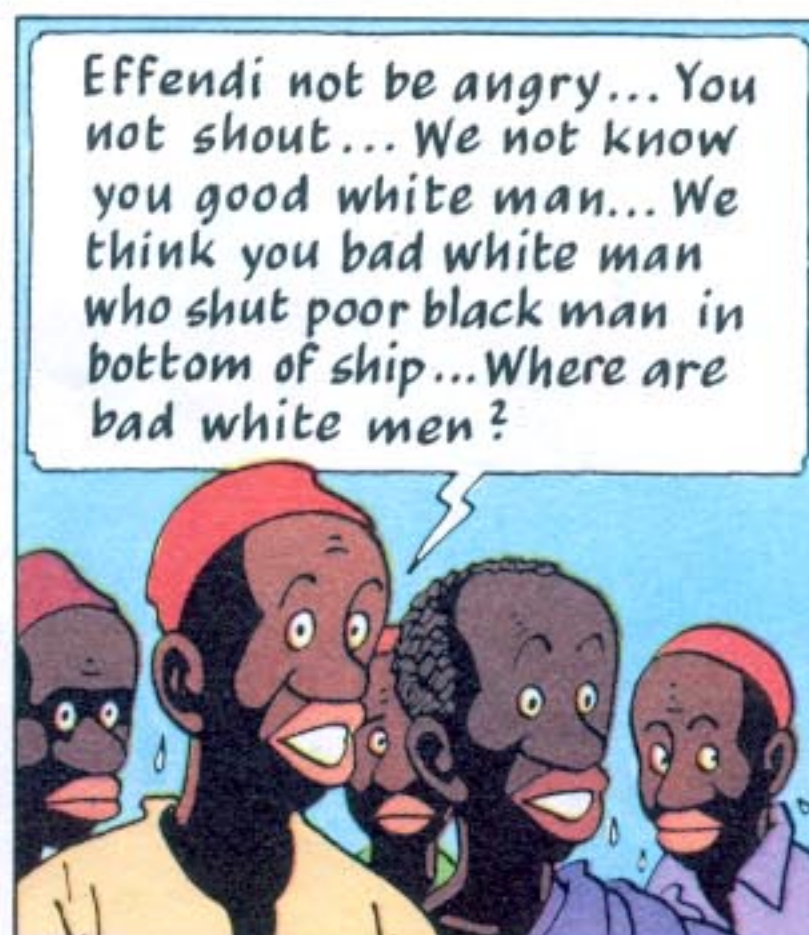


So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

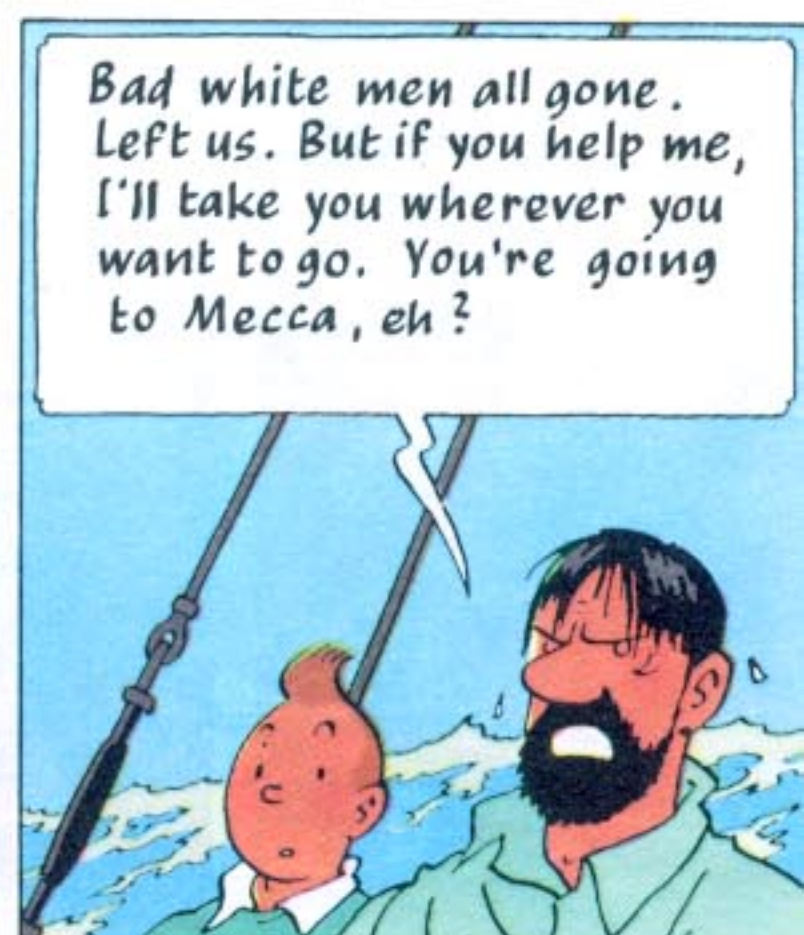
Please don't worry: I'm getting used to it !



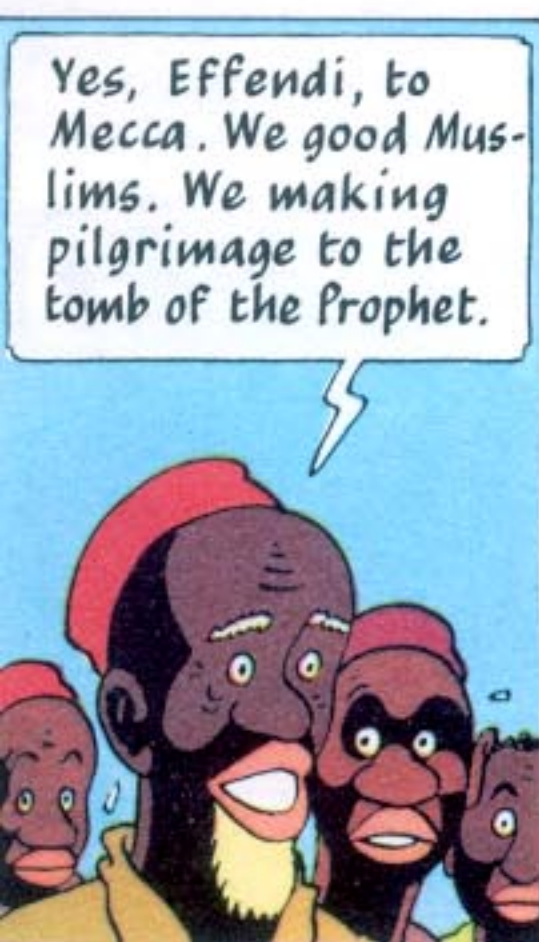
You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



Effendi not be angry... You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white men?



Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca...on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.

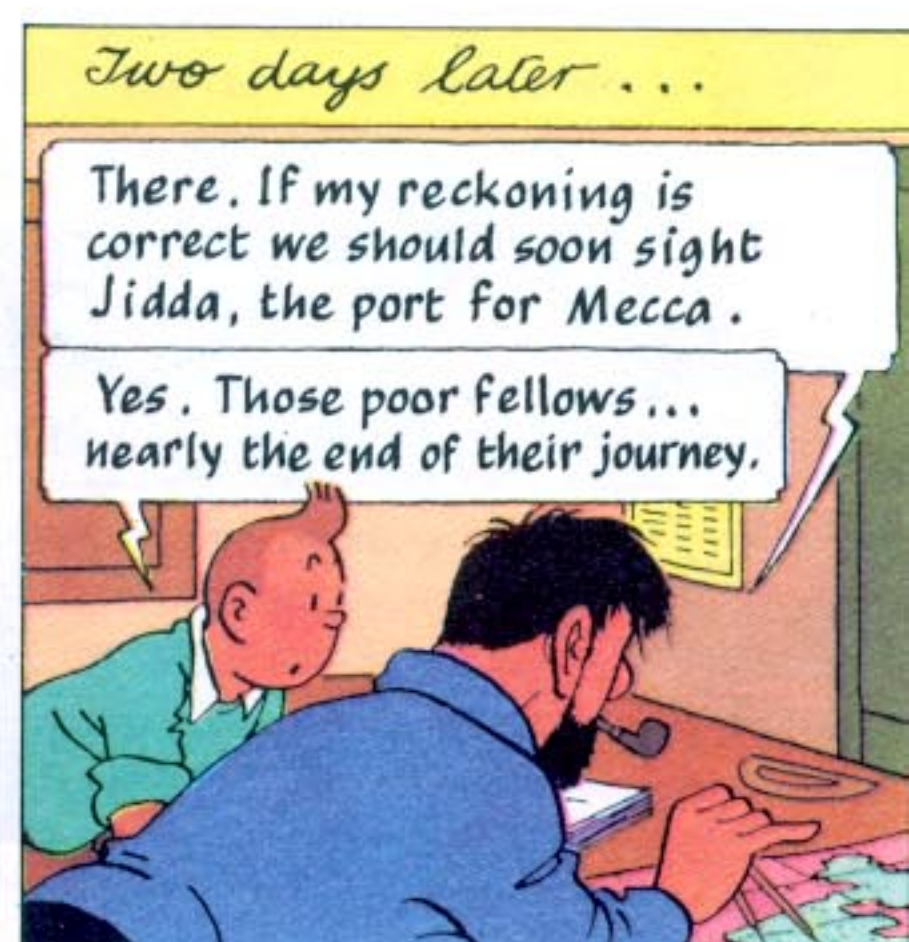


Me, Effendi...

Me...

Me...

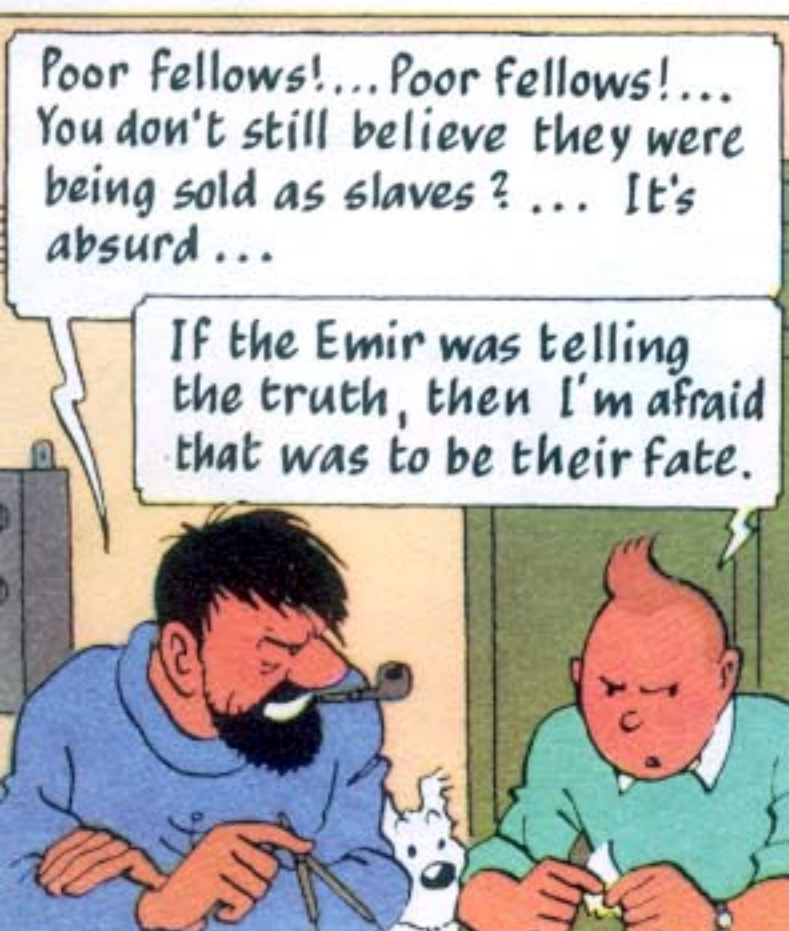
Me, Effendi...



Two days later...

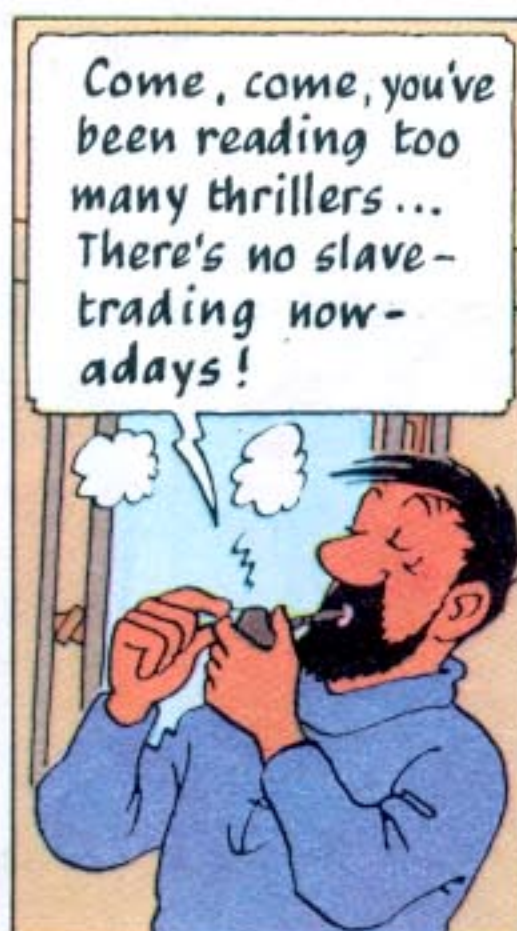
There. If my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Jidda, the port for Mecca.

Yes. Those poor fellows... nearly the end of their journey.



Poor fellows!... Poor fellows!... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd...

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.



Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!



Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any...any coke?... But...

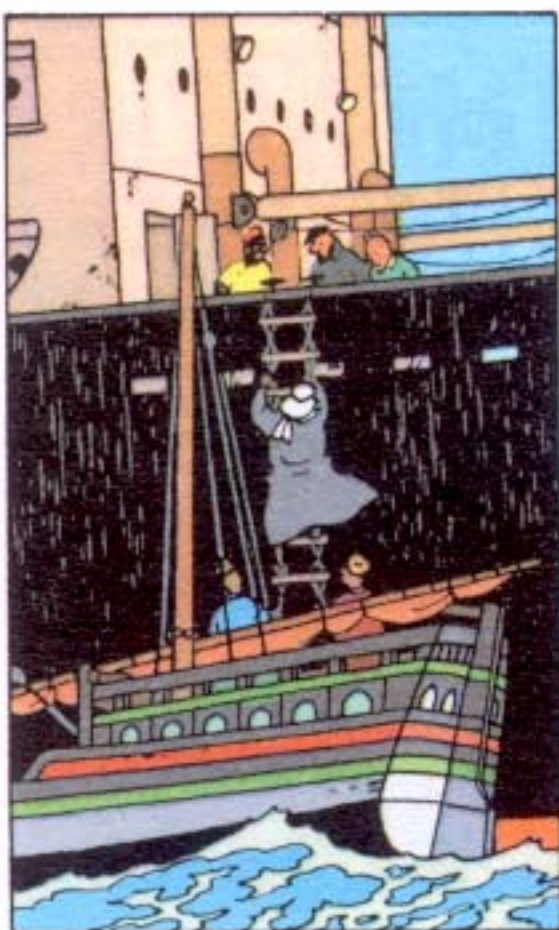


Effendi! Effendi! You come look!... Ship coming to us...

So it is! A sambuk ...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?

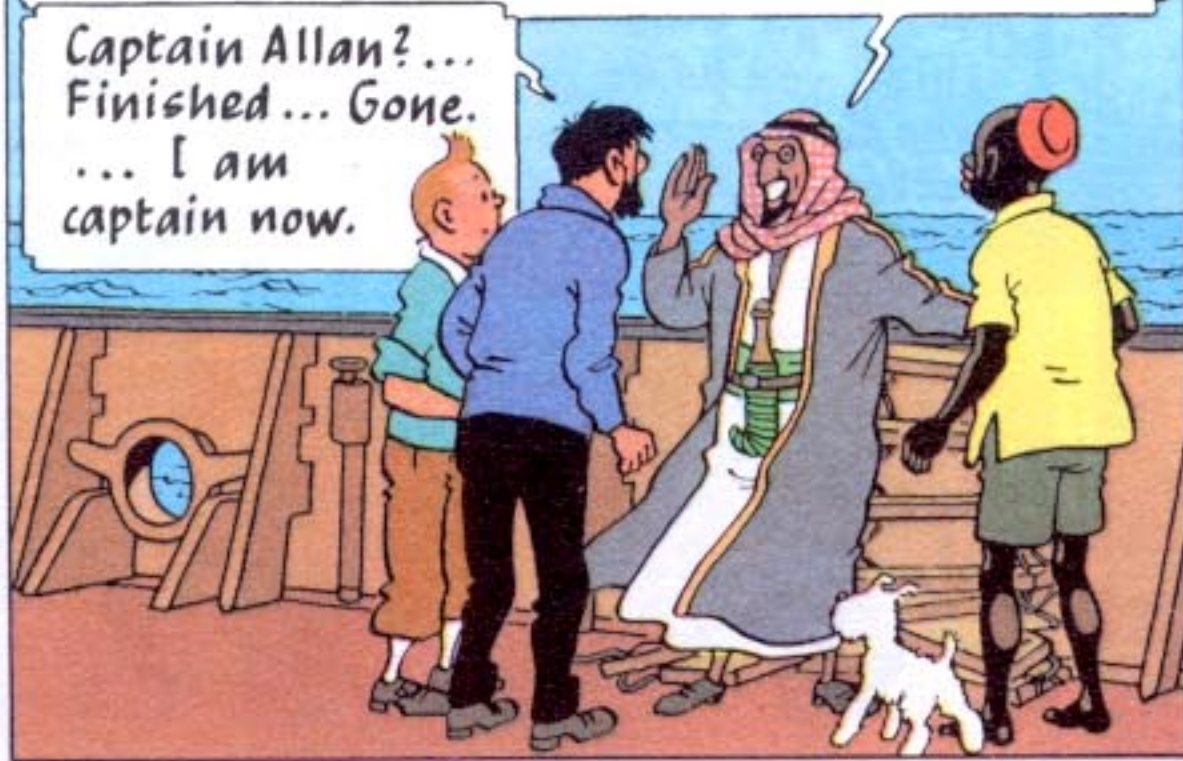


How odd... he's signal-
ling to us... We'll heave
to, and see what he
wants...



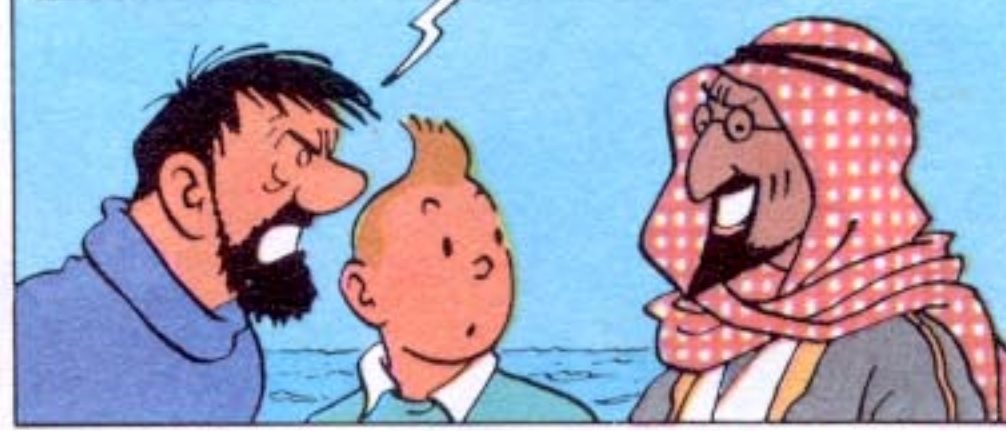
Salaams, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there?

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone.
... I am
captain now.

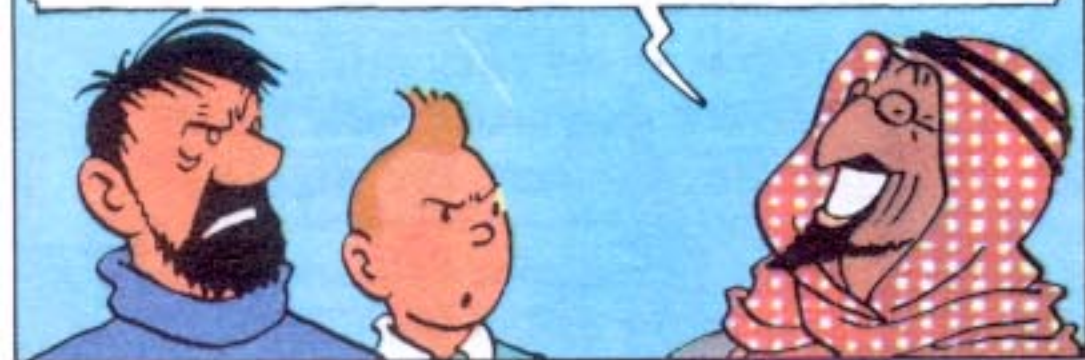


Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke?? Again? Blistering
barnacles, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
typhoons, there's no coke on board!



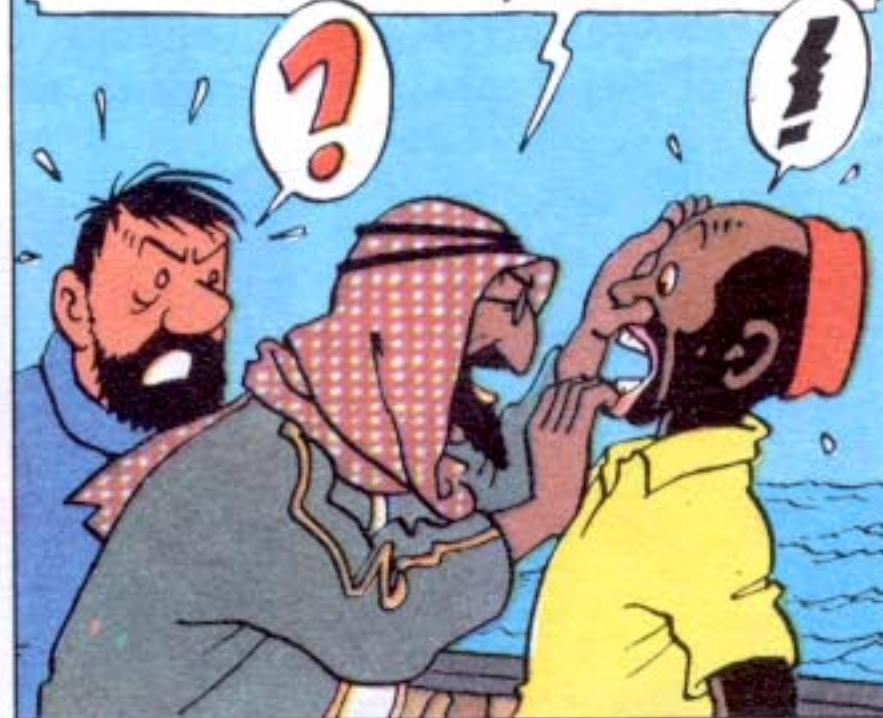
No coke on board! ... Ha! ha! ha!



Hmm... Yes... Strong muscles
... you'll do...



And teeth?... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound...



Come here, you.

Yes,
Effendi.



Here, have you quite finished play-
ing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave ...

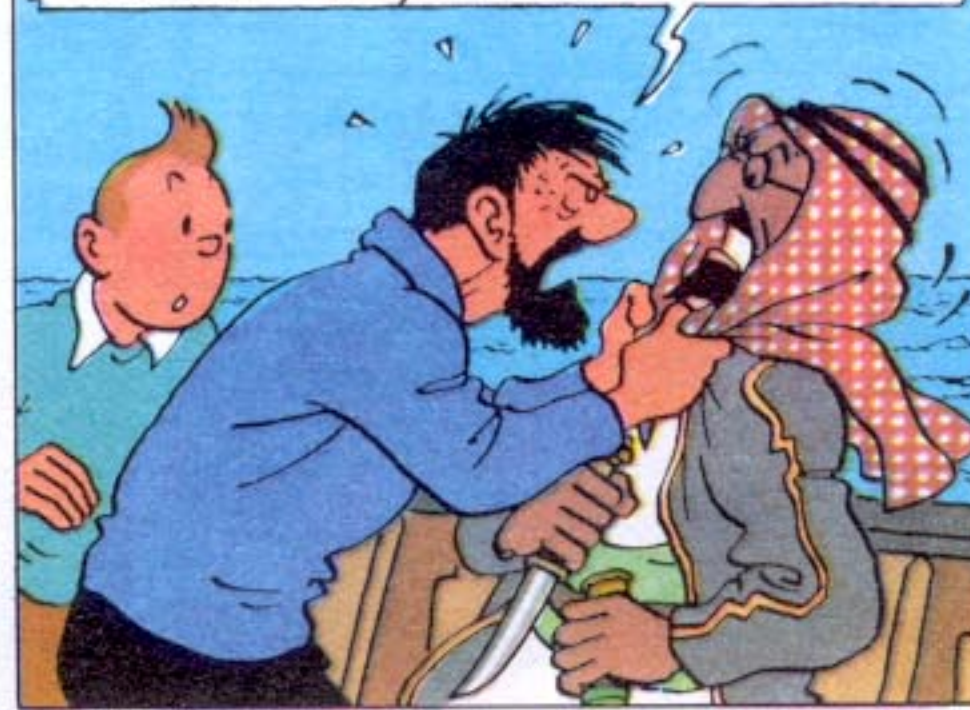
Ssh!... You mustn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.



Coke!!... Blistering barnacles!
... Tintin was right! There
still are slave-traders... And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the mizzen yardarm!

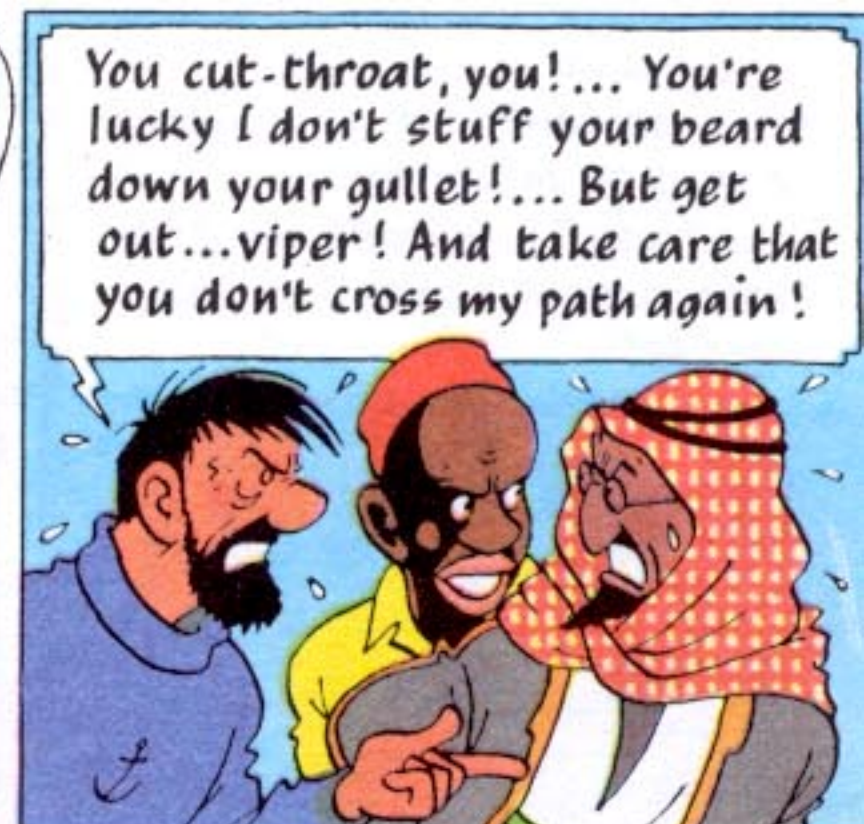




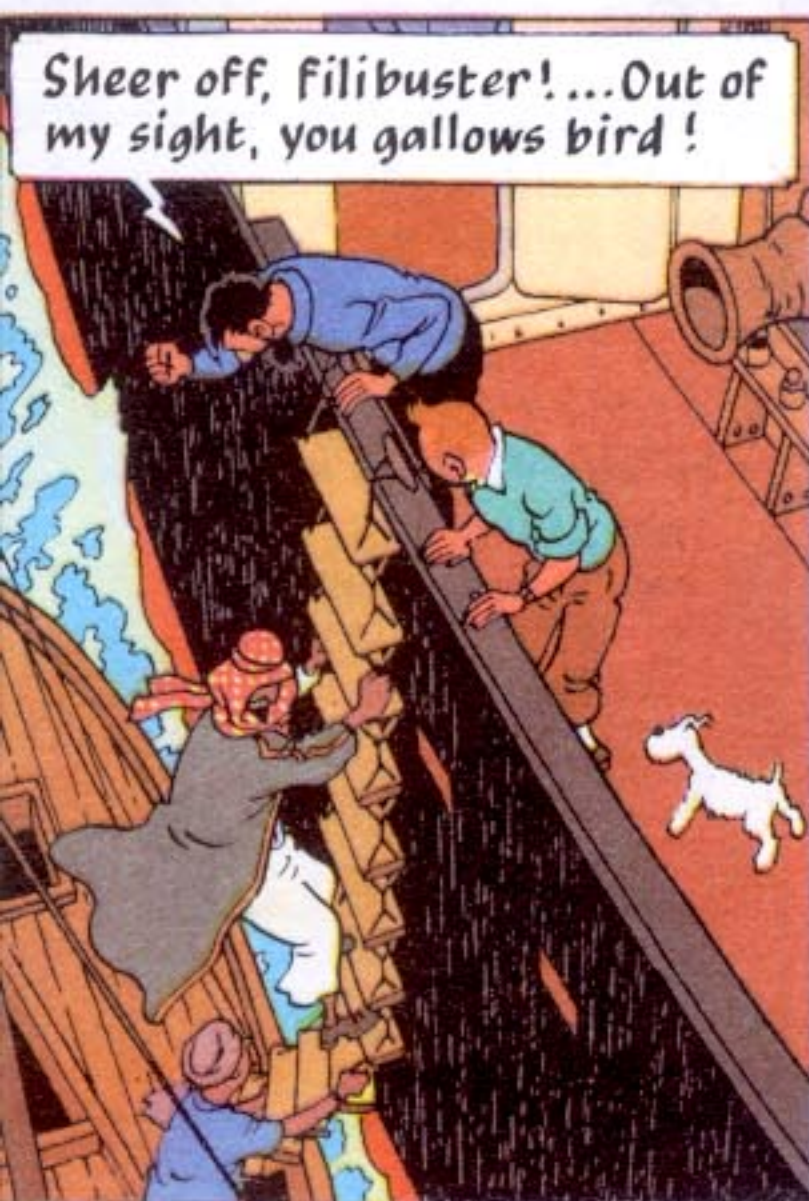
LOOKOUT!



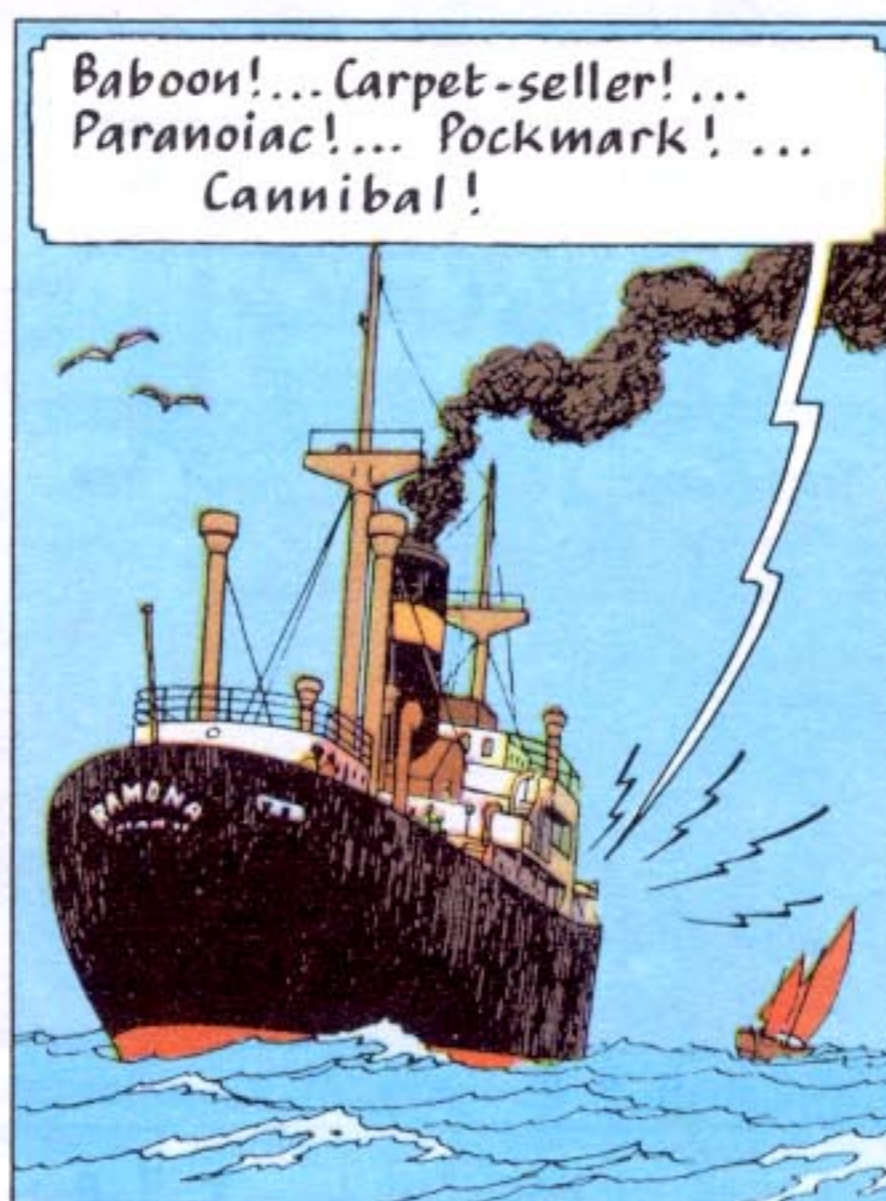
ZZINNG



You cut-throat, you! ... You're lucky I don't stuff your beard down your gullet! ... But get out... viper! And take care that you don't cross my path again!



Sheer off, filibuster! ... Out of my sight, you gallows bird!



Baboon! ... Carpet-seller! ... Paranoiac! ... Pockmark! ... Cannibal!



Duck-billed platypus! ... Jellied-eel! ... Bashi-bazouk! ... Anthropophagus! ... Cercopithecus! ... Psychopath! ... Er...

No good, Captain. He's too far away now...

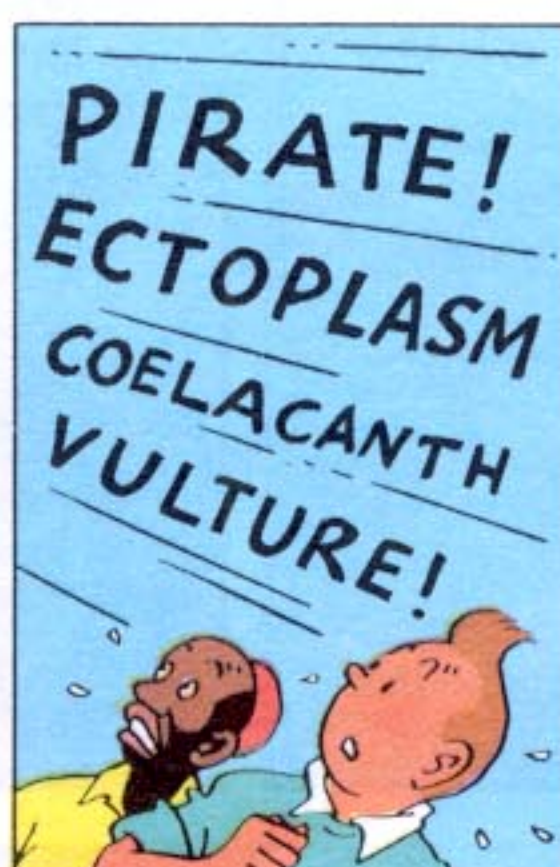


That's what you think! He hasn't heard the last of me!



Where now?

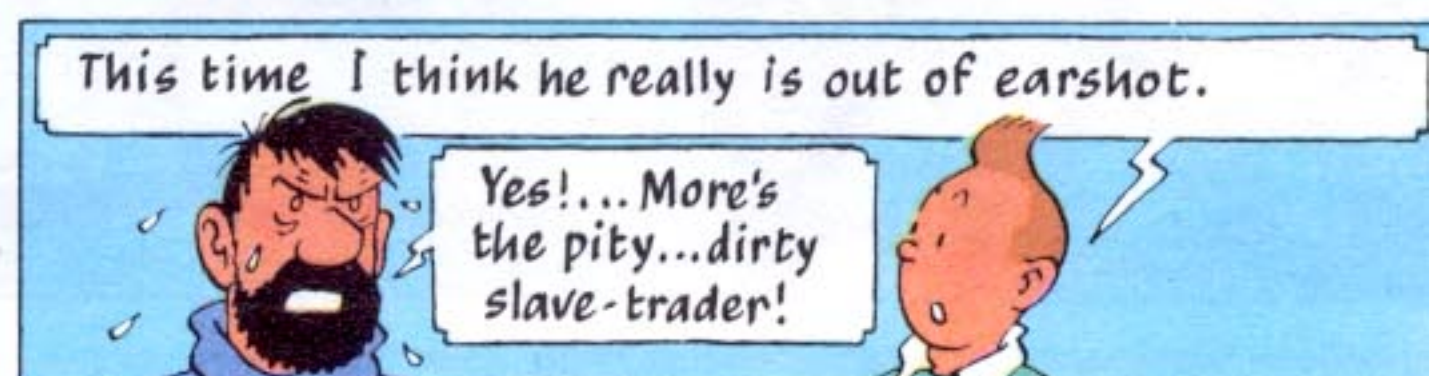
On to the bridge.



PIRATE!
ECTOPLASM
COELACANTH
VULTURE!



BODY-SNATCHER!
OSTROGOTH!
VANDAL!



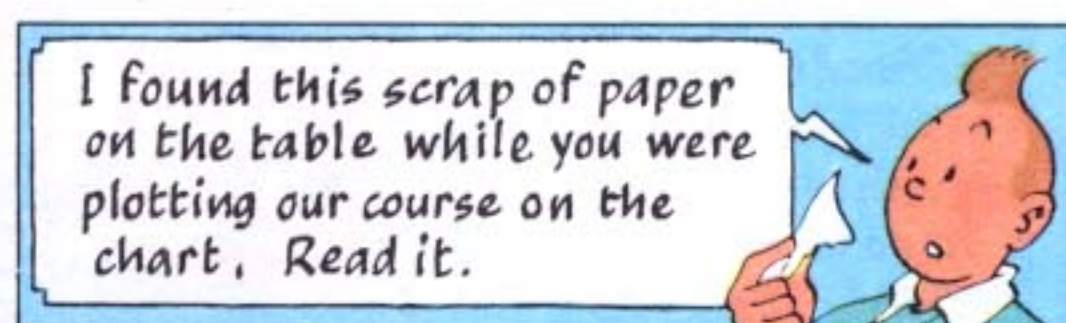
This time I think he really is out of earshot.

Yes! ... More's the pity... dirty slave-trader!

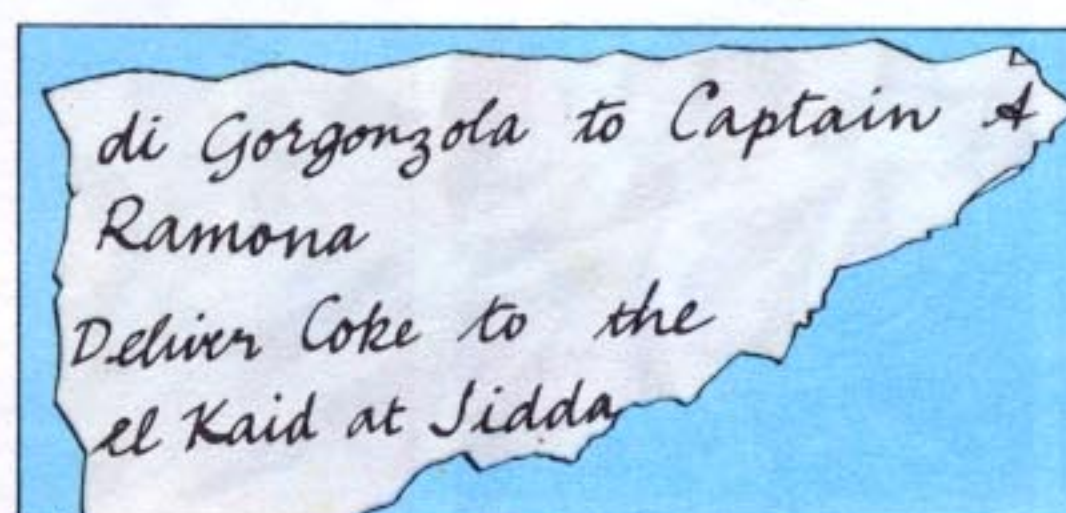


By the way... How did you tumble to the word "coke"?

I'll show you.



I found this scrap of paper on the table while you were plotting our course on the chart. Read it.



di Gorgonzola to Captain & Ramona
Deliver Coke to the
el Kaid at Jidda



By the beard of the Prophet, the dog will pay dearly for this!

A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca

Agreed...Then we must try to send out a radio call...



Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

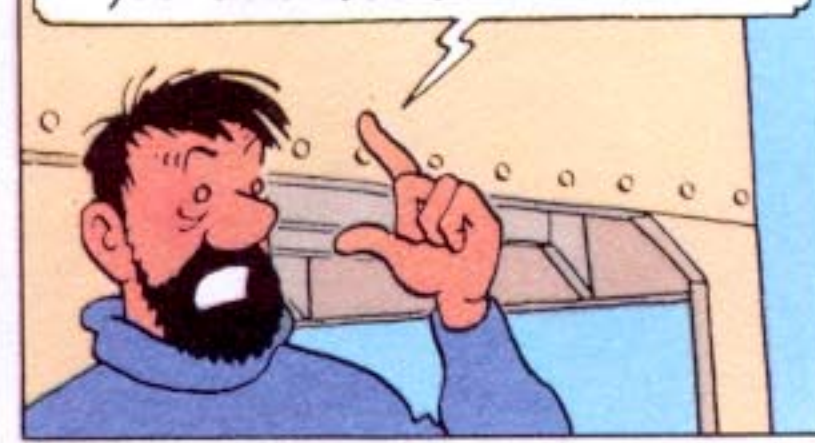
Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.



I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?

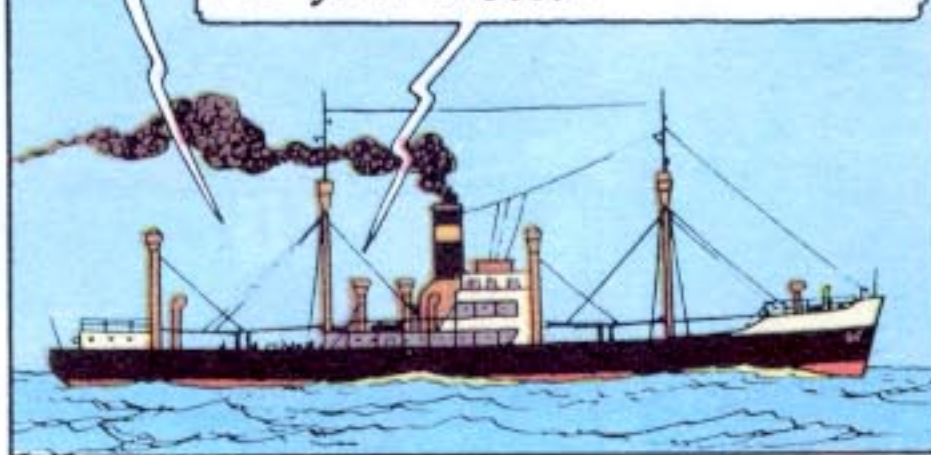


You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



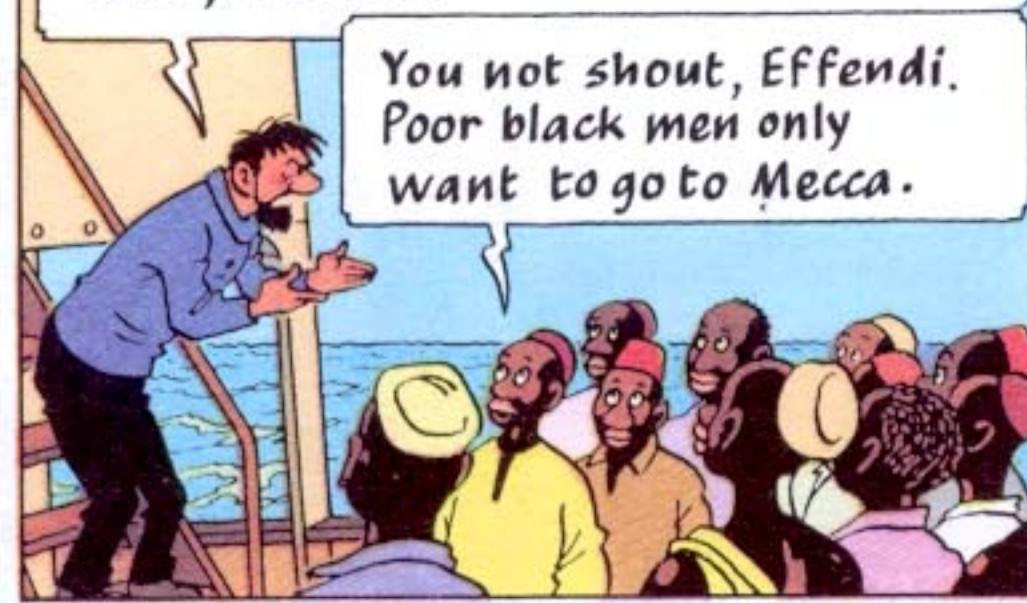
Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!



We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing!... I've tried the lot!... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all!... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!





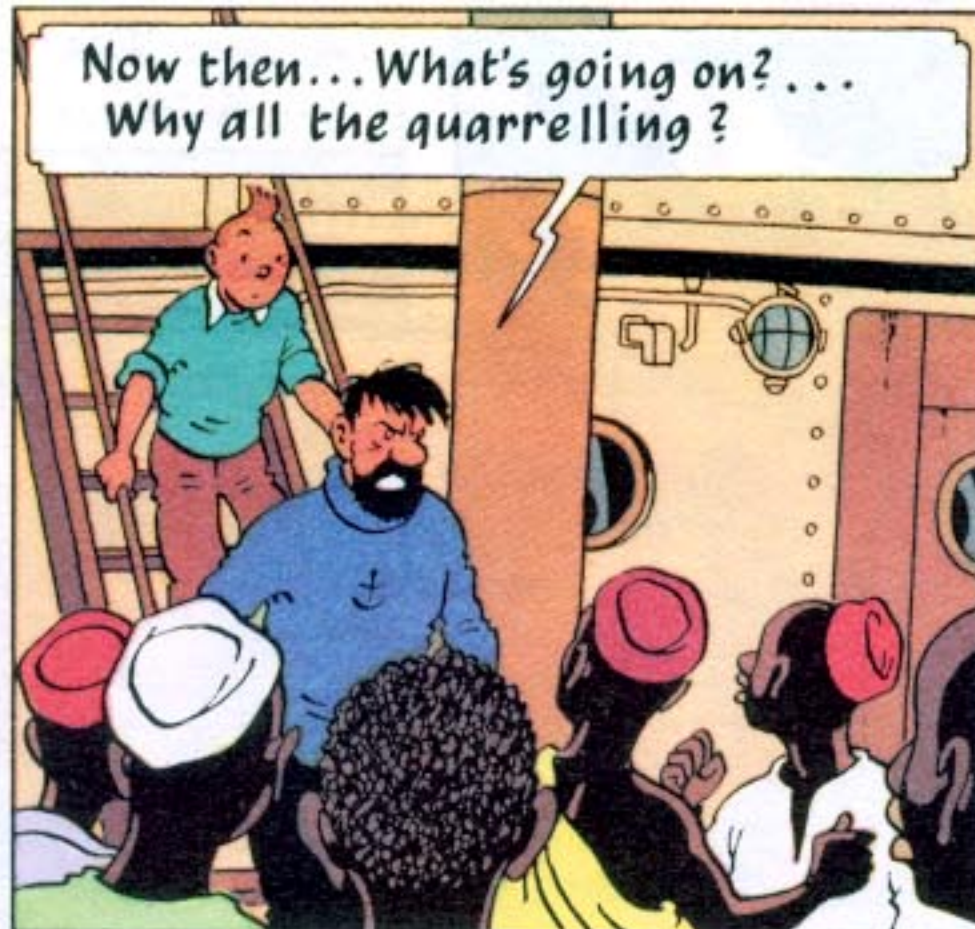
Emyny sofoyi
ooiboo-yi
konychééré!

Yirō!

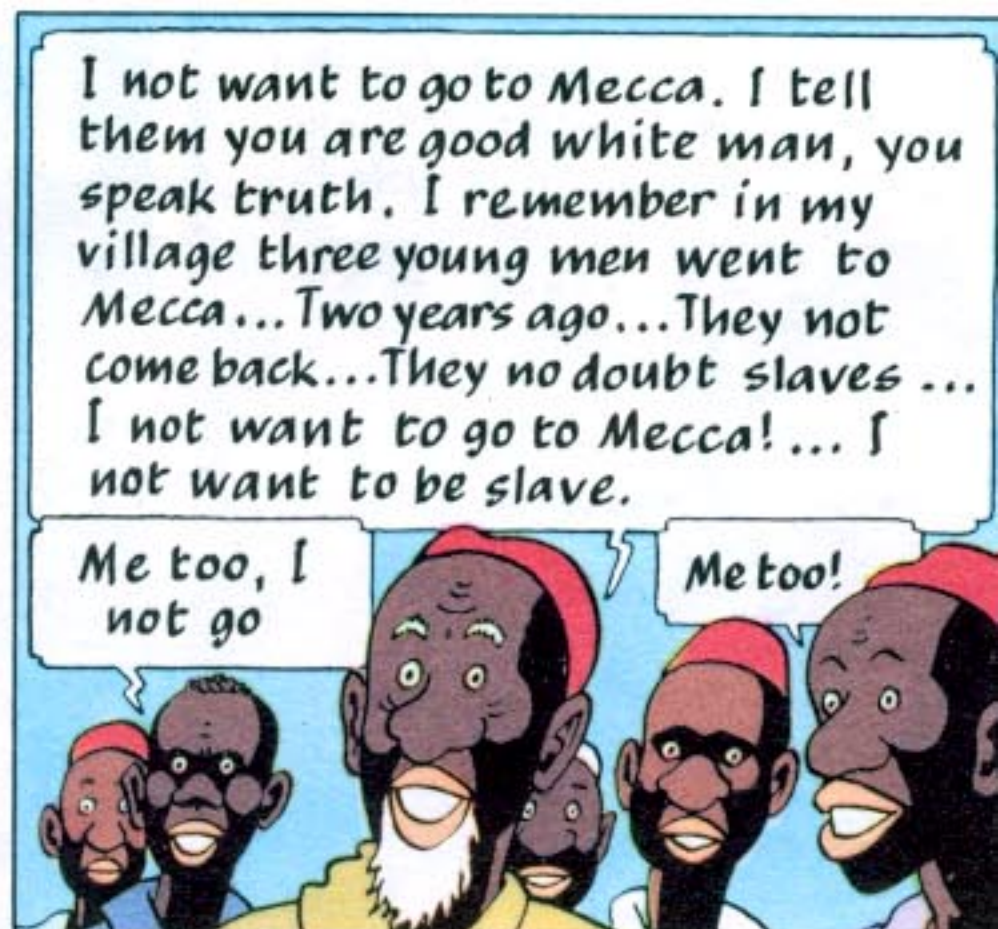
Beyni!

Loyotō!

?



Now then... What's going on?...
Why all the quarrelling?



I not want to go to Mecca. I tell
them you are good white man, you
speak truth. I remember in my
village three young men went to
Mecca... Two years ago... They not
come back... They no doubt slaves ...
I not want to go to Mecca! ... I
not want to be slave.

Me too, I
not go

Me too!



Good, so I haven't preached in vain!
... All right, we'll make a bargain:
those who don't want to go to Mecca
will be landed at another port. As
for the rest, they can continue
the voyage if they want to ...

Good, Effendi.

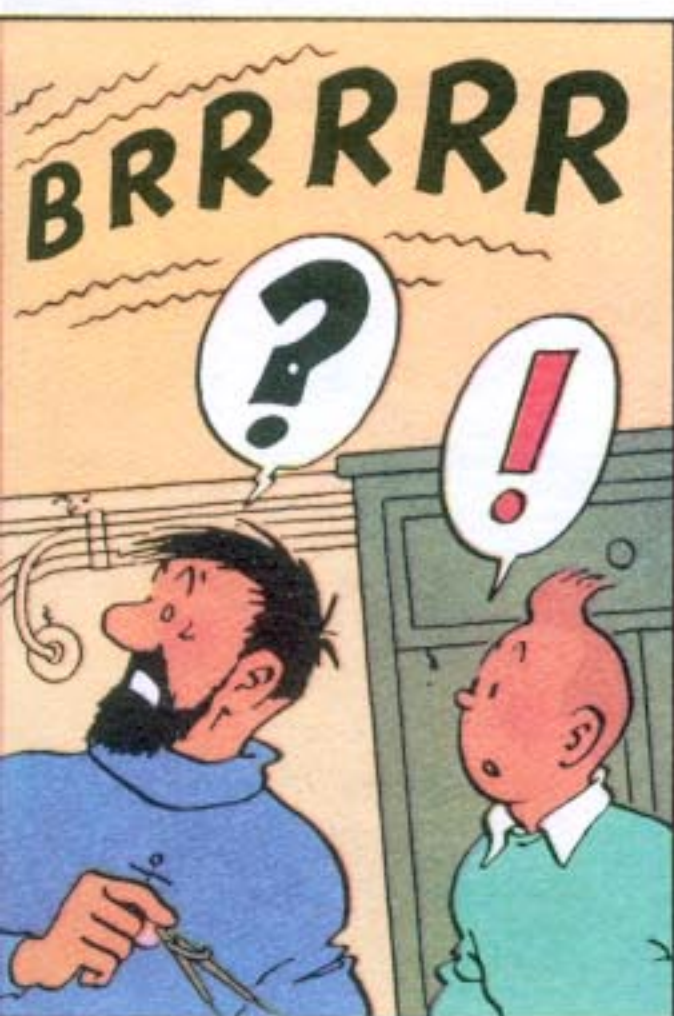


The next morning...

There... the day after
tomorrow we'll be at
Djibouti, and that'll be
the end of our worries...



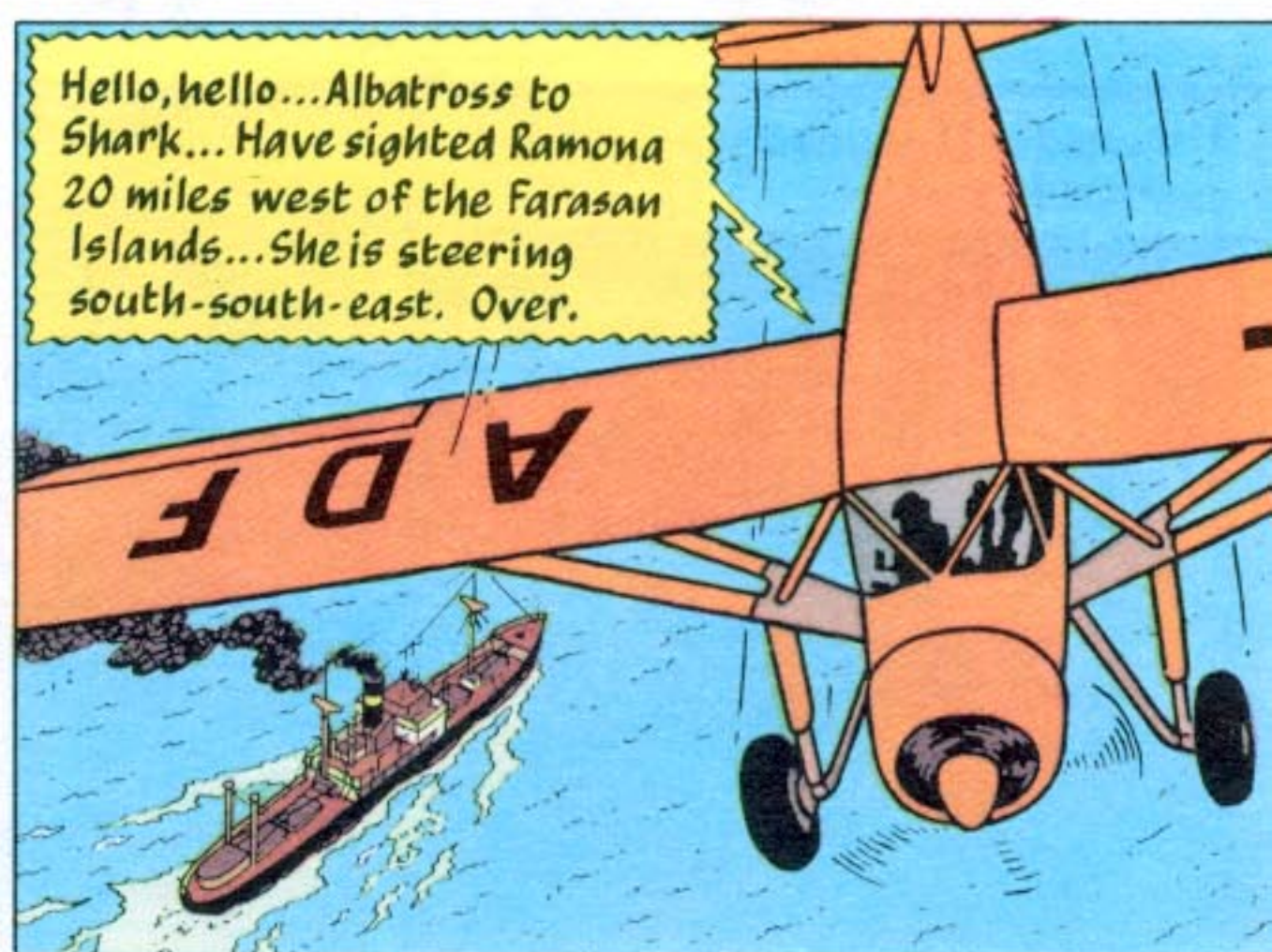
Yes, if all goes well! I shan't be
really happy till we get there. You
can bet that at this very moment
di Gorgonzola is aware of the
situation. And he knows that we
know... Watch out for what he's
cooking up!...



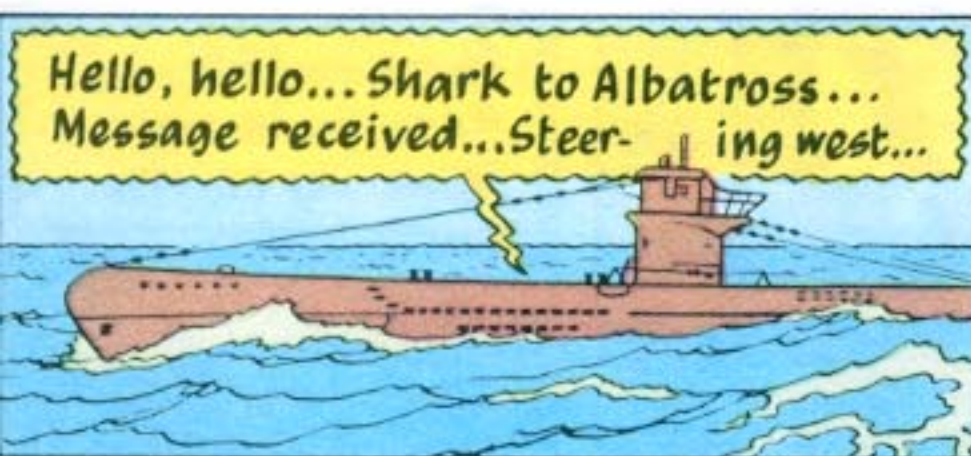
BRRRRR



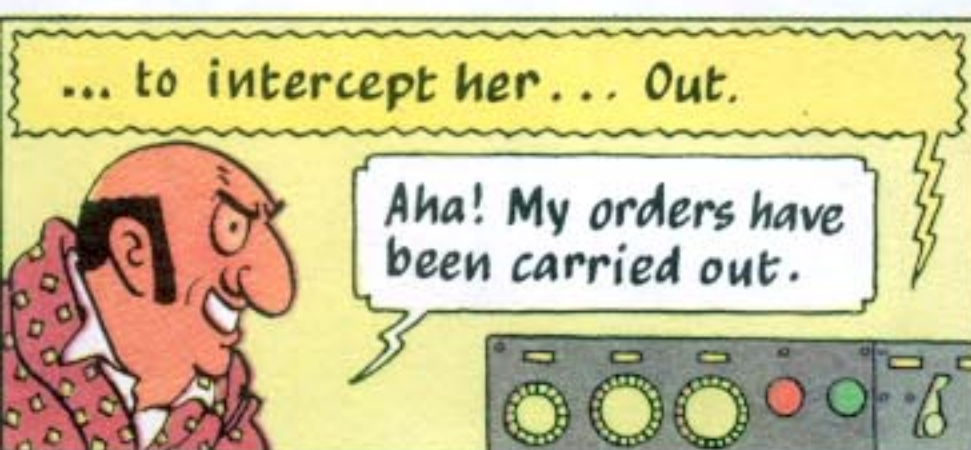
An aeroplane... They're
circling us... how odd ...



Hello, hello... Albatross to
Shark... Have sighted Ramona
20 miles west of the Farasan
Islands... She is steering
south-south-east. Over.



Hello, hello... Shark to Albatross...
Message received... Steering west...



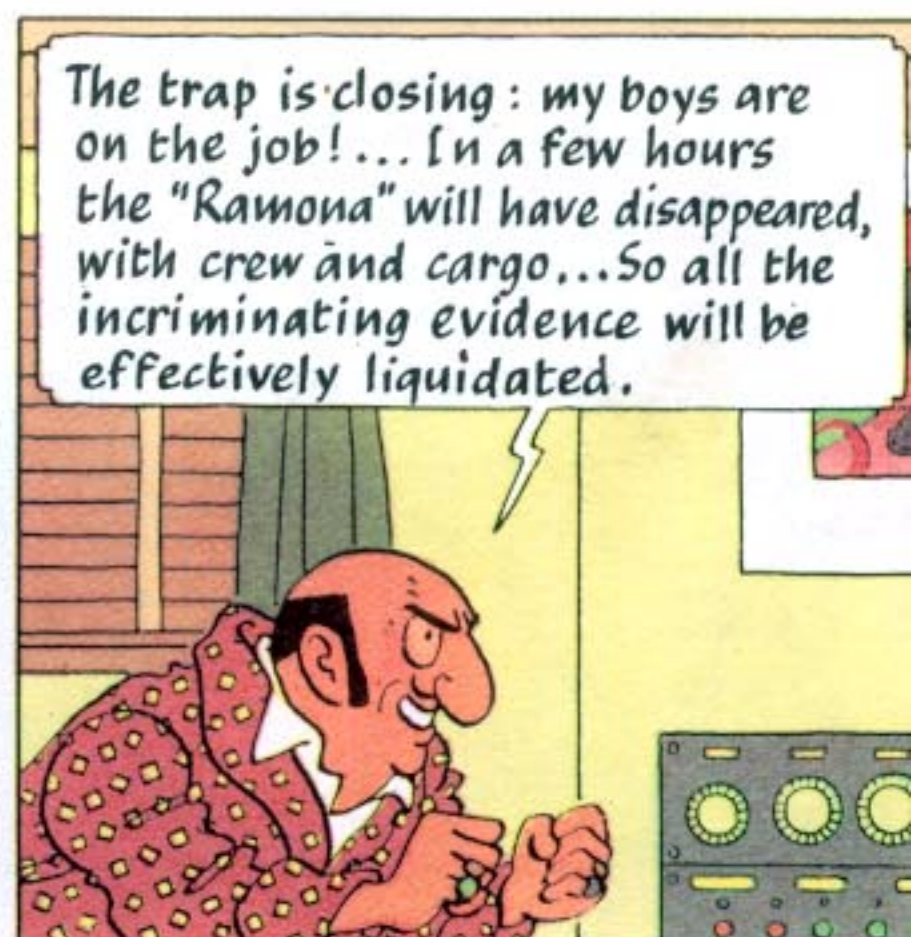
... to intercept her... Out.

Aha! My orders have
been carried out.

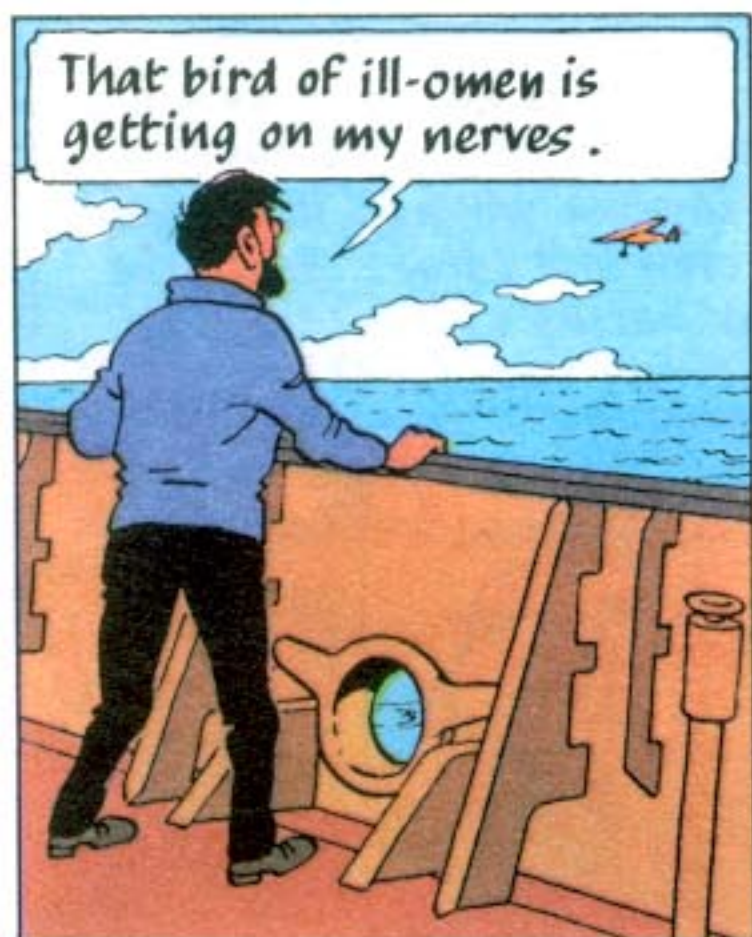
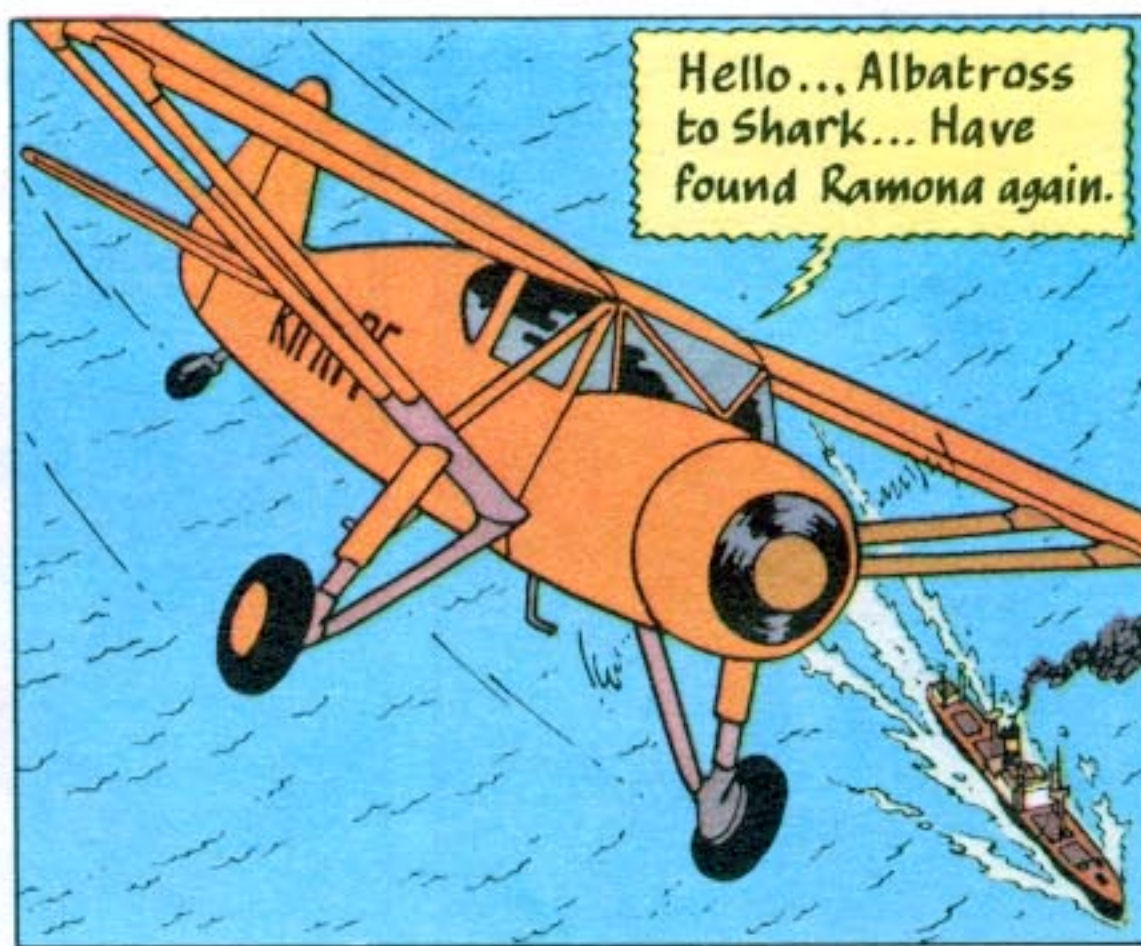
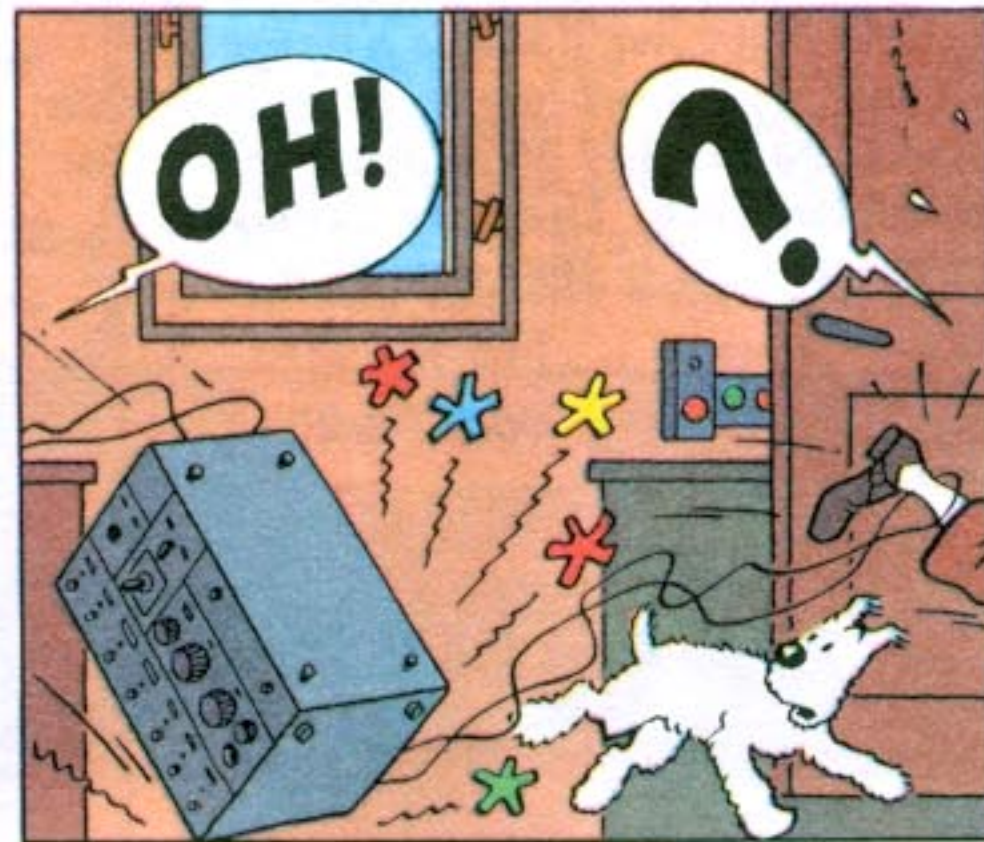


He's going off... I wonder
what he was up to.

I don't know, but I
don't much care for
that sort of visit.



The trap is closing: my boys are
on the job! ... In a few hours
the "Ramona" will have disappeared,
with crew and cargo... So all the
incriminating evidence will be
effectively liquidated.





I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Ssh!



She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.



She working, I tell you! Listen...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP



Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



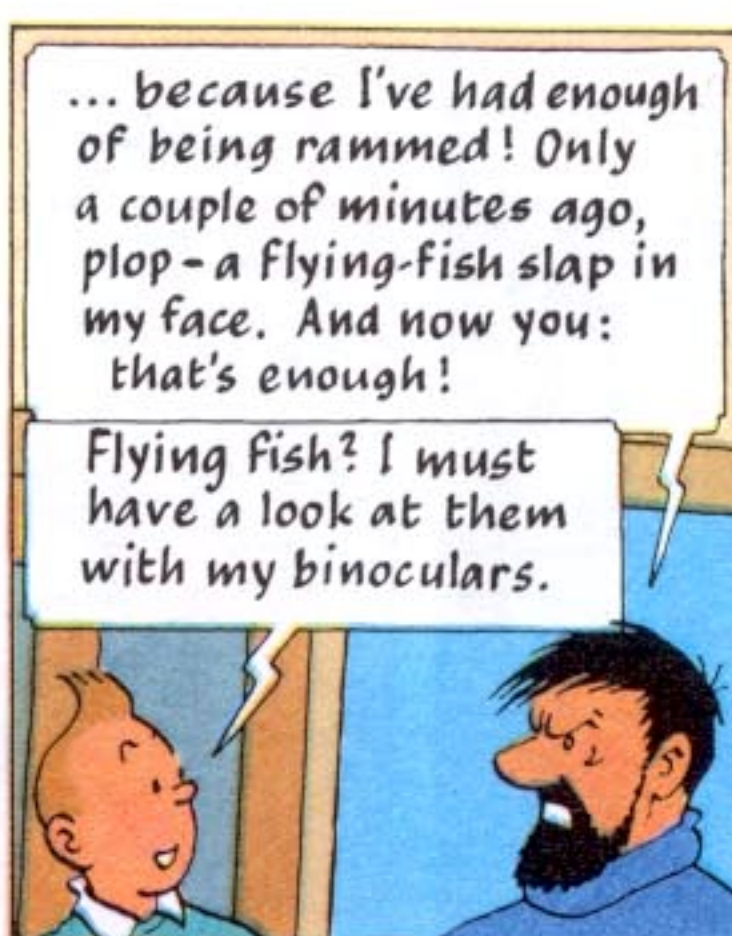
I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... The radio ... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it steers clear of me...



... because I've had enough of being rammed! Only a couple of minutes ago, plop - a flying-fish slap in my face. And now you: that's enough!

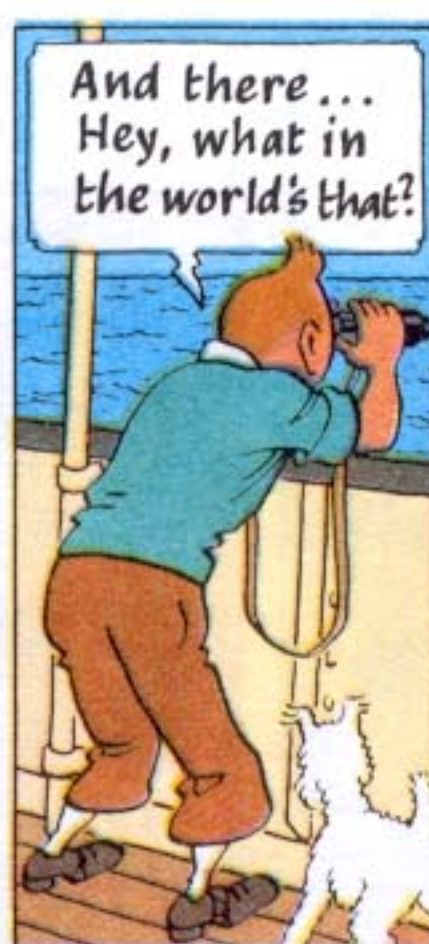
Flying fish? I must have a look at them with my binoculars.



Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...



Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?

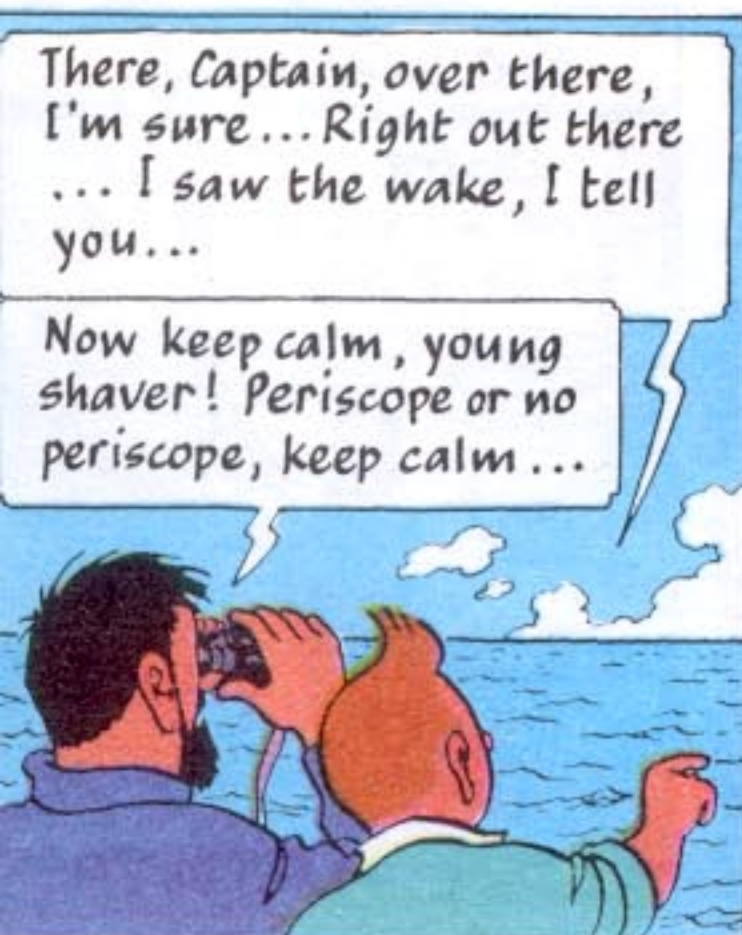


CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



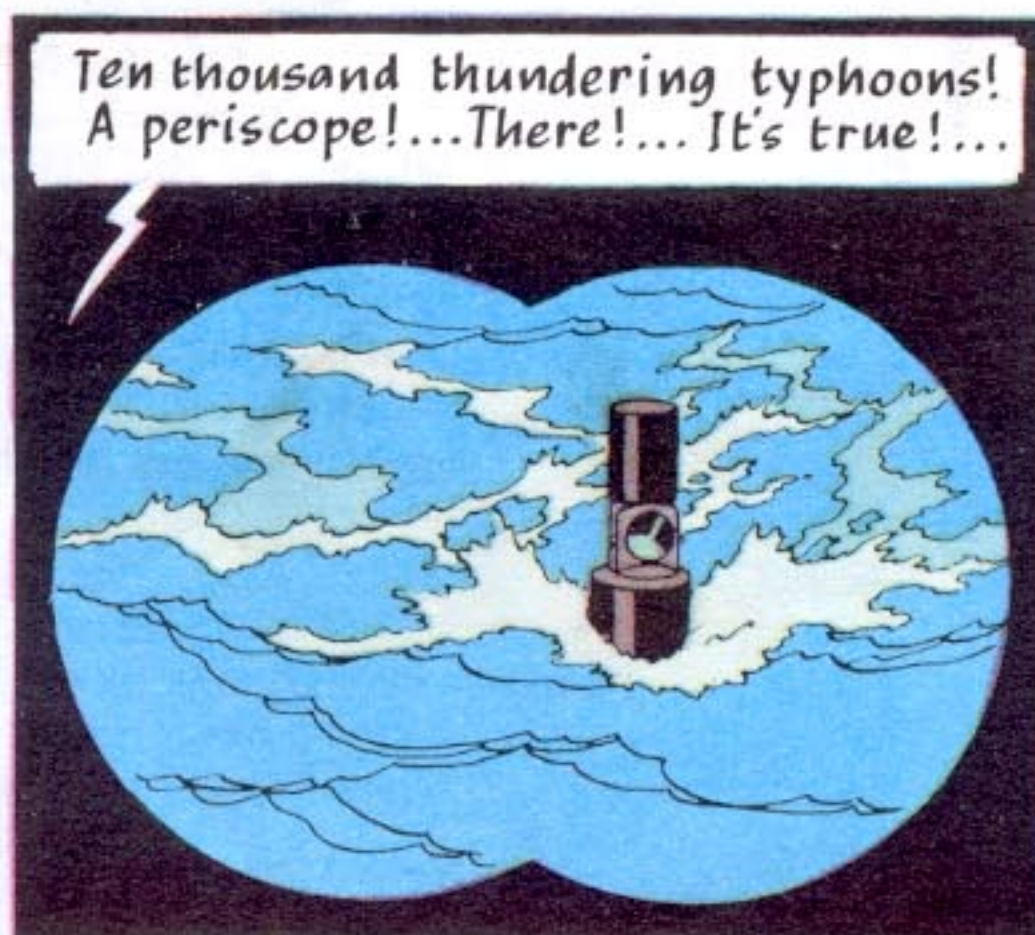
Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there ... I saw the wake, I tell you...

Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...



Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skut! Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!

You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!



Disaster! ... The end! ... There's nothing we can do! If they're di Gorgonzola's people we're finished!

But why?



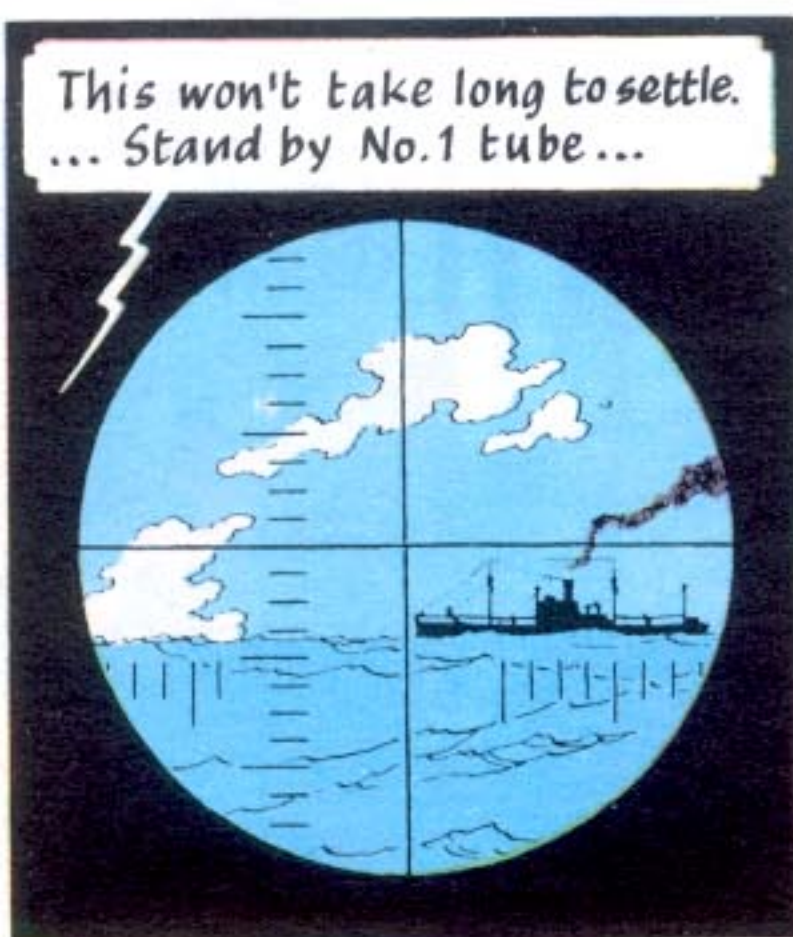
The ammunition!... In the forward hold... A torpedo in there, and you know the rest!

Of course! Only, the torpedo isn't here yet! Come on, hurry; everyone on the alert.



Not far away...

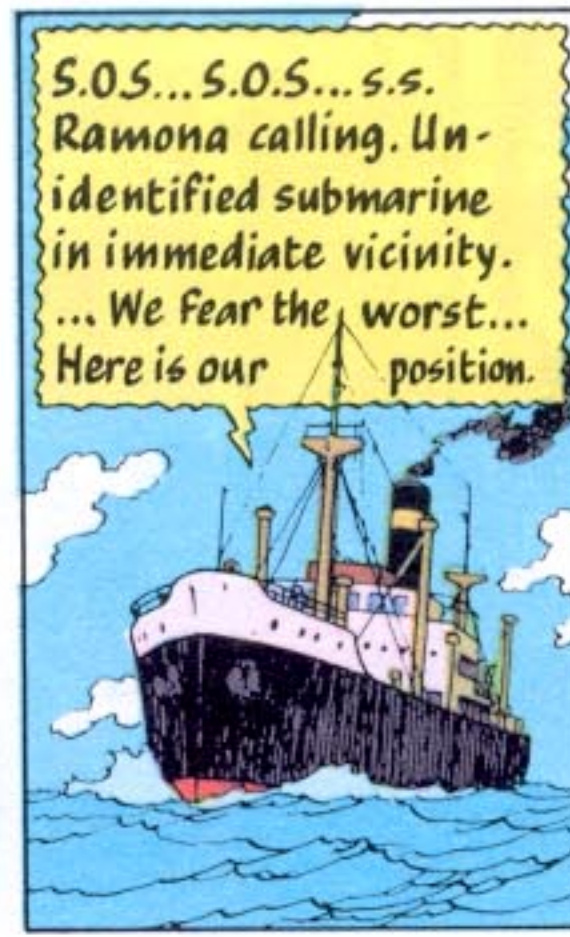
We're almost within range... They don't know what's in store for them.



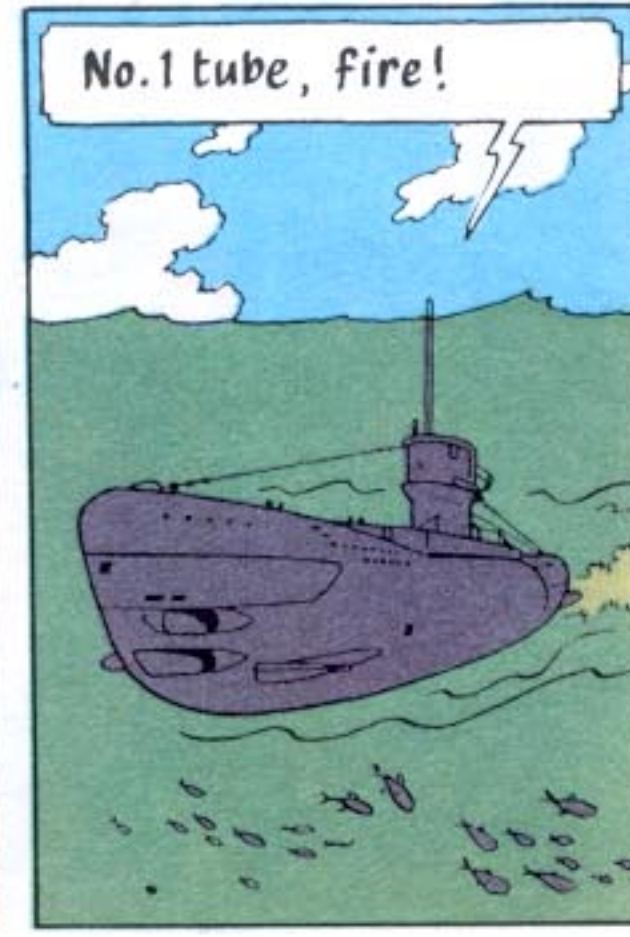
This won't take long to settle. ... Stand by No.1 tube...



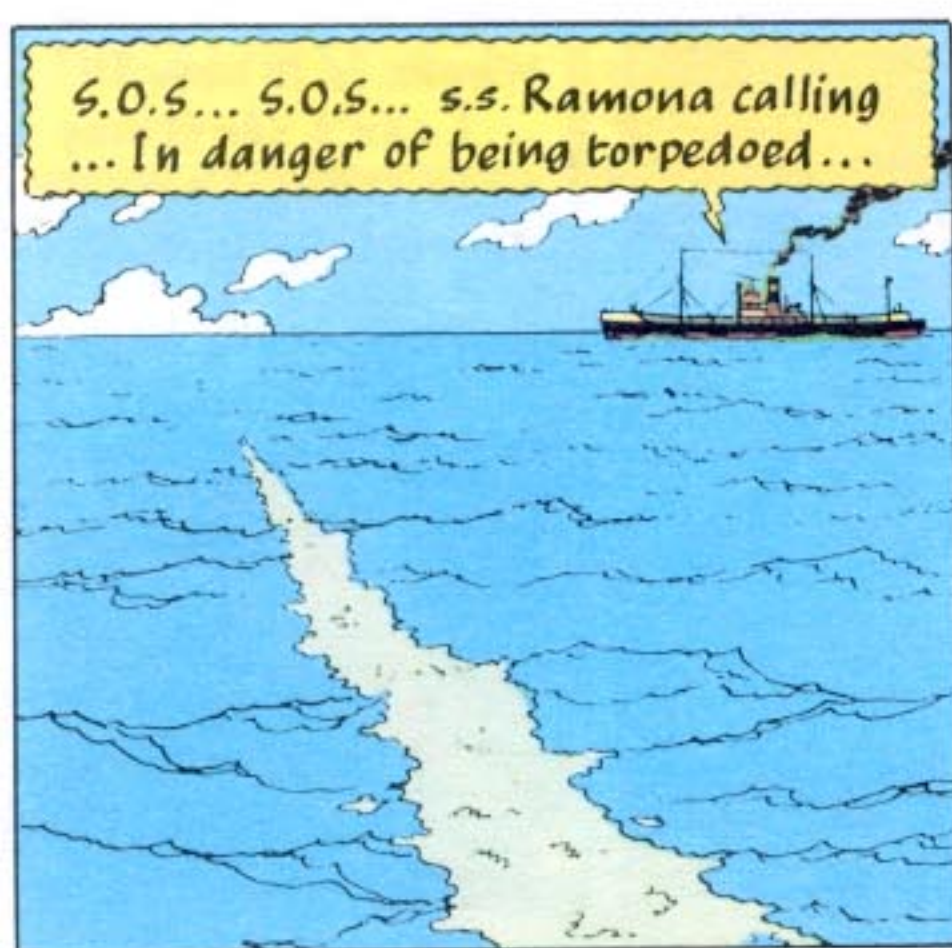
Tintin at the radio. You at the wheel, Skut. Repeat my orders when I give them. Remember, starboard is right; port on the left ...



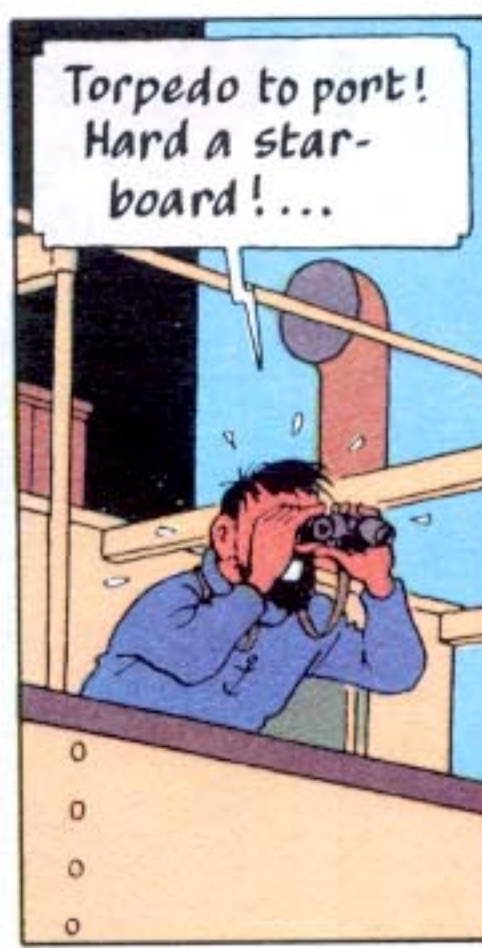
S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling. Unidentified submarine in immediate vicinity. ... We fear the worst... Here is our position.



No.1 tube, fire!



S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling ... In danger of being torpedoed...



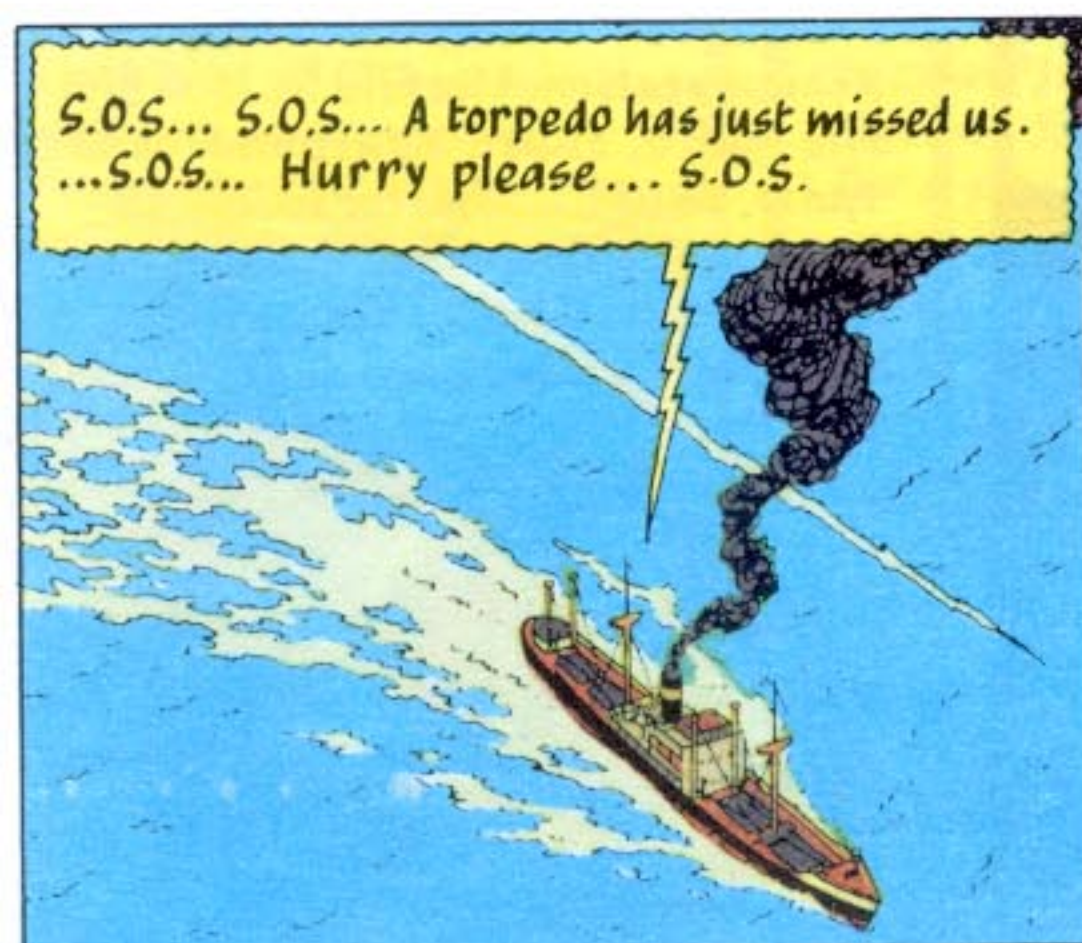
Torpedo to port! Hard a starboard!...



Hard a starboard it is!



Curses on them! They've swung away... They must have spotted us.



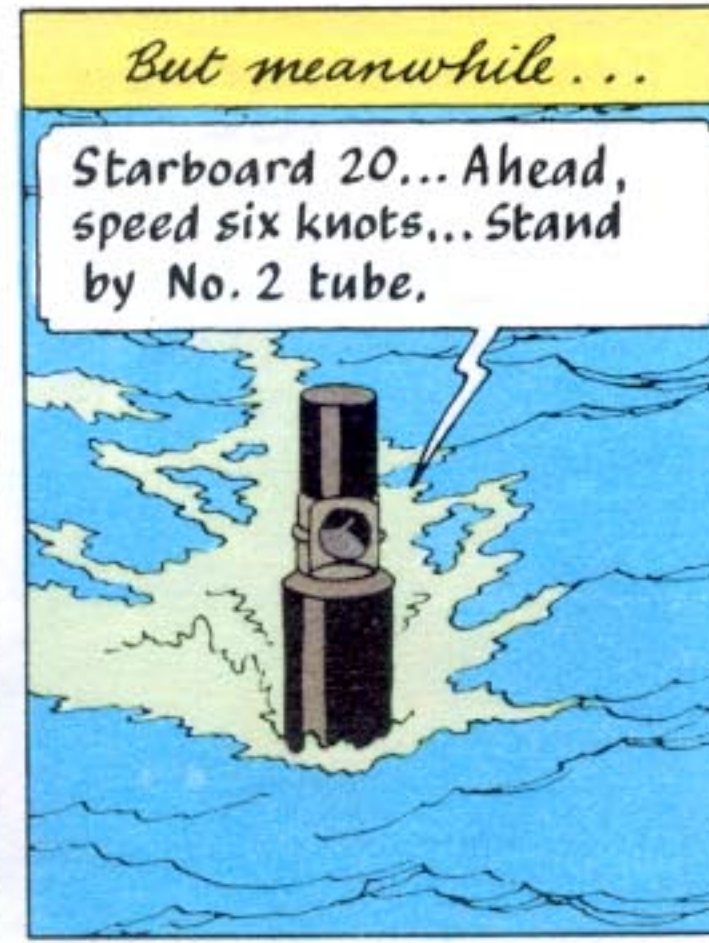
S.O.S... S.O.S... A torpedo has just missed us. ...S.O.S... Hurry please... S.O.S.



A moment later, aboard the U.S.S. Los Angeles...

An S.O.S. I just picked up, sir.

What's all this bally-hoo about a submarine?... There isn't a war on, is there?

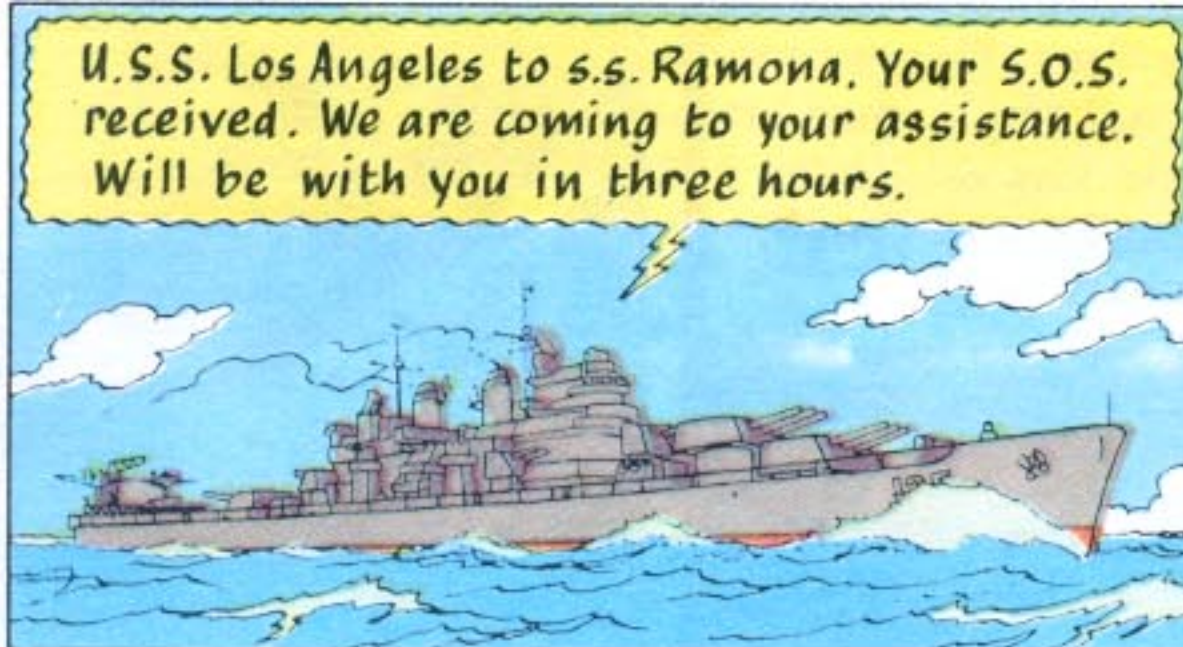


But meanwhile...

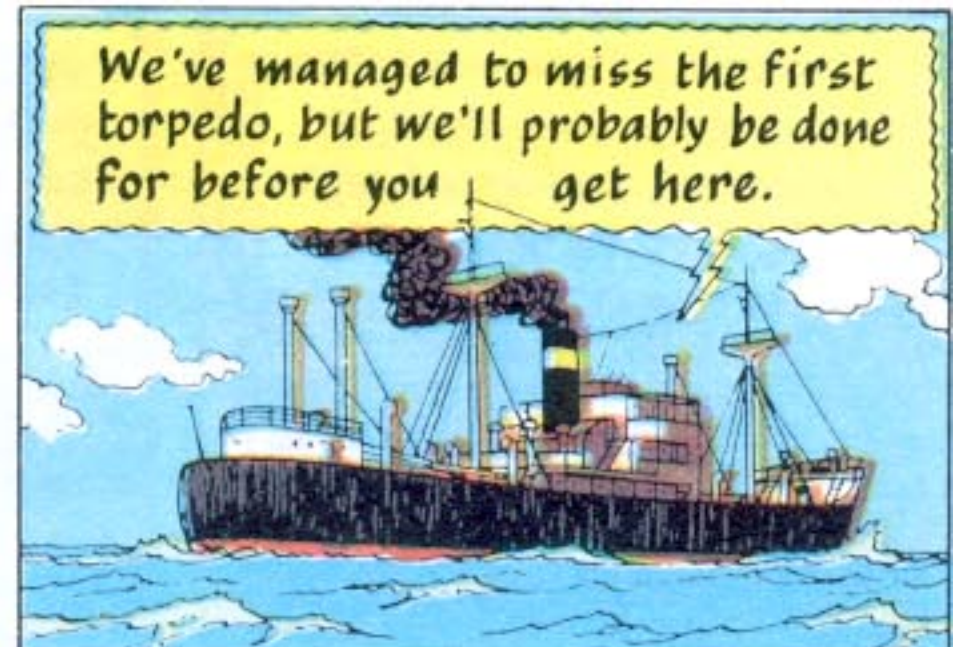
Starboard 20... Ahead, speed six knots... Stand by No. 2 tube.



Hooray! Someone's heard our call!



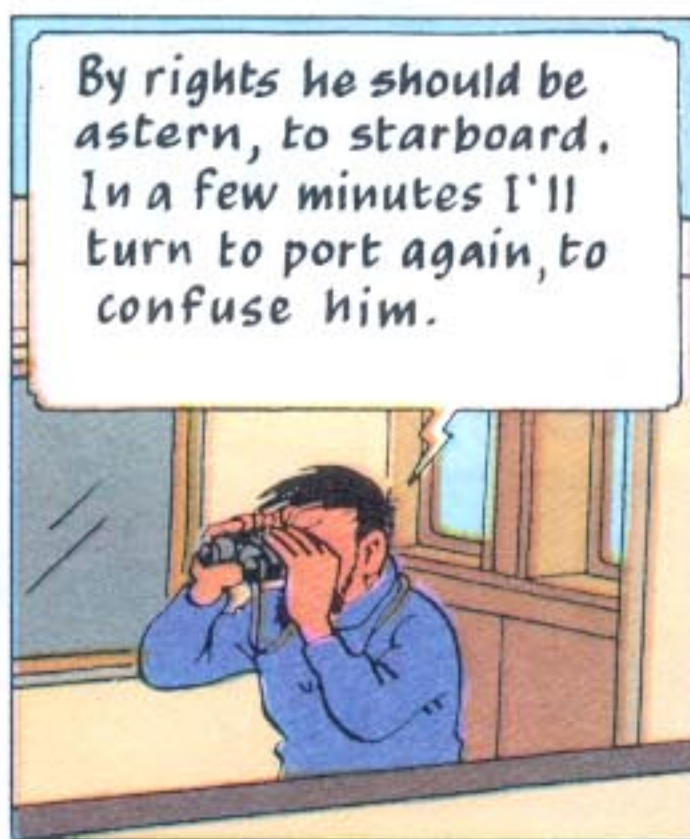
U.S.S. Los Angeles to s.s. Ramona. Your S.O.S. received. We are coming to your assistance. Will be with you in three hours.



We've managed to miss the first torpedo, but we'll probably be done for before you get here.



There they are ahead, to port. This time they won't escape us...



By rights he should be astern, to starboard. In a few minutes I'll turn to port again, to confuse him.



Peer sport 30°... I mean, steer port 30°.

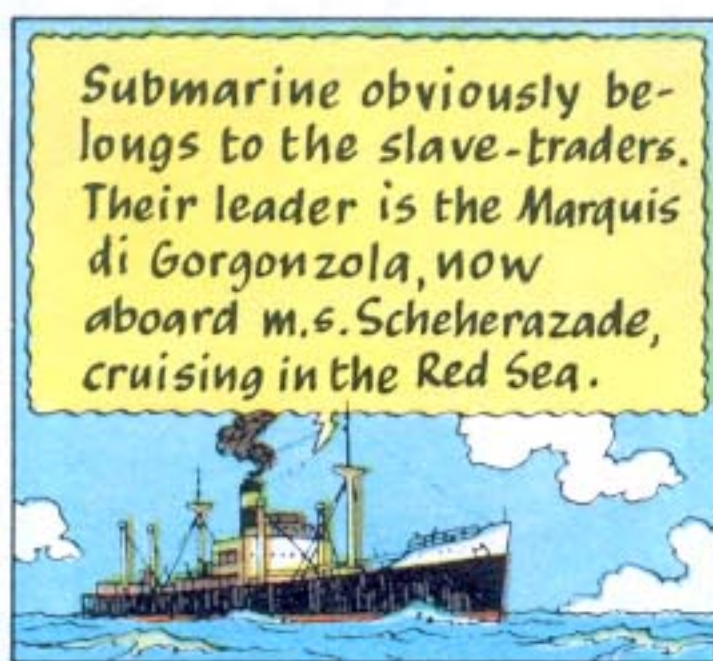
Port 30° it is.



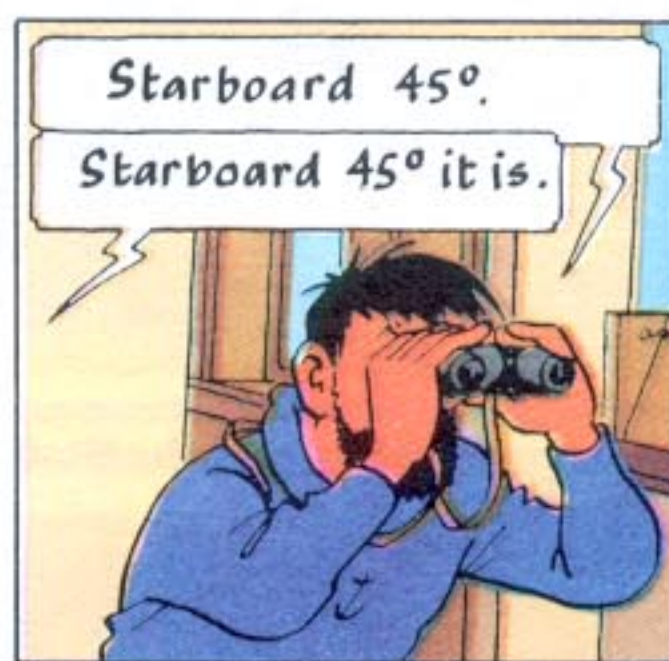
By the powers of Satan! They've dodged us again!



Wait now! He'll end up by turning to starboard again... And then ...



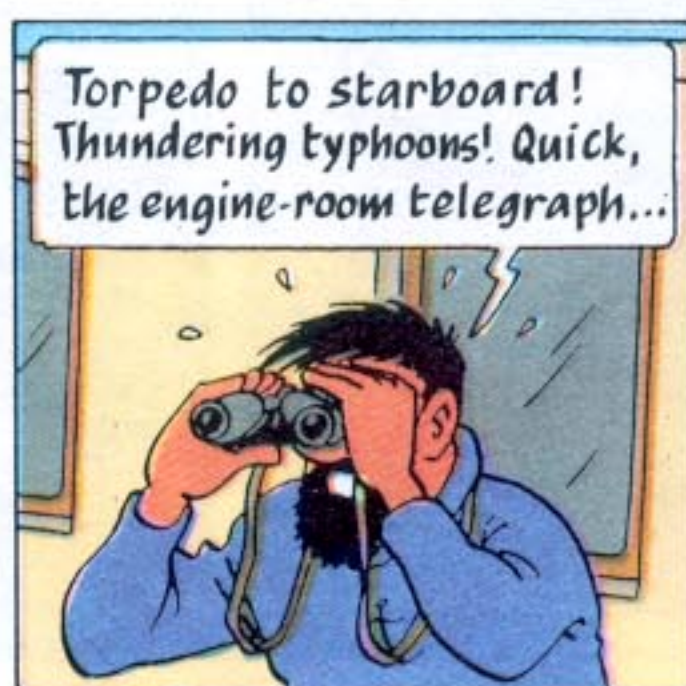
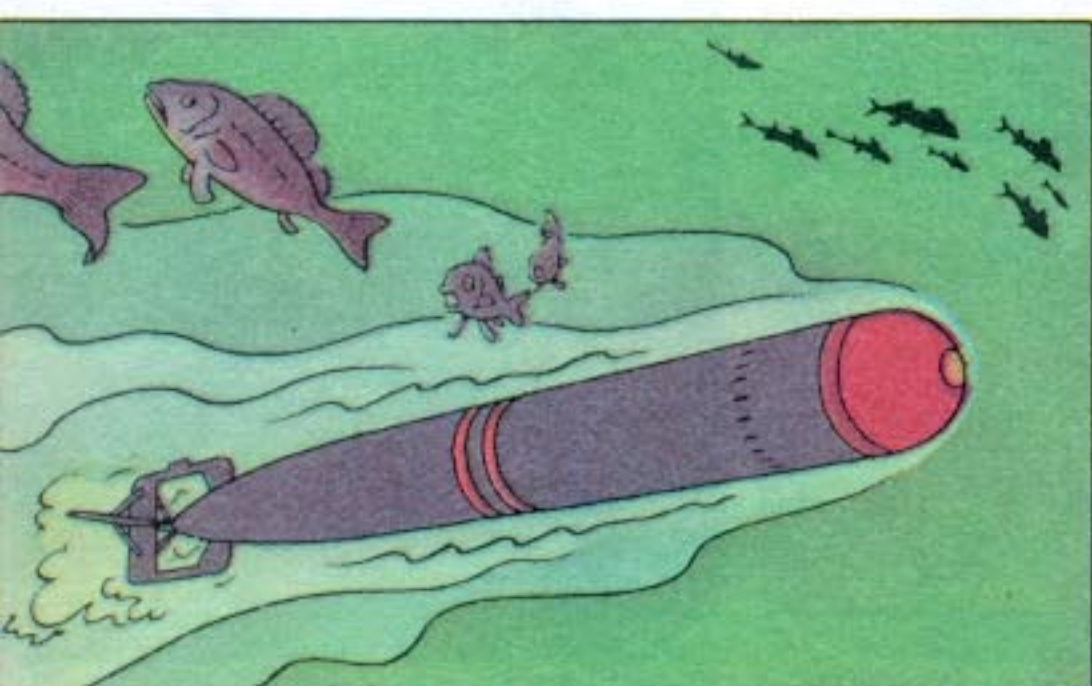
Submarine obviously belongs to the slave-traders. Their leader is the Marquis di Gorgonzola, now aboard m.s. Scheherazade, cruising in the Red Sea.



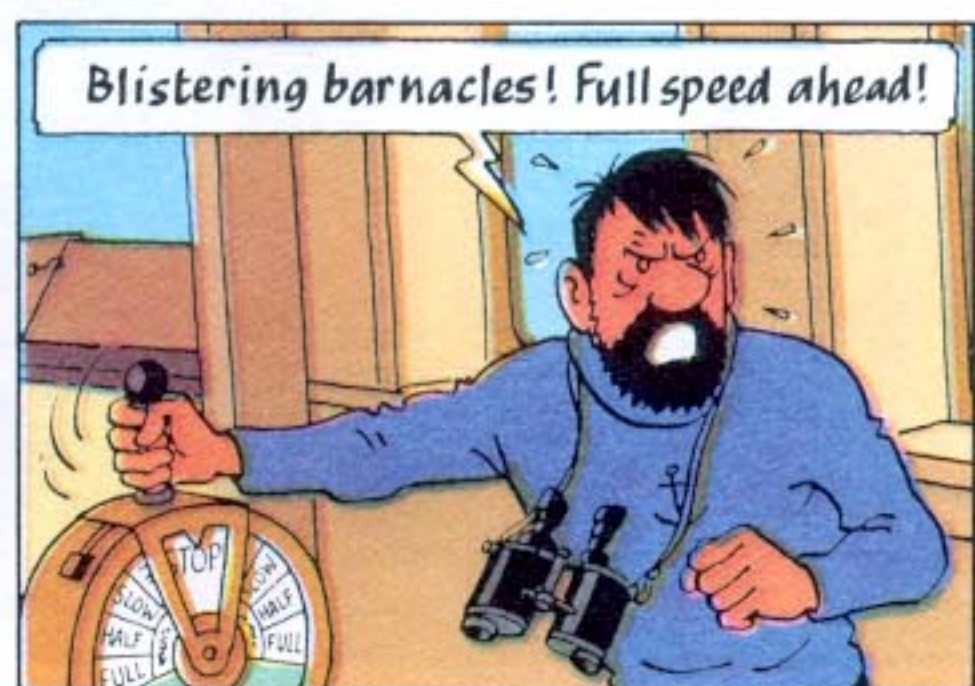
Starboard 45°. Starboard 45° it is.



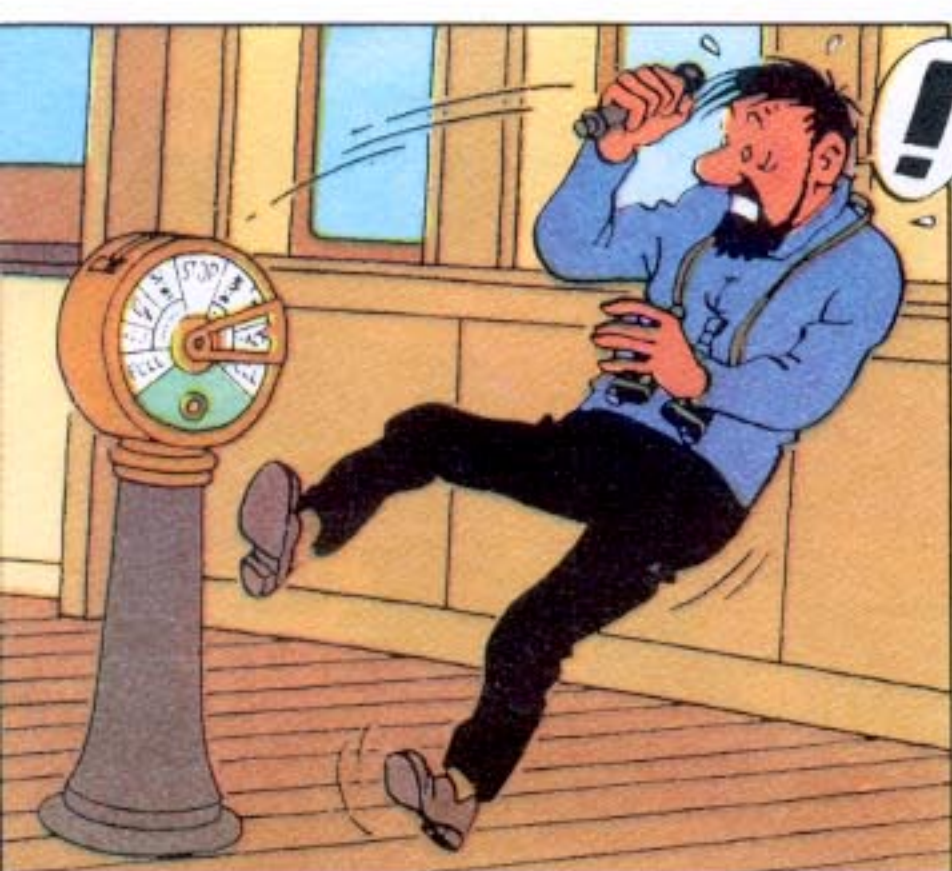
Right!...No.2 tube, fire!



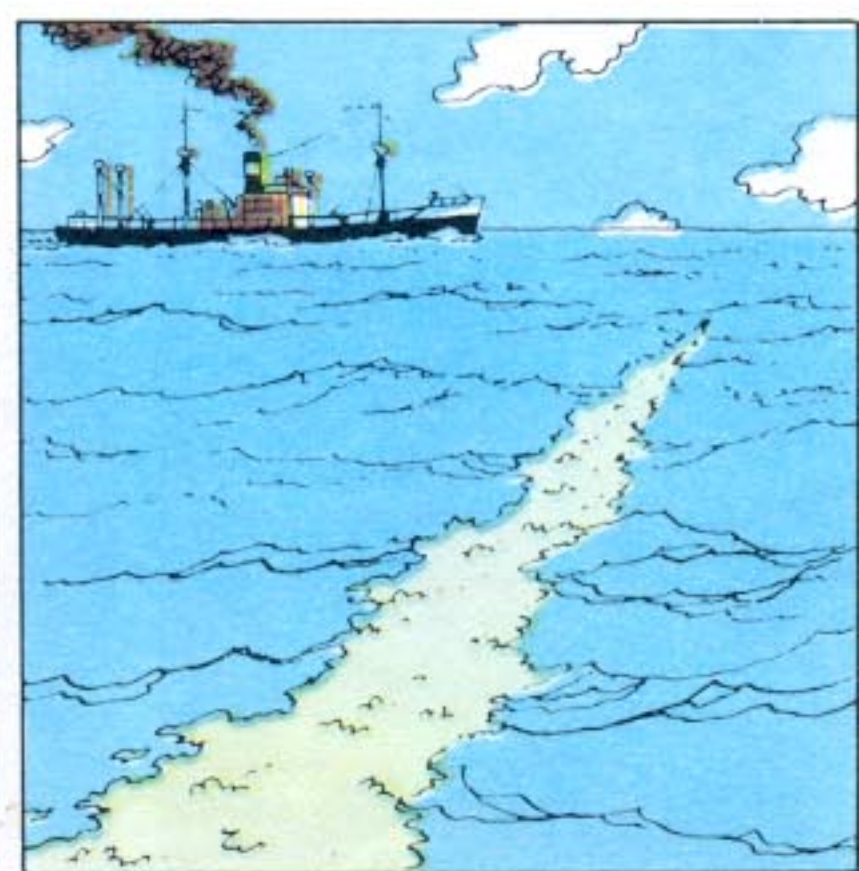
Torpedo to starboard! Thundering typhoons! Quick, the engine-room telegraph...



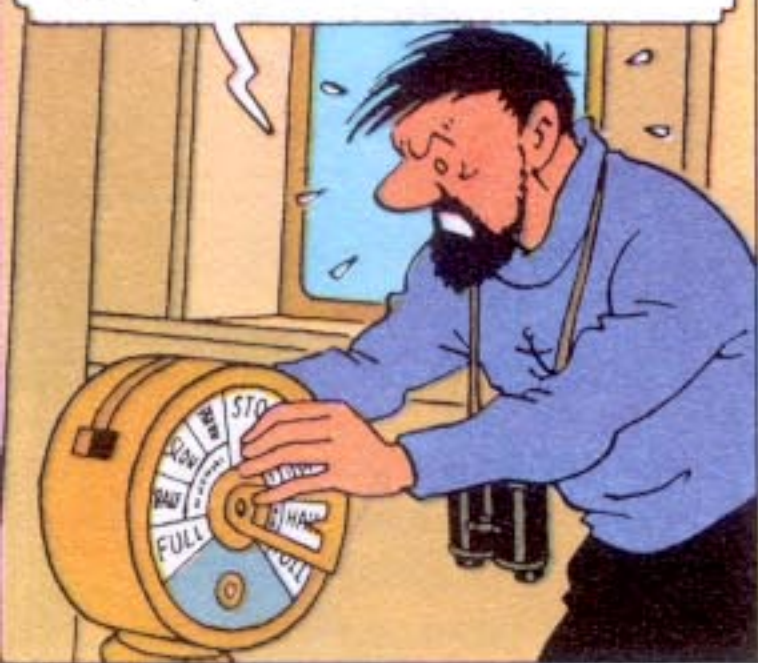
Blistering barnacles! Full speed ahead!



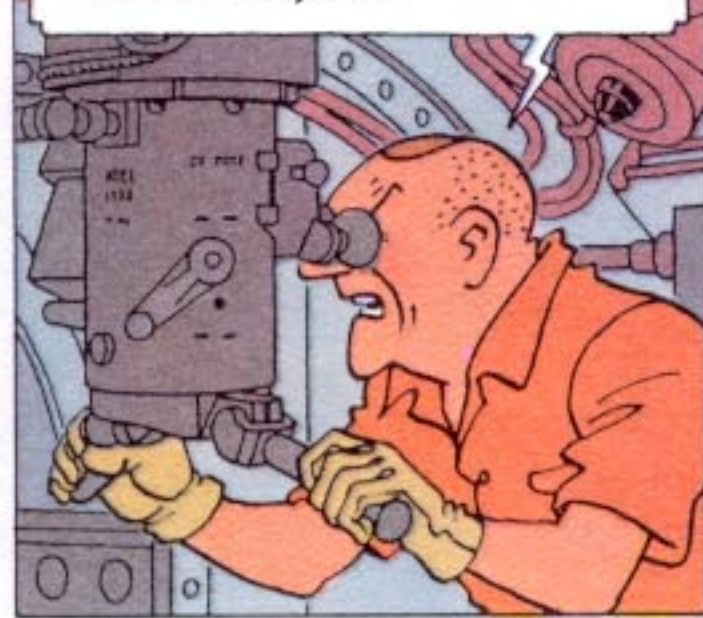
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!



Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



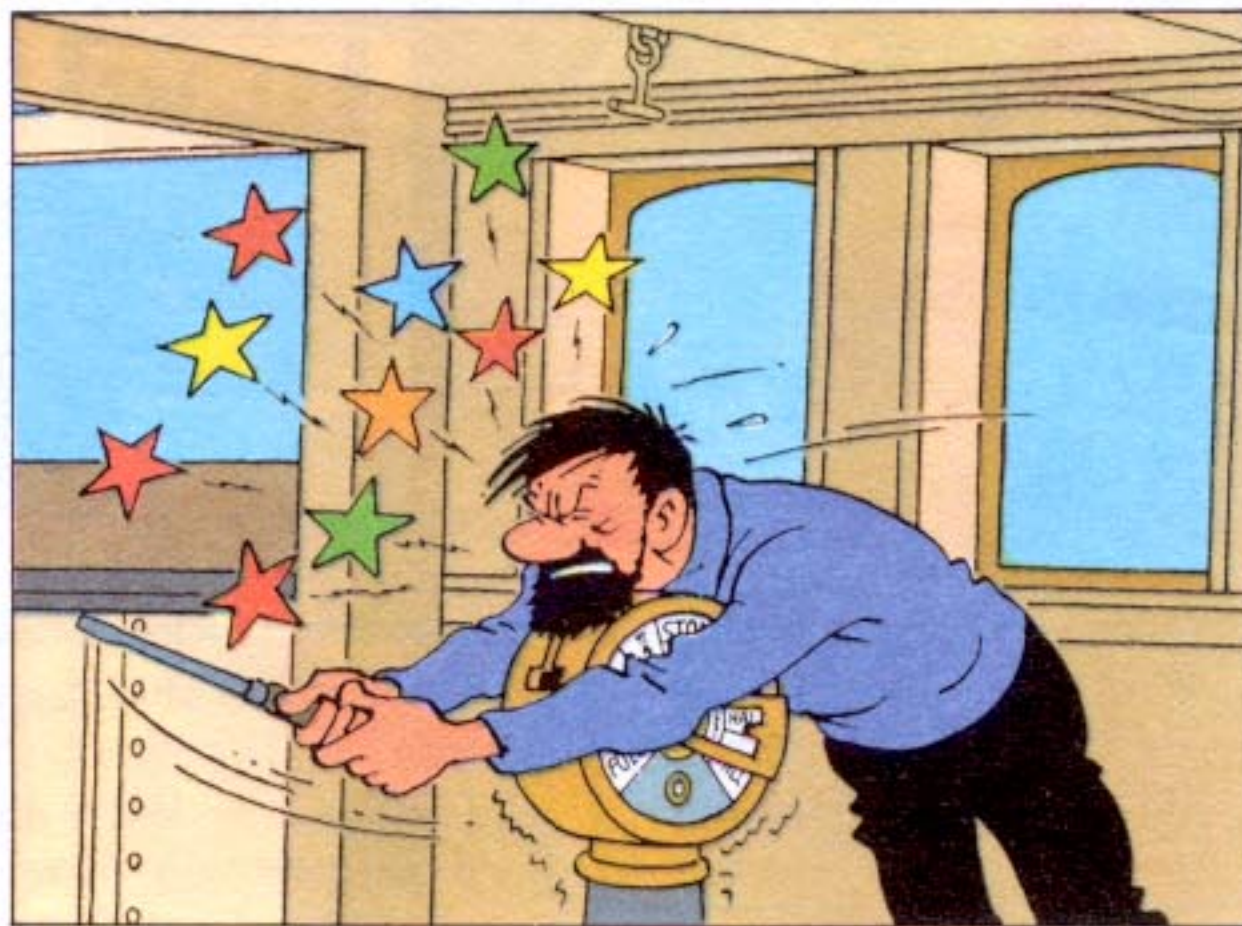
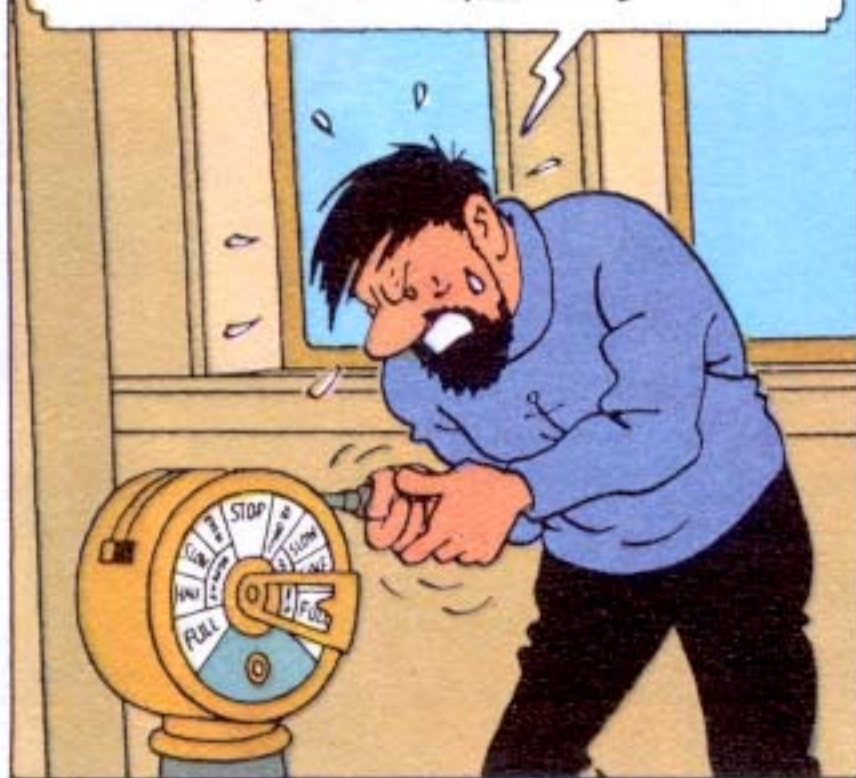
Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



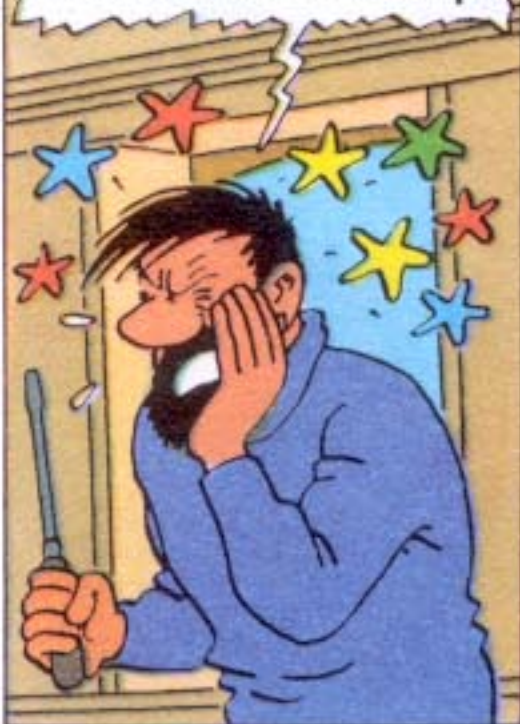
S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



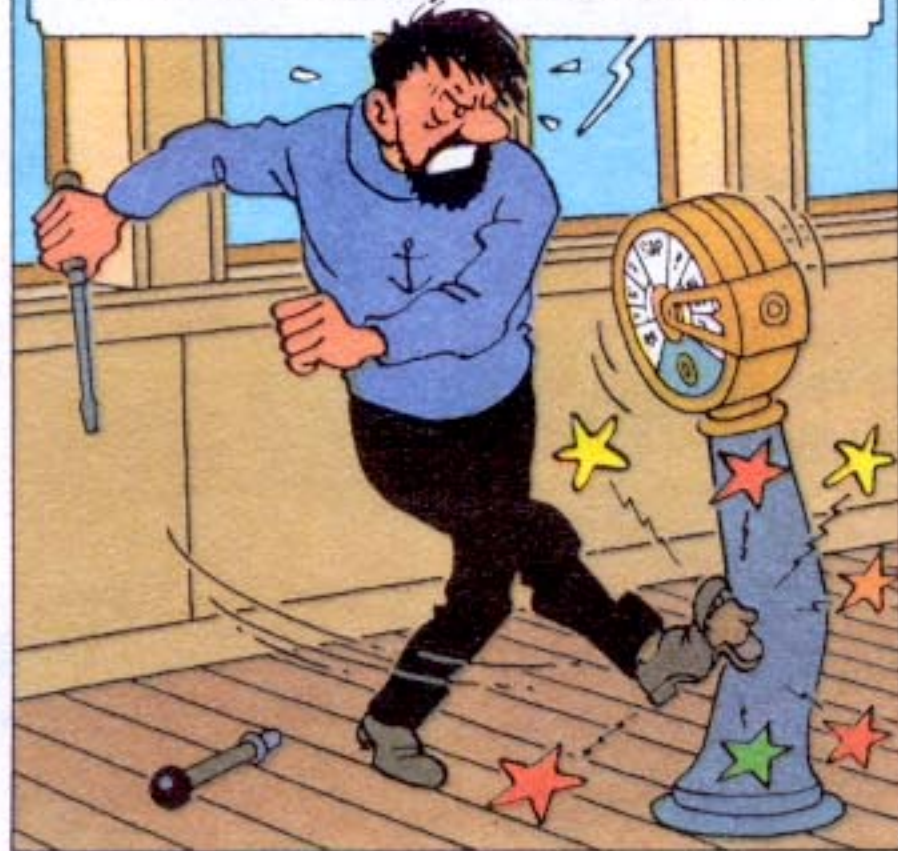
Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



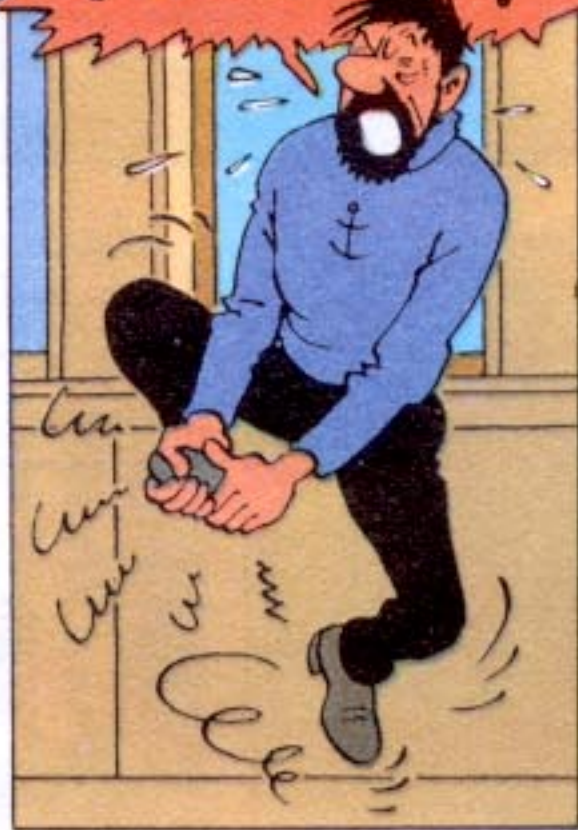
PCHKRAAPRV!... TRRKHKRAA!..You confounded rattletrap...



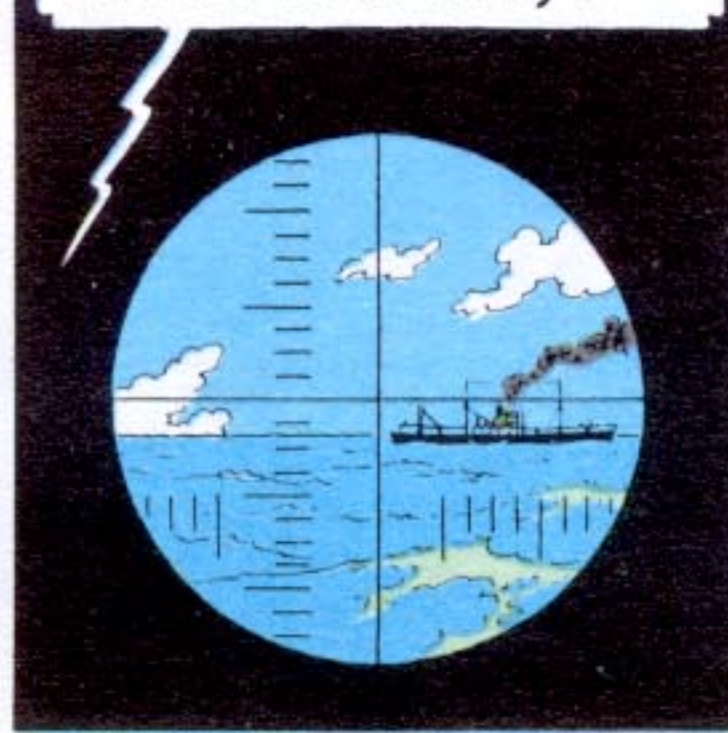
...tin-can contraption!... Take that!



YEEOWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No.3 and No.4 tubes ready?



CLING CLANG

Take that, you slot-machine, you!



Hello?...Engine room? ...Hello?



Hello, Effendi?

BRROM

Too late!... They've got us!



BRROM!

Again!

No, they're depth charges! ...
Whew! I really thought we'd
been torpedoed ...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with
those pirates for a target!
...They're certainly machines
from the Los Angeles.

Oho! Great grandfathers!
What a pasting! ...They'll
be as flat as a Dover
sole after that!

Wait! ... There,
that upheaval in
the water...

Look! The submarine
has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've
been badly knocked
about ...

Victory! ... They're waving a white
flag... They're surrendering ...
The game's up.

Hello, hello. Unidentified sub-
marine: remain on the surface
and stop your engines. One sus-
picious move and we'll blow you
out of the water...

Torpedoes are out of the question
now... A limpet-mine on their
hull! ... With the ammunition
aboard, it'll look like an accident...
In you go: you've plenty of time:
the mine's set to explode in one hour.

Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!

What
a job!

Saved! Yippee!
Saved!

Hooray!

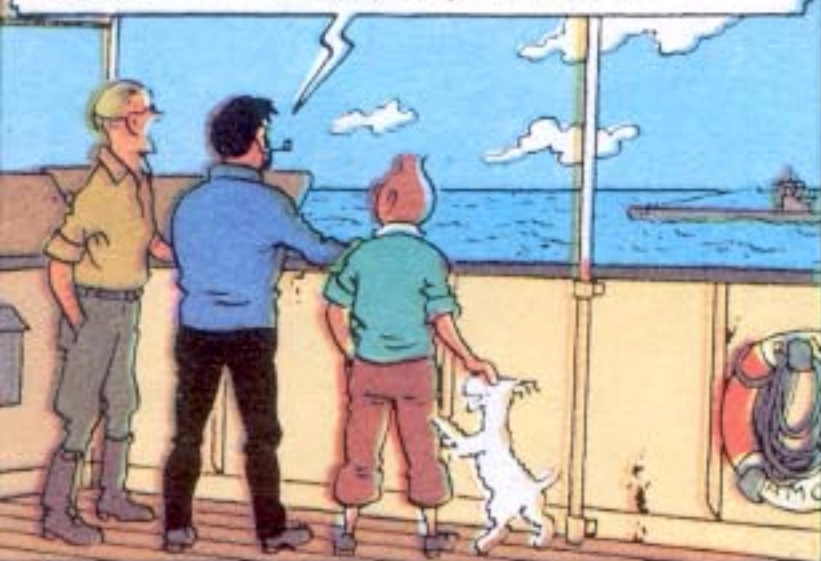
Tralalala-
laika!

That is white
man's folk-
dance.

They said the
ammunition was
in the forepart...

Meanwhile...

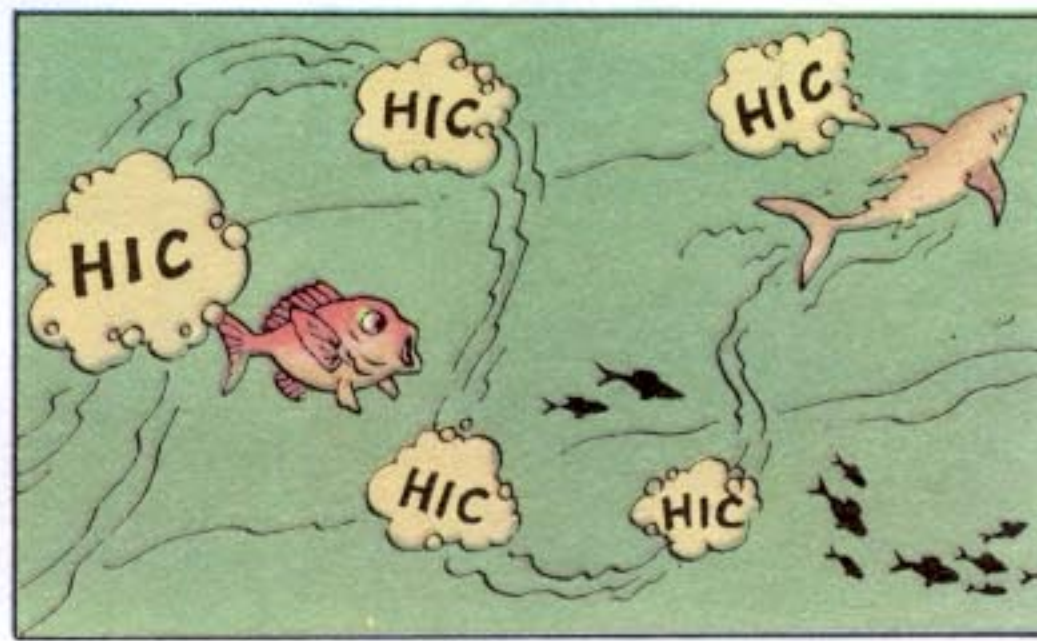
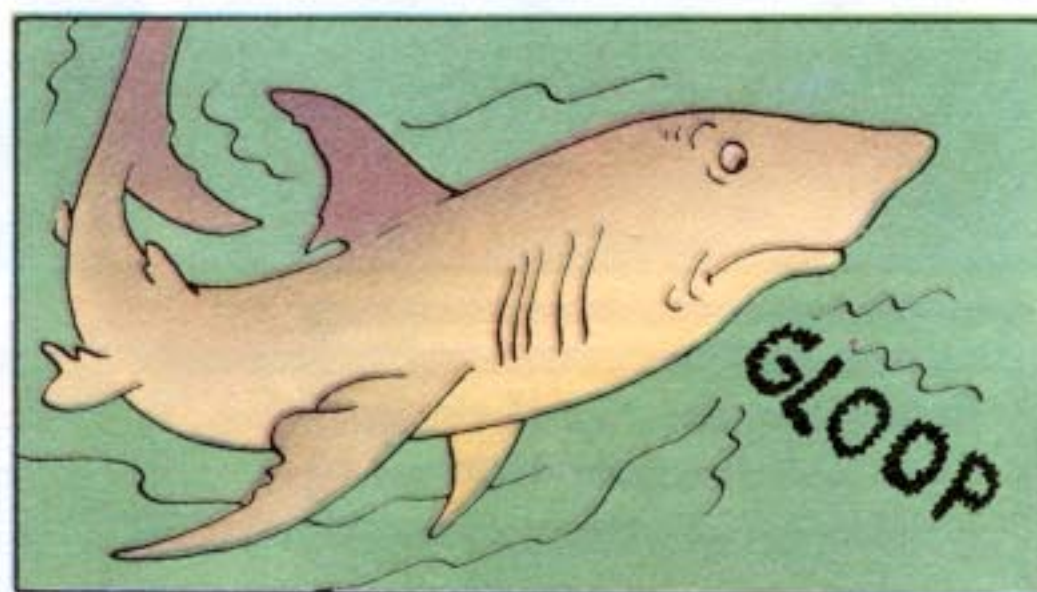
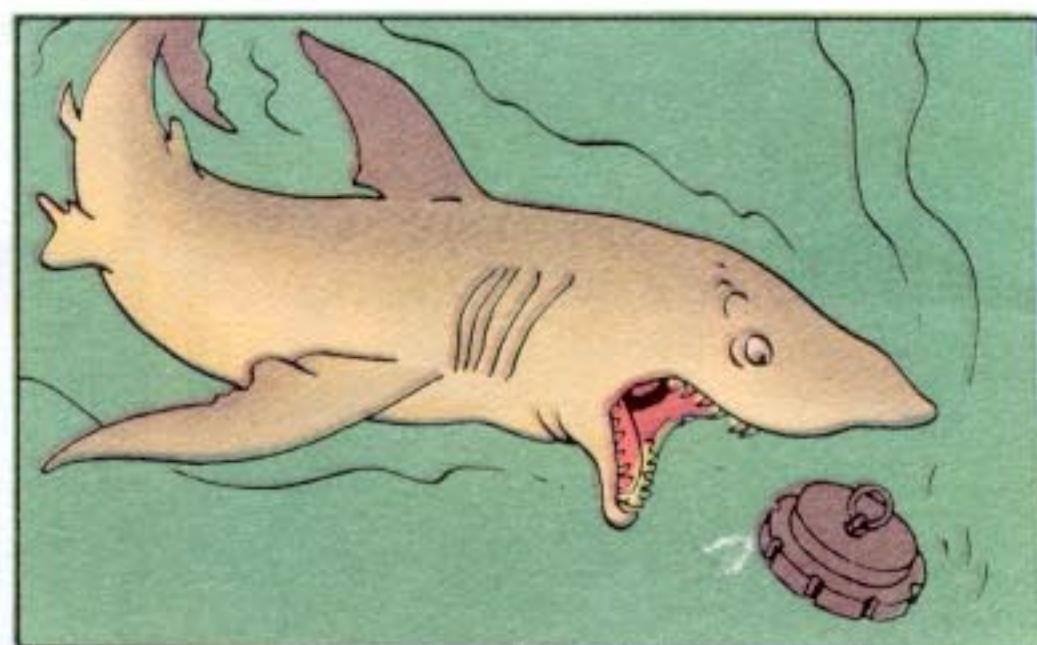
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect...



Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



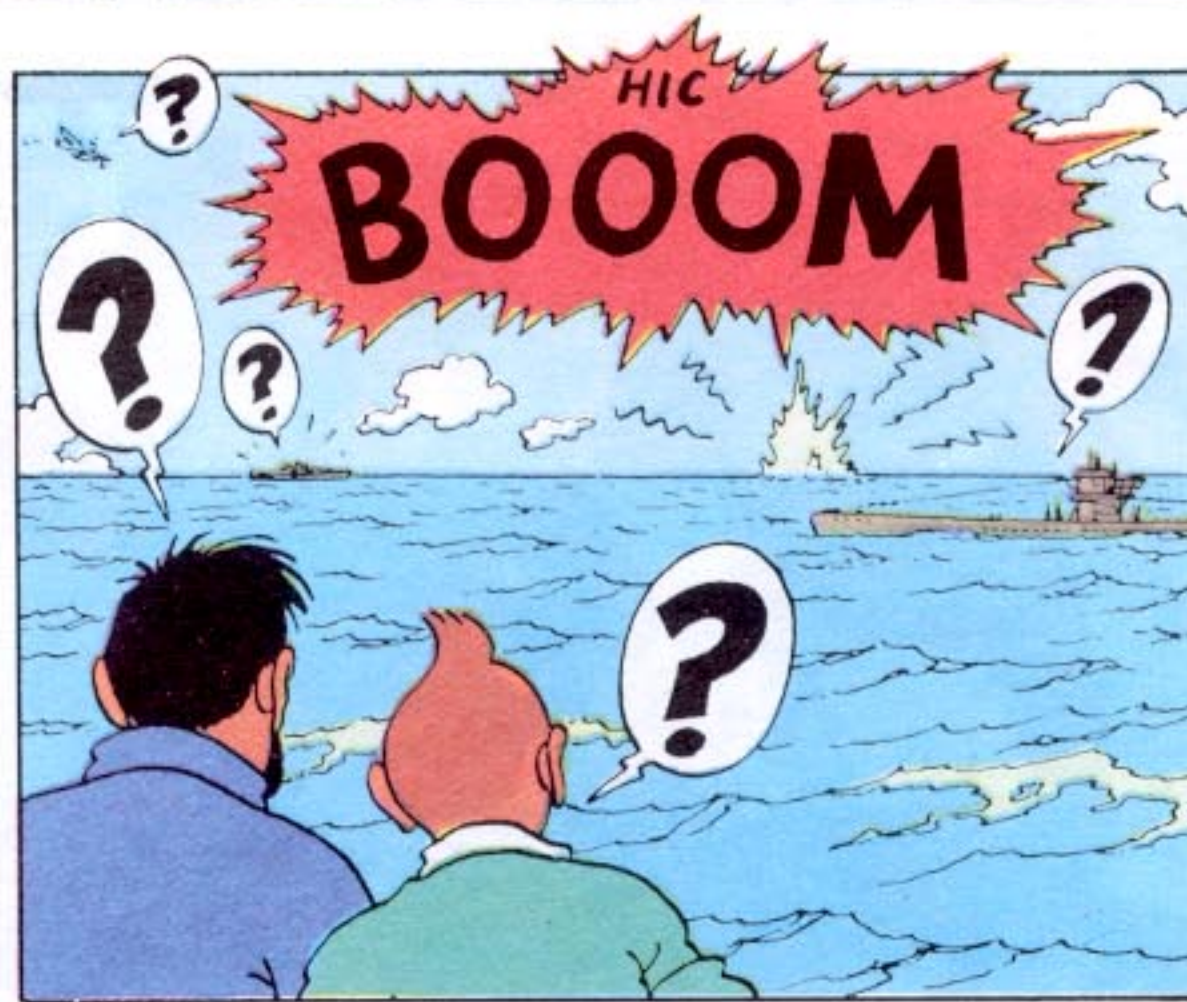
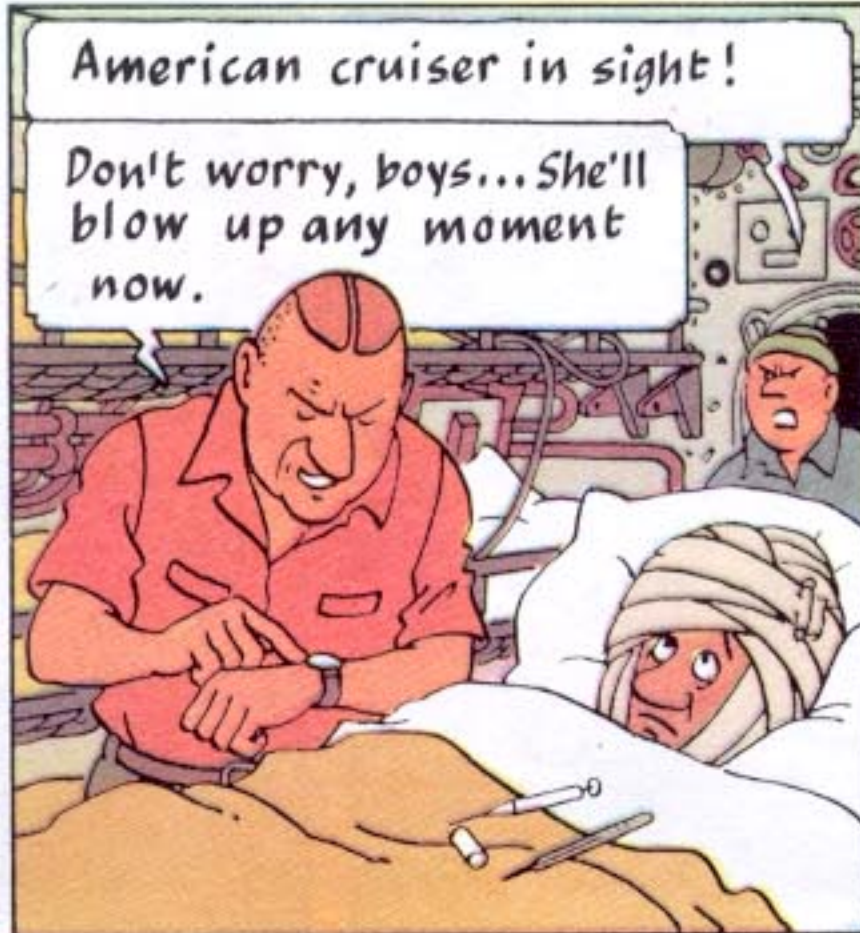
An hour later...

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... all is lost! ... But it's impossible!



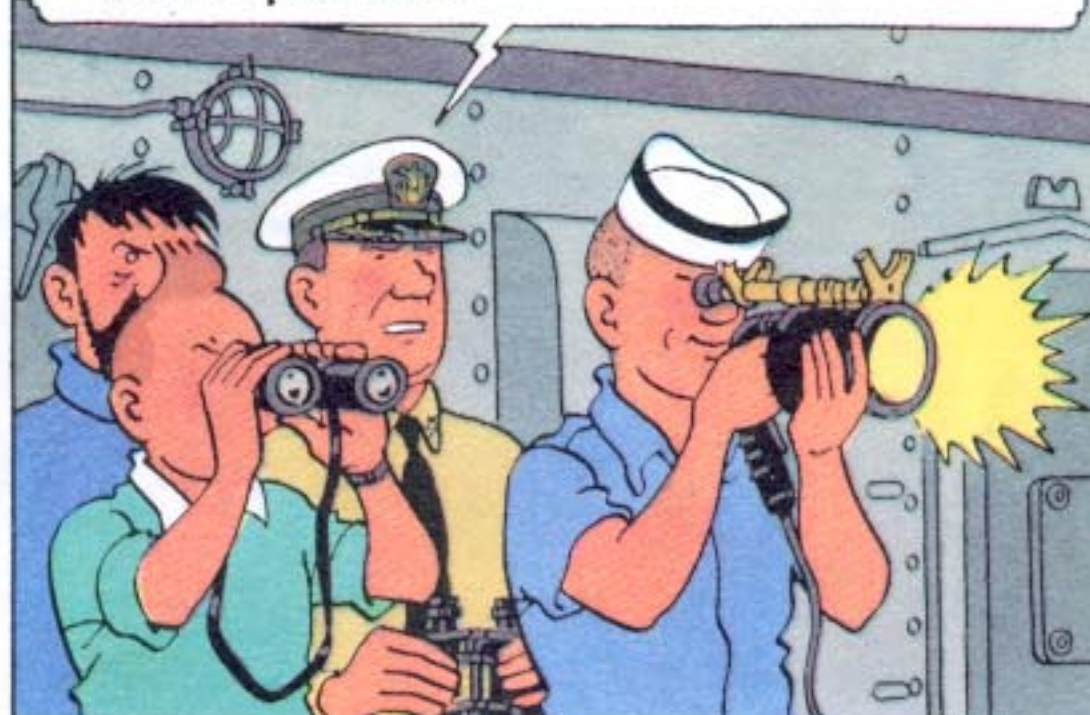
Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.

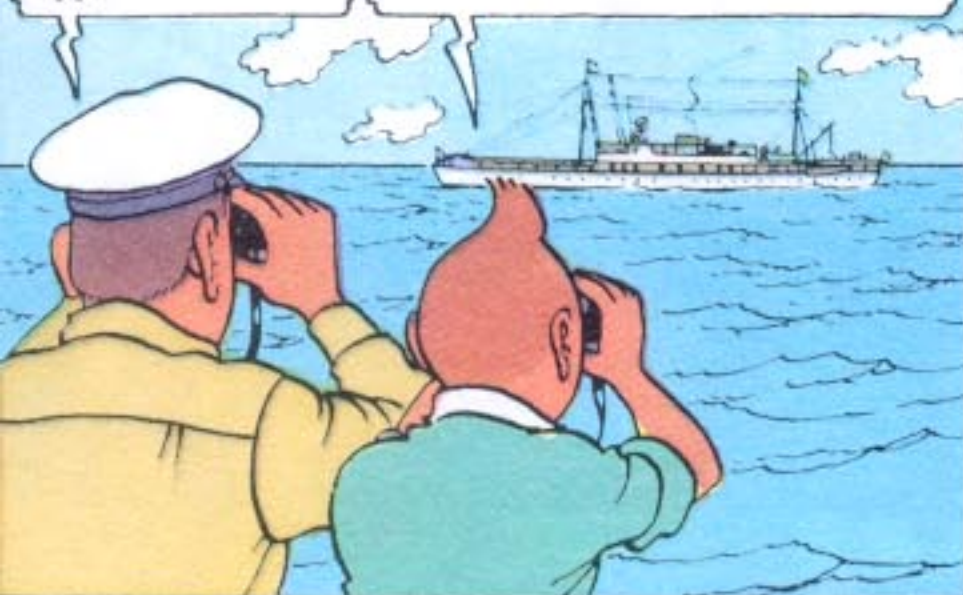


All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners! ...



Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now? ...

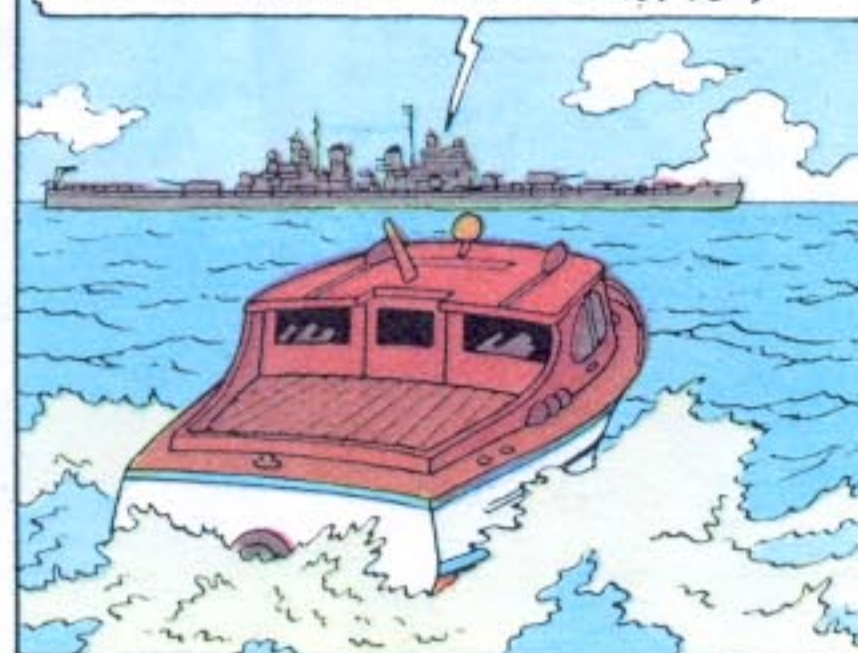
It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends. I will go alone.



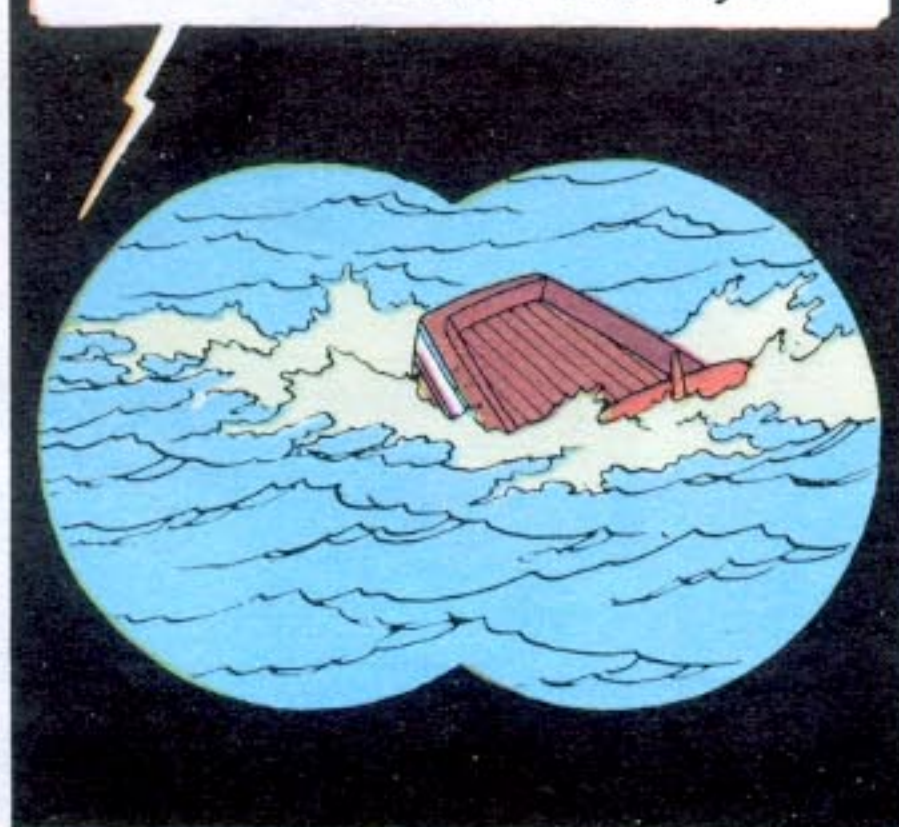
... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?

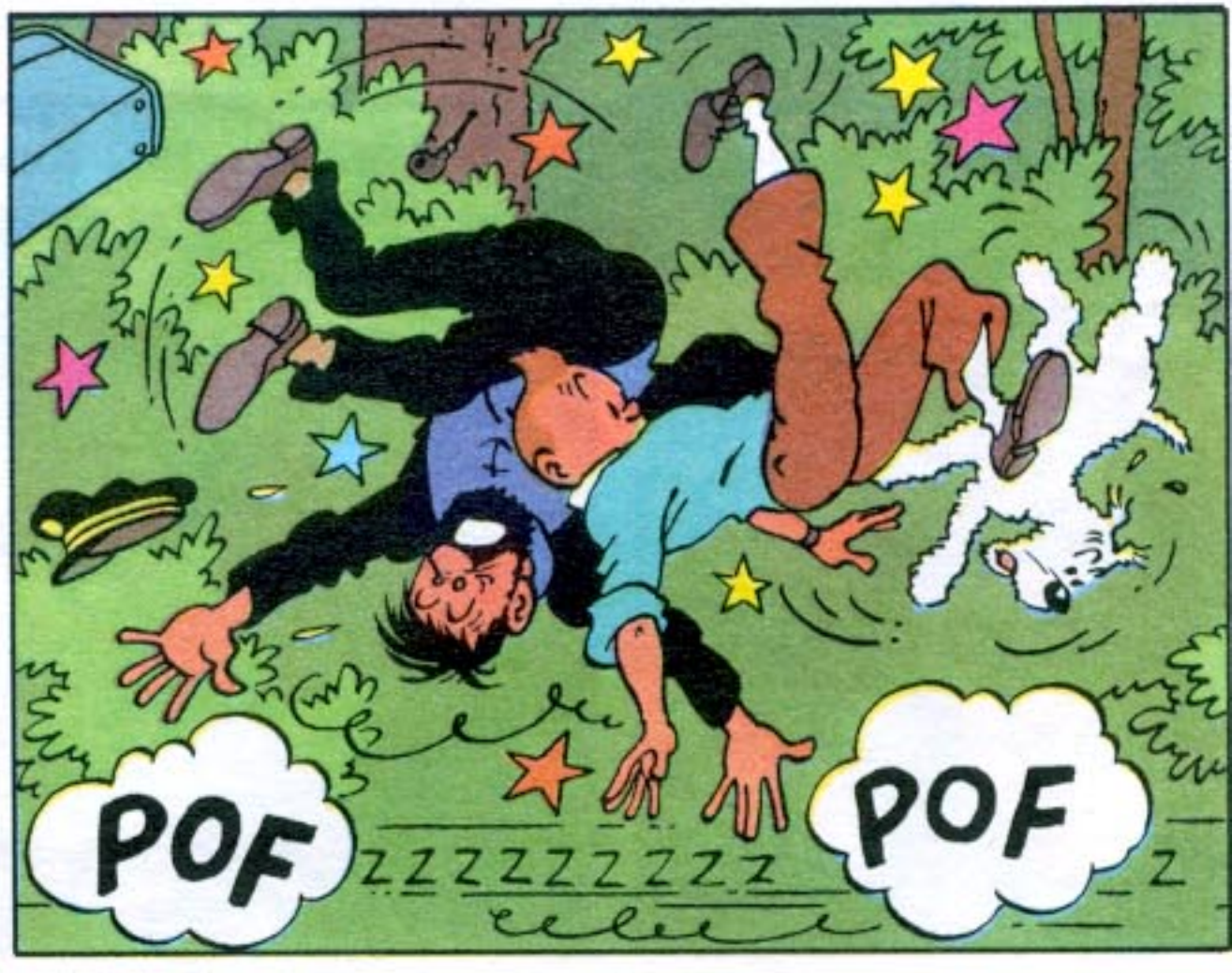


Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen! ... Ha! ha! ha!





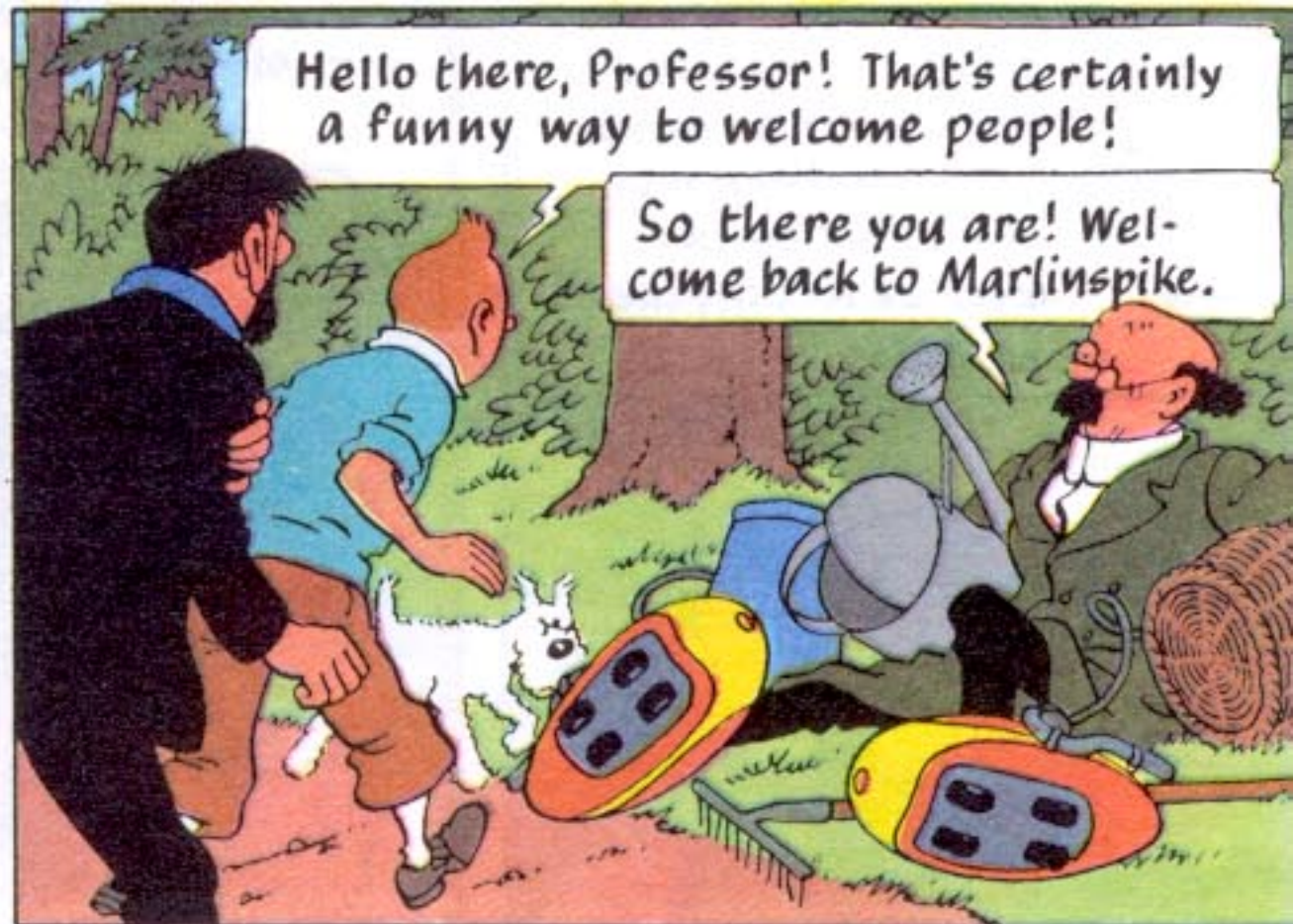


Great snakes! It's Professor Calculus! ... What's he invented this time?!



Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are! Welcome back to Marlinspike.

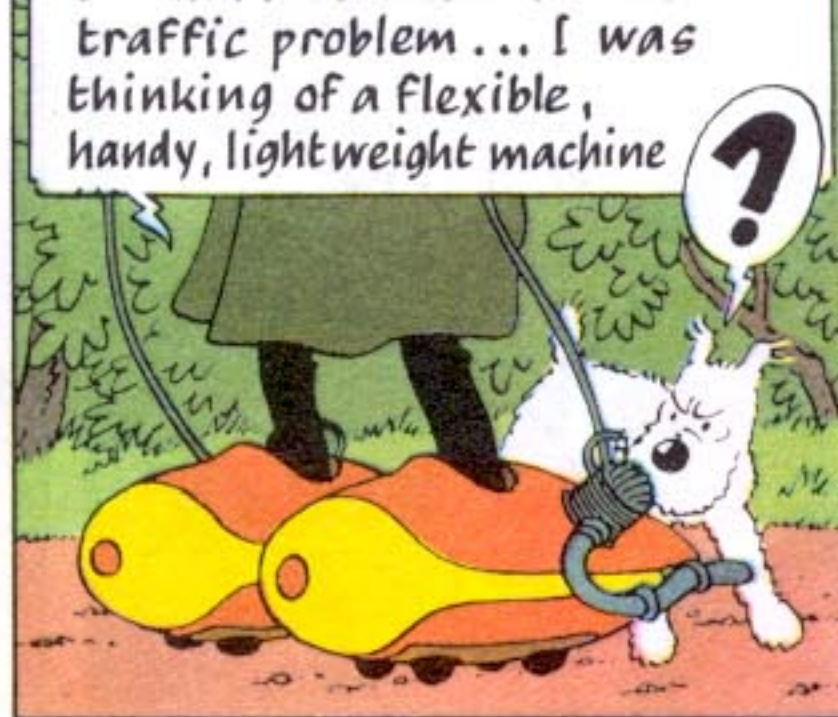


What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?

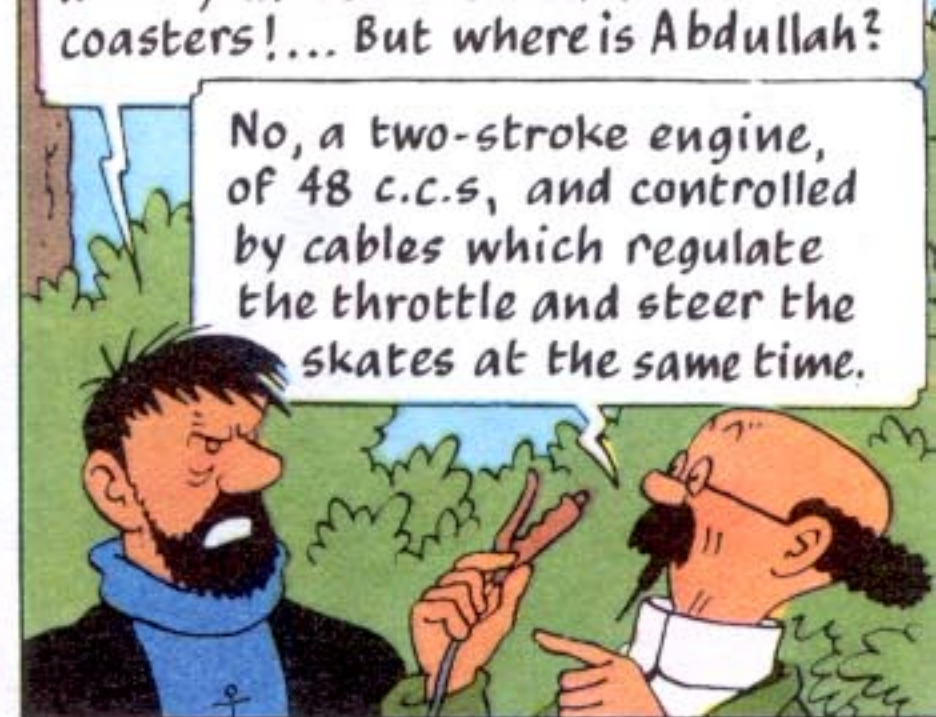


Motor-roller-skates. For a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine



Fine!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters!... But where is Abdullah?

No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s, and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



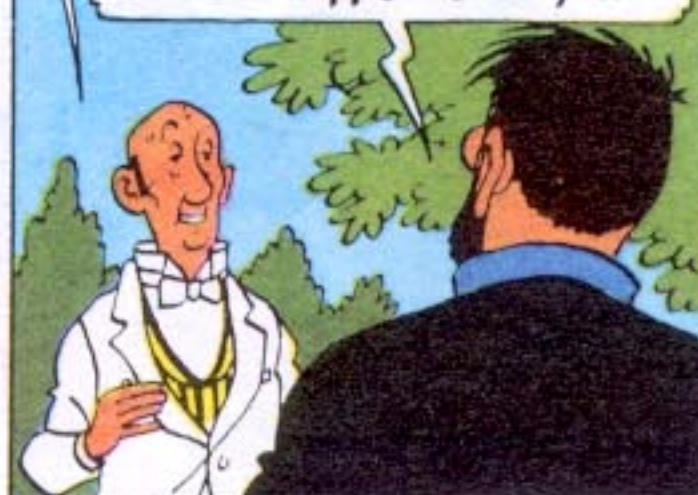
That's all very interesting ... But I asked you, where is Abdullah? ... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40m.p.h.! ... Would you like to try them?



Oh, sir!! ... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Nestor, I ... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?



I ... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me ... But things are better now ... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.



Poor Nestor! ... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.



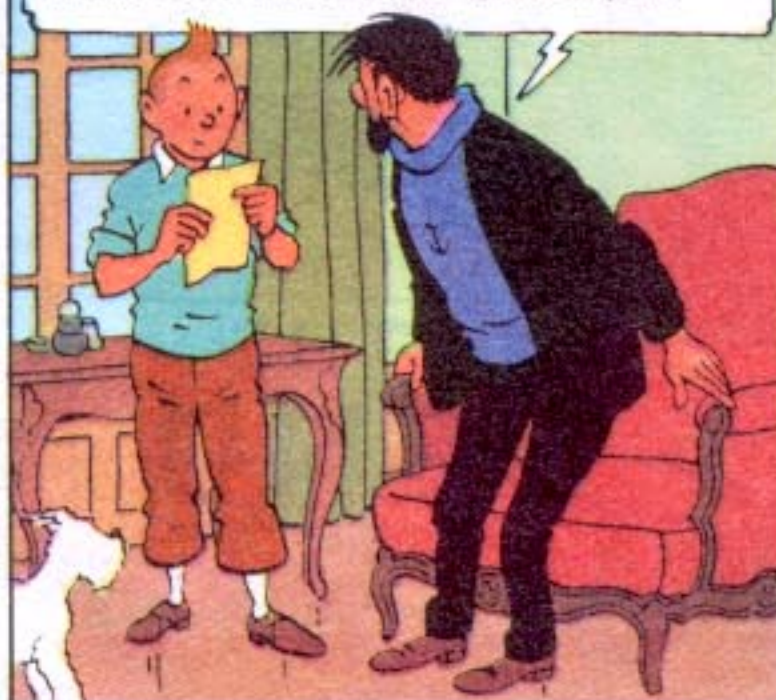
Can't he use my proper name?



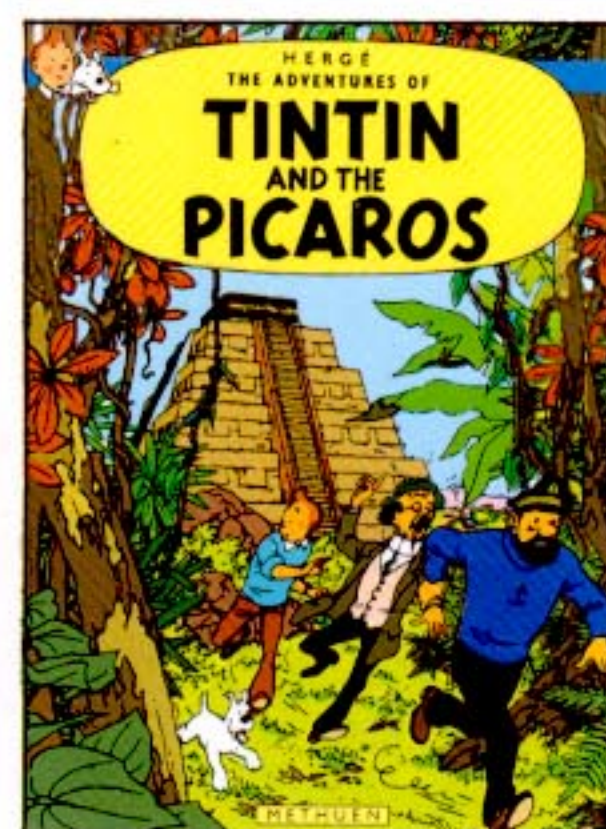
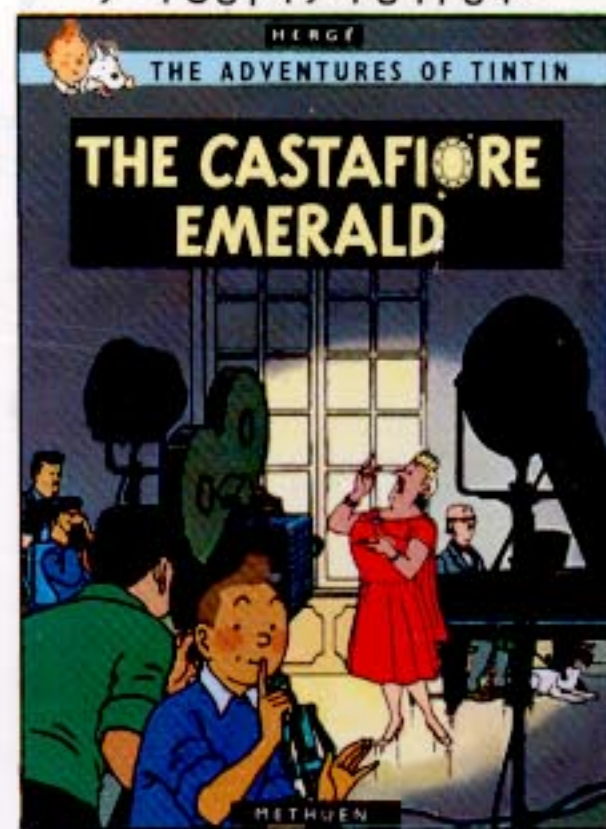
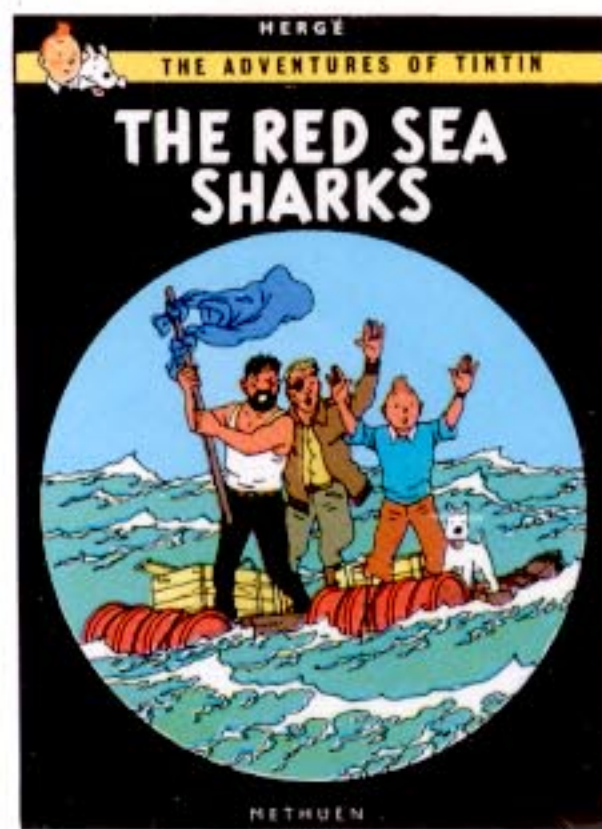
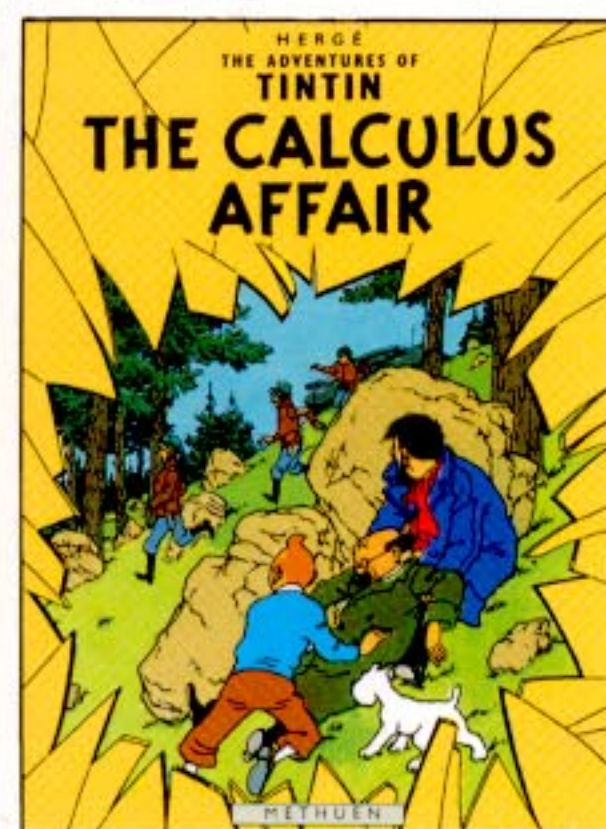
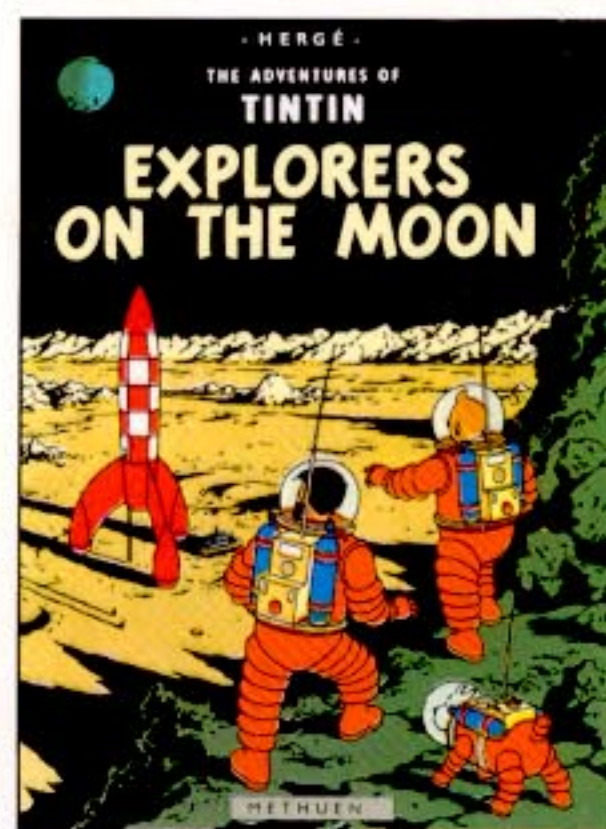
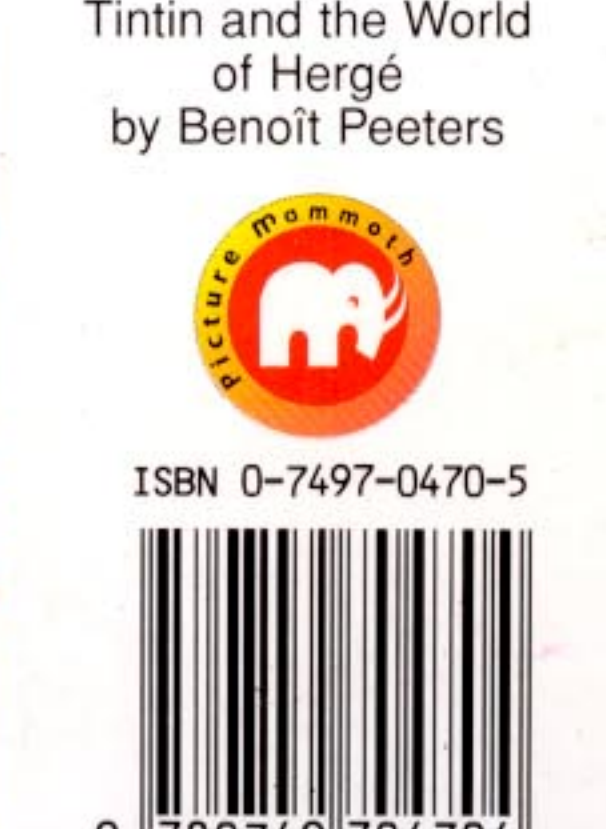
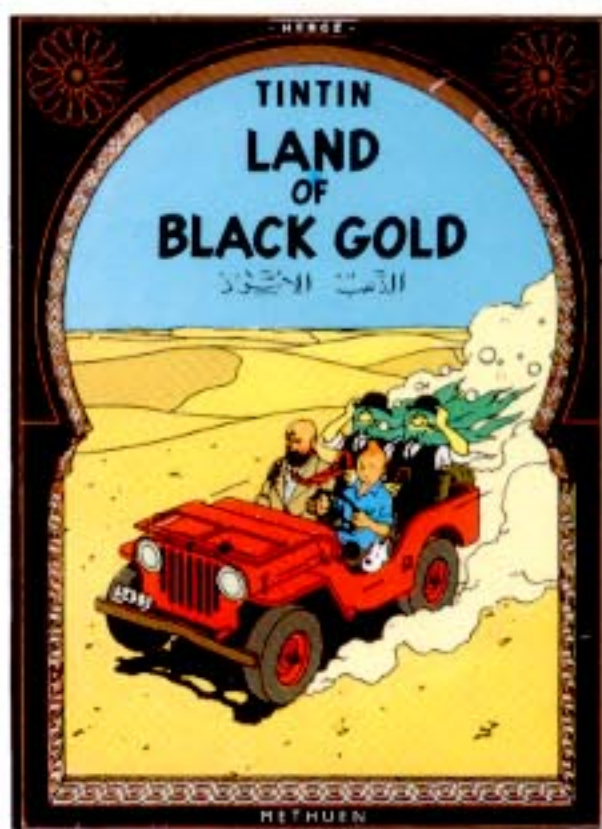
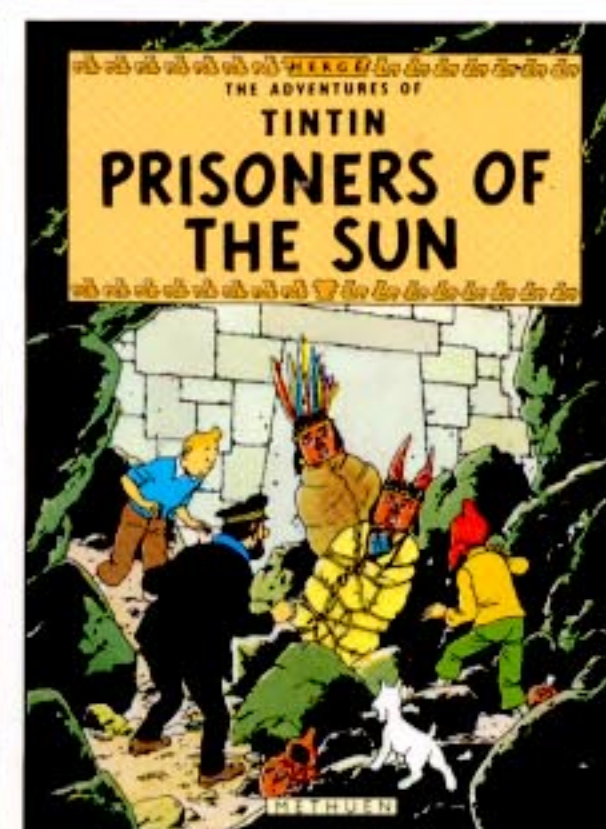
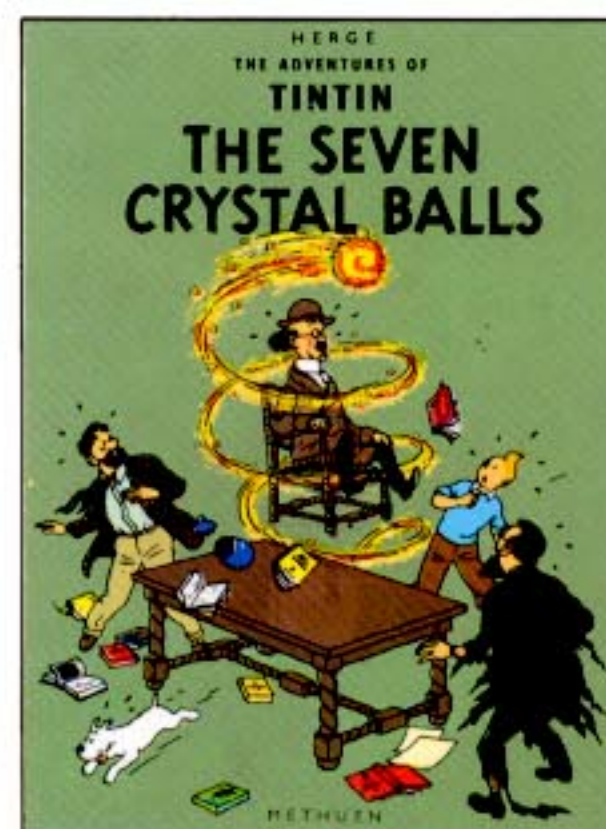
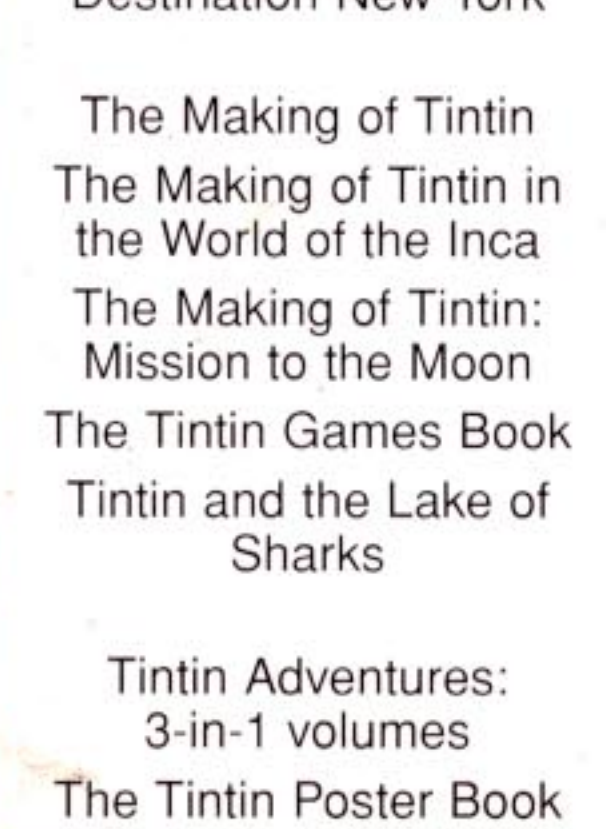
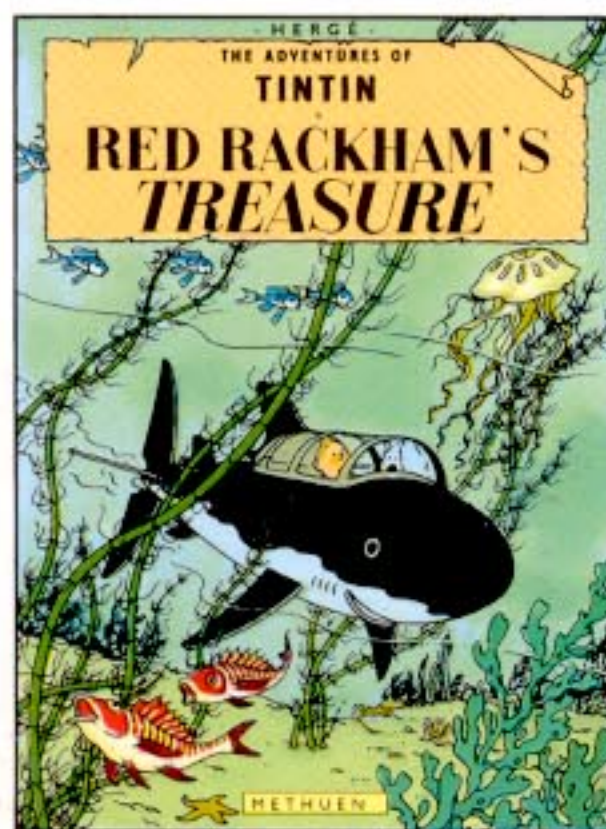
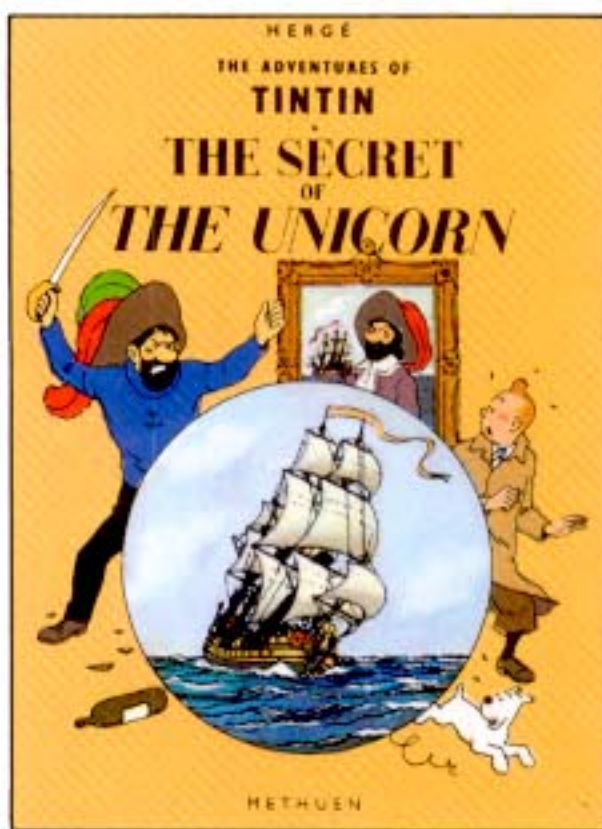
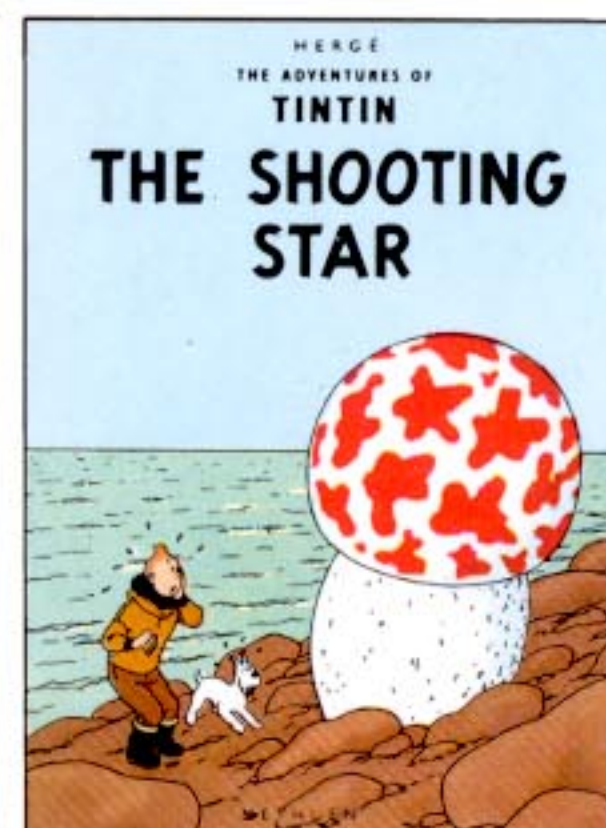
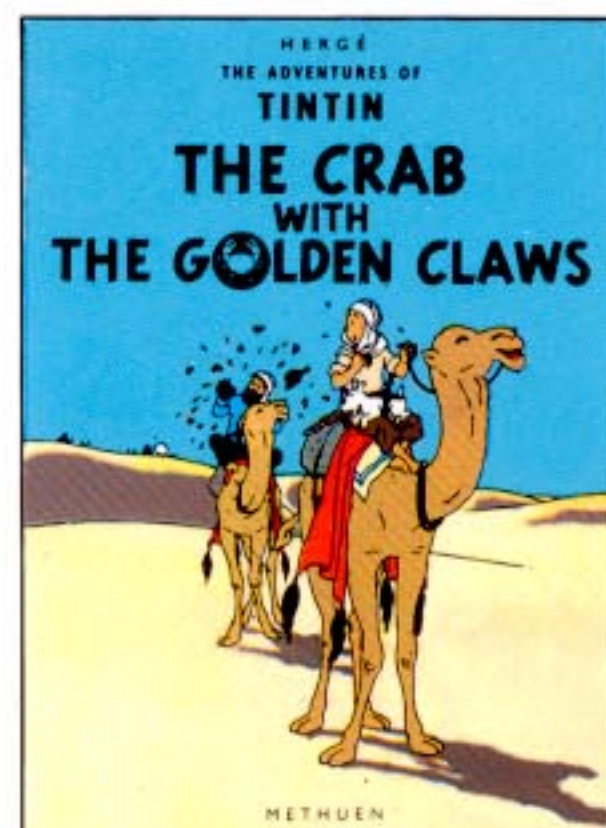
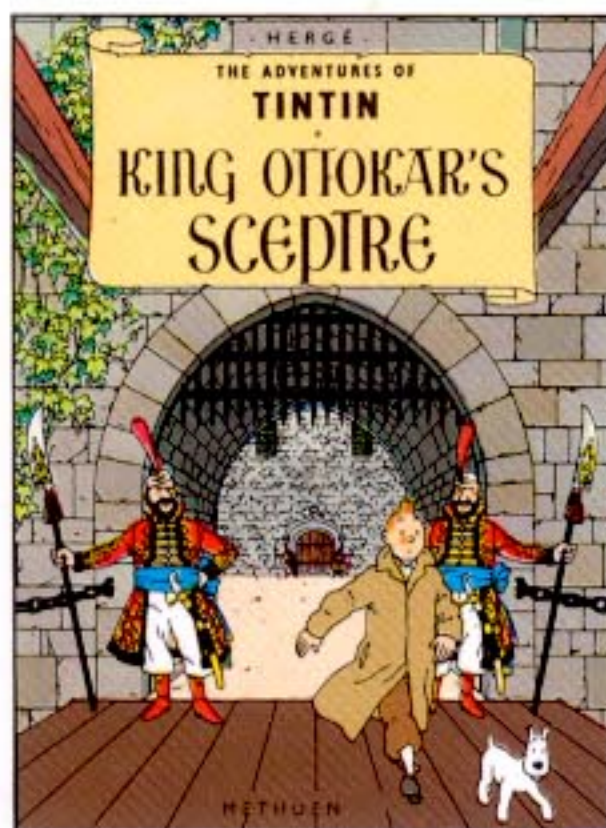
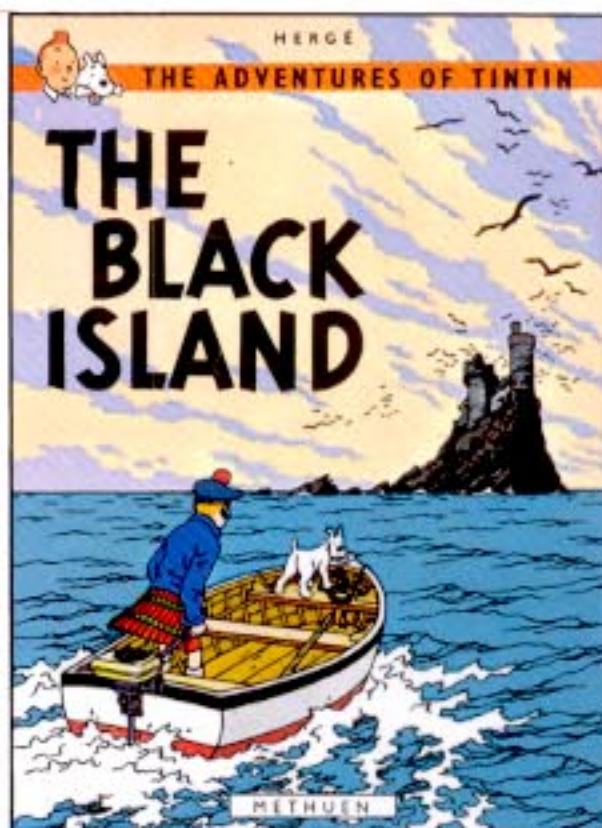
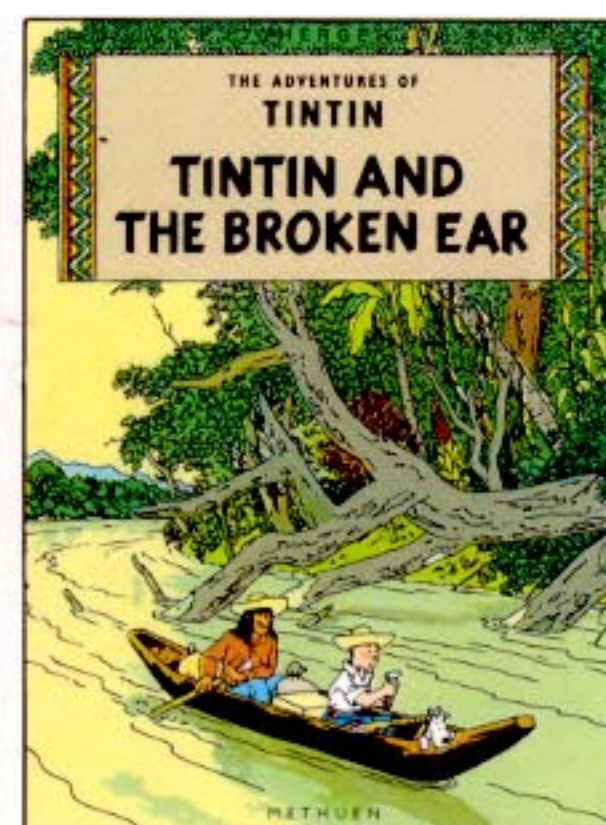
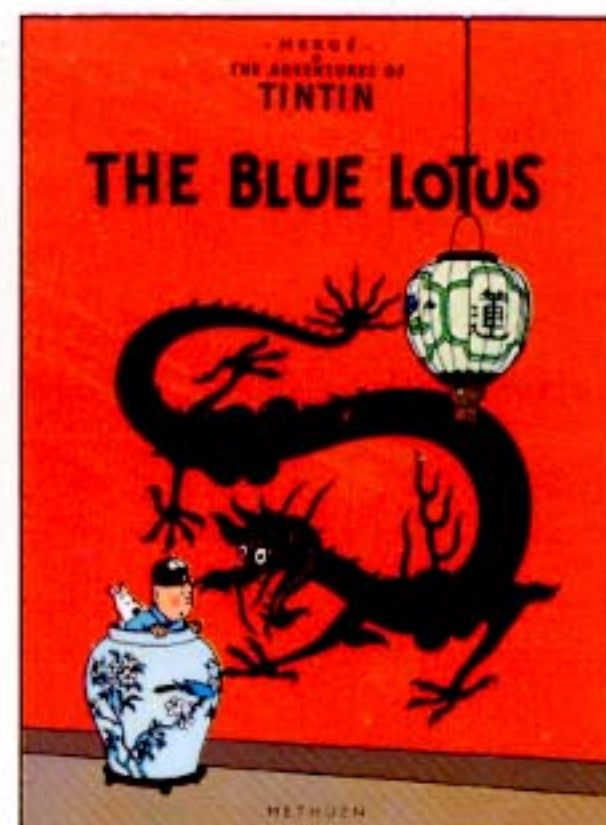
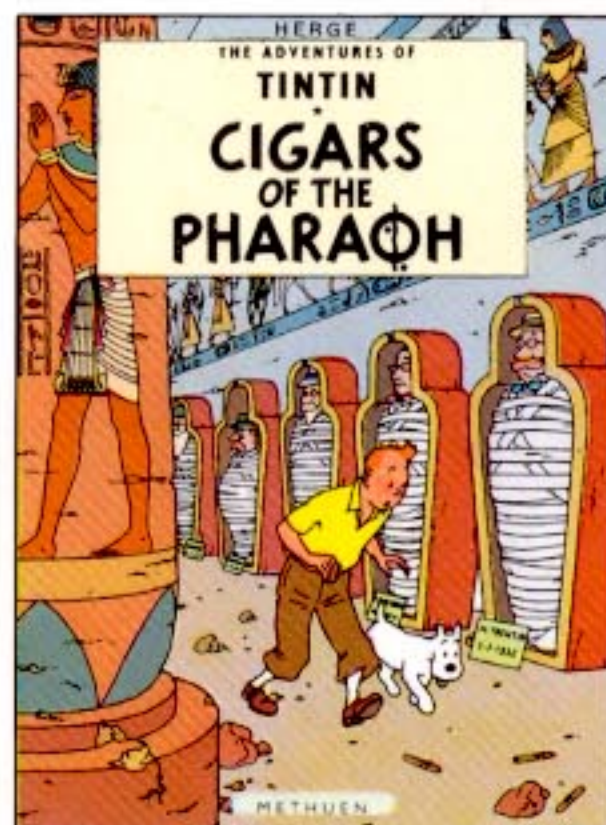
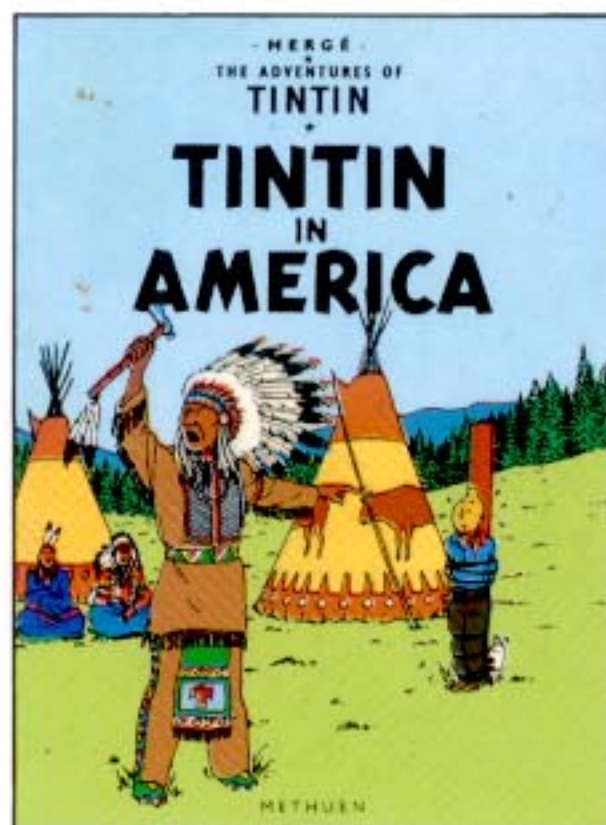
"My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's sad, because it is fun at Marlinspike. With love from Abdullah."



Very sweet, eh? ... Nestor's just been fussing about a little innocent childish mischief.



To dear Blistering Barnacles.



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